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R L

Indignant at the sight, with shame profound,
His bashful eyes he rooted to the ground.

Canto III.

DRAWN BY R. COOK. ENGRAVED BY W. STEAL

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

Translations.

VOLUME IX.

TASSO.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD, FOR JOHN LAVAL, PHILADELPHIA; JAMES EASTBURN, NEW YORK; AND CHARLES EWER & TIMOTHY BEDLINGTON, BOSTON.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

1822.

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1895

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

GEORGE HENRY LAW, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

—000—

MY LORD,

THE permission to dedicate to your Lordship this Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem, cannot but be highly gratifying. A literary performance, however humble, naturally desires the patronage of a Scholar, and when I recollect your Lordship's splendid Academical career, I cannot be insensible to the advantage which my work must derive from the sanction of a name, as distinguished for literature as for exalted station.

I have no fears, my Lord, in thus submitting my labours to the eye of a true Critic, whose censures will always be tempered with candour, and who, from his accurate knowledge of Homer and Virgil, will best appreciate the Version of a Poem, whose chief distinction is, that it is successfully formed upon their model.

Thus far, my Lord, I have indulged my vanity, or regarded my interest. But in concluding this address, I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of offering my humble testimony to the wisdom and ability with which your Lordship

presides over the extensive Diocese committed to your charge. And however insignificant may be the private opinion of an individual like myself, I yet state it with confidence, because I know that I am expressing the general sentiments of the Clergy of the Diocese of Chester.

I have the honour to be,
with every sentiment of profound respect,
my LORD,
your Lordship's obliged
and very humble servant,
J. H. HUNT.

February 25th, 1818.

PREFACE.

For writing the present work, I have no better excuse than idleness. I began the first Canto without any intention beyond the amusement of the hour; but having in the course of the year met with two successive accidents, which deprived me of the use of my limbs for many months, I continued the occupation, to relieve the heavy tedium of confinement, and also to divert my thoughts from other more serious misfortunes, with an unusual share of which it was the will of Providence that I should at that time be visited.

But though my motive for writing concern only myself, I may be expected to assign reasons for *publishing* a Translation of the Jerusalem, when there are already two others before the public. I reply, that the first of these, Fairfax's, was nearly obsolete, both when I began and when I completed my labours. Within a very few weeks indeed, a new edition has been advertised, but till that time it might be said to be non-existent. The last edition was published in 1740, and was become so scarce, that it was not to be procured without difficulty. This objection, however, is now removed. In regard to Fairfax's poetical powers, they were never called in question, and many scattered beauties are to be found in his *Version of* Tasso. But it has one very

great fault, that of not being sufficiently faithful. I have remarked in one of my notes, that it can hardly be called a translation, and strong as the expression is, I see no reason to retract it. To quote all his glaring and voluntary infidelities, would have filled a volume; but I have cited, or referred to, a few passages, from time to time, by way of substantiating the truth of my assertion; and those who are not disposed to take it on trust from me, will at any rate not disbelieve me till they have compared him closely with the original. There are also other objections. The first arises from the structure of the stanza, which to the generality of readers is irksome. I know, indeed, that on this subject there is a difference of opinion. But I am satisfied that the rhyming couplet is, at any rate, the metre best suited to an Heroic Poem; it seems to me to be to our language, what the hexameter is to the Greek or Latin. Whatever preference, therefore, the "*ottava rima*" might obtain, if applied to the more romantic Poets of Italy, yet in translating a regular Epic Poem, I did not hesitate a moment in my choice. The second objection is to be found in the quaintness of many of Fairfax's expressions, which, however correct and proper they might have been in those ancient days, (I need hardly say that he wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth) are now become obsolete, and from the greater polish which our language has acquired, seem to a modern ear unworthy of the dignity of serious poetry.

Mr. Hoole, of whose Translation I must next speak, is free from these last-mentioned faults. He would also deserve the praise of much greater fidelity than his predecessor, had he not taken such unwarrantable liberties with his original in point of omission. This also I have endeavoured to prove, though I trust, not invidiously, by occasionally specifying the defective passages. Of the merits

of Mr. Hoole's production in a poetical point of view, as I must consider it more immediately the rival of my own, it would not become me to speak. When I commenced my present undertaking, I had never read any part of it: and on conversing both with literary persons, and with those, who from their situation cannot but be the best judges of the estimation in which books are held, I was encouraged to believe that a new Version would not be thought an obtrusion upon the Public. I did not, however, venture to set up my Translation in opposition to one which has at any rate been more or less read for almost forty years, till I had submitted it to the inspection of several individuals, both friends and strangers; and I know of nothing more that an author can do, who chooses to distrust his own opinion of his own performances. He naturally supposes that the former will have a regard for his reputation, and that the latter, being indifferent, will also be unprejudiced. It is not indeed to be forgotten that his friends may be partial, and that strangers may think it necessary to be civil; but of this he must take his chance; and as I received a favourable opinion of my work from all those who took the trouble to examine, it, I give it to the world.

As I wrote without any view either to fame or profit, no author perhaps ever felt less anxiety as to the fate of his publication. As to profit, it would be absurd to expect it to any extent, from a work of this nature. But I would by no means insinuate that I am indifferent to reputation. Such an insinuation, even if it could be believed would argue a way of feeling and of thinking, far from creditable. "Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solum arrogantis est, verum etiam omnino dissoluti." (*Cic.*) To the voice of public approbation I should assuredly be far from insensible. But *to hope that a Translation* of Tasso at the present day

could ever be a popular work, even if it possessed much greater merit than it does, would, I know, be vain. Though nothing can be more unfounded or absurd, yet there is a general prejudice against translations. Some understand the originals; many fancy that they understand them; and all concur, for some inexplicable reason, in saying or imagining that they dislike translations. Besides, this is the age of poets. While the public taste is pampered from day to day with the original effusions of such poets as Lord Byron, and Scott, and Southey, and Campbell, and many more, too numerous to mention, an unknown Translator could scarcely hope for any considerable share of attention. If, therefore, my work be doomed, as it most probably will be, after floating perhaps for a moment upon the stream of Time, to be lost in the Ocean of Oblivion, I shall feel myself rewarded by the improvement which the mind cannot but derive from such an exercise, and shall not at all regret either the trouble which I have taken, or the time which I have expended in the composition.

It is this conviction that what I now publish cannot hope ever to be in general circulation, which has deterred me from either giving any thing more than a mere sketch of the life of Tasso, or from prefixing a Disquisition upon Epic poetry in general, and upon the Jerusalem in particular, as compared with the two great models of antiquity on which it is formed. Neither had I the courage to attempt any elaborate Notes. I have simply quoted such parallel passages as suggested themselves from the principal Greek and Latin authors, that my classical readers, if any, might derive the same pleasure which I myself experienced from making the comparison. Subjoined, the reader will also find a few historical notices, in which I have chiefly followed Gibbon, on the principal characters concerned; and I

have occasionally made a remark, *currente calamo*, and for which I cannot challenge the name of criticism, in order to direct the notice of less attentive readers to the striking beauties, or defects, of the Poem.

The whole work has occupied me three years, interrupted during the greater part of the time by professional avocations, in a situation totally removed (with one exception) from literary society, and without access to any books except my own private library. Such as it is, I dismiss it, for the world to decide upon its merits. I am convinced that in these days of general knowledge, neither the enlightened taste of the Public, nor the learning and candour of those who manage, with such singular ability, the department of public criticism, will suffer a work to sink into oblivion, which deserves to live: and if my labours be by them condemned to the tomb of all the Capulets, I shall feel satisfied that they only meet with a fate which is their due. For should I have failed to impart to the poetical reader who is unacquainted with the Italian language, a portion of that pleasure which the nations of Europe have for so many years derived from the original, I must not only resign all claims to skill in poetry, but must also be considered guilty of great presumption, in attempting to associate my name with that of a genius, whose productions (as Longinus has said of his great prototype) will continue to delight mankind,

Ἔστ' ἂν ὕδωρ τε ῥέῃ, καὶ δένδρεα μακρὰ τεθηλῇ.

which words I venture to render thus:

> While trees, renew'd, their leafy shade shall spread,
> And Lune roll murm'ring o'er his rocky bed.

Kirkby Lonsdale,
December 7th, 1817.

SKETCH

OF

THE LIFE OF TASSO.

TORQUATO TASSO was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples, on the 11th of March, 1544. His father, Bernardo Tasso, a gentleman of an illustrious, but reduced family, was secretary to the Prince of Salerno. His mother, Portia di Rossi, was the daughter of a Neapolitan nobleman. Naples was their usual residence, but they were on a visit to a married sister at Sorrento, when the subject of this memoir was born.

Of the wonders that are related of the precocity of his genius, it is unquestionable that many are true; and his example falsifies the general observation, that the advancing years of such as are distinguished by an early maturity, rarely corresponds with the brilliant promises of their outset. When he was four years old, he was sent to the college of the Jesuits, and in a very few years was well skilled in Latin, and far from ignorant of Greek. At seven, he made public orations, and at nine composed a short poem, still extant, addressed to his mother on parting with her, in which it is not easy to discover the traces of a childish understanding.

It is also certain, that at the same age, he was thought worthy by the greatest Monarch in Christendom, the Emperor Charles V. to be involved in the same sentence of proscription with his father, who followed the fortunes of his patron, the Prince of Salerno, when he was stripped of his possessions by that emperor, declared a rebel, and obliged to fly for his life.

Bernardo accompanied his master, but left the young Torquato at Rome. Returning in about three years into Italy, he was appointed secretary to the Duke of Mantua, and sent for his son to join him in that city. Torquato, then twelve years of age, was immediately on his arrival appointed to accompany one of the young Princes of Mantua to the University of Padua, where he remained five years, pursuing the severer academical studies of philosophy, divinity, and the civil and canon law. He by no means however renounced his predominant disposition to poetry, which his father had been anxious to discourage, knowing how seldom it tends to promote a man's private fortune. At the age of eighteen he published his Rinaldo, which was, as it were, the forerunner of the Jerusalem. The reception which this first effort met with from the public, encouraged him to proceed in his poetical career. Accordingly, he gave up the study of the law altogether for that of poetry, and went to reside at Bologna. He soon however returned to Padua, and on being admitted a member of the Academy of the Etherei, lately established there, took the name of Pentito, or the Penitent, to signify his repentance at having neglected for so long a time the pursuit that was dearest to his heart. It was during this second residence at Padua, that he commenced his Jerusalem.

In 1565 he removed to Ferrara, on the invitation of the *Duke, Alphonso II.* and his brother, Cardinal Louis of Este,

to whom his Rinaldo had been dedicated. Lodgings were assigned him in the ducal palace, and it was here that he finished his immortal poem. In 1572 he accompanied the Cardinal into France, whither he was sent in the capacity of legate from Pope Gregory XIII. The young poet was received with much distinction by Charles IX. On his return to Ferrara, he composed his Aminta, a pastoral comedy. In 1575 he lost his father, who had received from the Duke of Mantua, the government of Ostiglia, on the river Po. Here began Tasso's misfortunes, and they ended only with his life.

The first complete edition of the Jerusalem Delivered, several Cantos of which had already been sent separately into the world, appeared in 1575, Tasso being then about thirty years of age. It was assailed on all hands by the critics with such severity, that Tasso thought it necessary to his reputation to republish it, almost in a new form, under the title of Jerusalem Conquered. This new work, however, though more conformable to the strict rules of criticism, was not received by the world at large with the same applause as the first edition had been, where the poet had given a loose to his genius, and not suffered himself to be cramped by the dogmas of art. The attacks which were made upon Tasso's poetical reputation, were the smallest of the evils which he endured. He was unluckily engaged in a quarrel with a gentleman of Ferrara, with whom he had been in habits of intimacy, and who had made some injudicious discoveries relative to Tasso's real or supposed attachment to the Princess Eleanor, the sister of the Duke. Tasso upbraided him with his indiscretion; from words they proceeded to blows; swords were drawn, and while they were engaged, three of his antagonist's brothers came up, and in the *most cowardly* manner fell all at once upon Tas-

so. It was then that he realized in his own person the scenes of heroism which in his poem he has so well described. He wounded and disabled two of his opponents, and defended himself successfully against the others, till they were parted by the interference of persons who had been made acquainted with the *fracas*. Epigrams were written on the occasion, purporting, that with the pen or with the sword, no man was equal to Tasso. The four brothers were obliged to fly, but the poet was confined, under the pretence of securing him from the future attacks of his enemies, but in fact, as a punishment for having aspired to the person of the sister of his prince. It was during his imprisonment, for such it might properly be called, that he was first attacked by the melancholy, which never entirely forsook him, and which afterwards served as an handle to the persecution of his enemies. After a year's confinement, he contrived to make his escape, and travelled on foot and covered with rags, to Turin, where he lived some time under a fictitious name; but at last becoming known to the Duke of Savoy, he was invited to Court, where apartments were alotted to him, and every mark of esteem and affection shown. His melancholy humour, however, persuaded him that the Duke had it in contemplation to give him up to the Duke of Ferrara, of whose inveteracy he entertained the most alarming ideas. He therefore again set out, in secret, and without preparation, towards Rome. He was received with every attention by Cardinal Albano, to whose residence he went on his arrival, and during his stay, every thing that was noble or learned in Rome, took a pleasure in paying homage to a poet, whom they considered an ornament to Italy.

It is painful to trace the misfortunes of genius, and to see an individual, so highly endowed above his fellows with that *noblest gift of* heaven to man, flying, like a vagabond, from

city to city, and from one petty prince to another, without relations, without a country, without money, the victim of mortal malady, and the sport of his enemies. He left Rome as he had left Turin, clandestinely, and being afraid to return publicly to his own country, where he had formerly been condemned to death as a rebel, he exchanged clothes with some shepherds whom he met with, and embarking at Gaeta, proceeded by sea to Sorrento, where he had a sister married. With her he remained some months, and conceiving a desire to return to Ferrara, wrote in the most submissive manner to the Duke, the Duchess, and to the Princess Eleanor; from the latter alone he received an answer, and it was unfavourable. On this he determined to go in person and throw himself at the feet of the Duke, from whom he met with a reception which dissipated all his fears. His request, however, that the manuscripts which he had formerly left behind at Ferrara, might be returned to him, was refused, through the machinations of one of the Duke's ministers, whom Tasso had formerly satyrized in his Aminta, under the name of Mopsus. This person persuaded the Duke that Tasso was in a state of insanity; in consequence of which, being unable to undeceive Alphonso, he quitted Ferrara a second time, and went to Mantua. Being discontented there, he visited successively Padua, Venice, and Urbino. At the persuasion of the Duke of Urbino, who received him graciously, he once more returned to Ferrara, where the ungrateful Duke, listening to the suggestions of his malicious minister, confined him in a mad-house. This imaginary derangement increased his melancholy to such a degree, as actually to deprive him at intervals of the use of his reason. Thus his enemies enjoyed the diabolical satisfaction, first, of persuading the world that he was mad, and then of making him so.

It is impossible to say how long he might have continued in this deplorable confinement, as several Potentates, the Emperor, the Pope, the Dukes of Tuscany and of Savoy, interceded in vain to procure his release, had not Vincent de Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, and brother (I presume) of Scipio de Gonzaga, whom Tasso in early life had accompanied to the University of Padua, happened to come to Ferrara, and visit him in his prison. At his pressing request, the unfortunate poet was liberated, after being shut up seven years, and taken to Mantua, in the beginning of 1586. Here he enjoyed a short repose; but in the following year Prince Vincent succeeded to the ducal throne, and finding other things to occupy his attention, Tasso, who felt himself neglected, determined to retire to Naples for the rest of his life, and accordingly went thither at the end of 1587. Having made a journey to Rome about two years afterwards, he was strongly urged by the Duke of Tuscany, whose solicitations were backed by the authority of the Pope, Sixtus V. to go to Florence. Though unable to refuse compliance, he returned to Naples in the following year, 1591.

It was now that he published his Jerusalem Conquered, of which I have before made mention. But the disapprobation which this poem met with, served to stamp the reputation of the Jerusalem Delivered, and after fifteen years of persecution, to remove the cloud which hitherto had partially obscured even his poetical fame. He enjoyed health and repose in the palace of the Prince of Conca, who was now become his patron, and looked forward to reposing for the remainder of his days under the shade of his well-earned honours. "O vanas hominum spes, fragilemque fortunam, "et inanes nostras cogitationes!" In 1592 he reluctantly complied with an earnest invitation of Cardinal Cynthio Aldobrandini, nephew of Pope Clement VIII. to visit Rome,

whence, however, he returned to Naples on some frivolous pretext in 1594. The Cardinal, unwilling to lose him, contrived an excuse for bringing him back to Rome: at his solicitation the Pope and Senate of Rome decreed to Tasso the honours of the laurel crown. This ceremony, whimsical and ridiculous as it may seem in these days, and in our country, was at that time a very serious and a very honourable one in Italy, and was performed with great pomp in the Capitol; so that (as a lively writer has observed) by a singular revolution in human affairs and in human ideas, those who enlightened the world by their writings, now triumphed in the same place with those, who in former days had desolated it by their arms.

Nothing could be more flattering than the manner in which this distinction was conferred upon Tasso. "It is my wish," said the sovereign pontiff, "that the crown, which has hitherto been an honour to those upon whom it has been bestowed, should now be honoured by your acceptance." The poet repaired to Rome; Cardinal Cynthio was charged with the arrangement of the solemnity, which was to be rendered as imposing as possible. But Fortune still persecuted Tasso; she seemed determined that the good things of this world, whether substantial or ideal, should elude his grasp. He died the evening preceding the ceremony. A fit of sickness, at first trifling ended in a bloody flux. Though he was only in his fifty-second year, study, which amid all the vicissitudes of his chequered life, had served to alleviate his sorrows, poverty, disappointment, confinement, perpetual fatigue of body, and incessant anxiety of mind, had brought on a premature old age. Perceiving that his earthly travels were now at an end, he caused himself to be removed to the convent of St Onuphrius, where he spent a few days in preparing himself for his last long journey to another world,

and on the 25th of April, 1595, he died, as he had lived, a sincere Christian.

I must not omit one remarkable fact. When he was at the last extremity, his friend Cardinal Cynthio paid him a visit, and brought him the Pope's blessing, an honour which it is not usual to confer, except upon persons of the highest distinction. Tasso received it with becoming devotion, and said that it was the crown he was most anxious to receive at Rome. He then requested the Cardinal, as a last favour, to collect all the copies of his Jerusalem Delivered, wheresoever they might be found, and commit them to the flames. The Cardinal gave him an equivocal answer, such as satisfied the mind of the dying man. It would be needless to add, that he never intended to fulfil so extraordinary a wish.

Tasso in his person was tall and well-shaped: his face, though pale from study and anxiety, was handsome and prepossessing. His voice was strong, clear, impressive and harmonious; and he had the eagle-eye, which so usually bespeaks the man of genius. He was distinguished for his activity, and his expertness in bodily exercises. Of his courage I have before spoken. In oratory he greatly excelled. He was skilled in the ancient and modern languages; he received Academical honours as a philosopher, as a logician, and as a theologian; and as a poet, he excelled in more than one species of composition. Yet gifted as he was beyond the generality of the sons of men, it was proverbially said of him, that there never was a scholar more humble, a wit more devout, or a man more amiable. He was always diffident of his own merits, always satisfied with his lot, even when he wanted every thing, and always resigned to the dispensations of Providence, however severe. After the example of his Divine Master, he was ever more ready to give than to receive, and though, from his constant intimacy

with the Great, he had frequent opportunities of becoming rich, he neglected them all. Humanly speaking, his life was blameless; and he seemed to verify, in one sense, the remark of the Athenian philosopher, that no man can be pronounced happy, till the hour of his death. Though Tasso lived in sorrow, he died in peace.

He was interred in the church of St. Onuphrius, where some time afterwards a splendid monument was erected to his memory. The honours of perishable marble, indeed, had Tasso been consulted, he would probably have disdained. But he would have felt an honest joy, could he have foreseen that a noble poet of Britain, the first that now lives, and inferior to few of his predecessors, would one day sing a dirge upon his tomb.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Invocation of the Heavenly Muse.—Address to Alphonso II. Duke of Ferrara, the poet's patron.—Summary of the conquests of the Christians during their six years' stay in Asia.—In the spring of the seventh year, the Supreme Being sends the Arch-Angel Gabriel to Godfrey of Bouillon, ordering him to assemble the Chiefs of the Crusaders, and encourage them to march, without further delay, to Jerusalem, assuring him at the same time that he shall be elected their Leader.—Speeches of Godfrey, and of Peter the Hermit, to the assembly.—Godfrey is elected Chief of the expedition.—He reviews his troops.—Catalogue of the Christian forces.—They commence their march.—Submission of the Prince of Tripoli.—Consternation of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and of the King Aladine.—His character, and cruelty to his Christian subjects—his preparations for resistance.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

Th' illustrious Chief who warr'd for Heav'n, I sing,*
And drove from Jesus' tomb th' insulting King.†
Great were the deeds his arms, his wisdom wrought;
With many a toil the glorious prize he bought:
In vain did Hell in hateful league combine
With rebel man, to thwart the great design;
In vain the harness'd youth from Afric's coasts
Join'd their proud arms with Asia's warlike hosts;
Heav'n smil'd; and bade the wand'ring bands obey
The sacred ensigns of his lofty sway.

* *Canto l'armi pietose, e 'l Capitano.*—Tasso is not the only epic poet who has initiatad the "Arma virumque cano," of Virgil. Camoens begins his Lusiad,

As armas, e os Baroes——
Cantando espalharei.

See note (1) at the end of the volume.

† See note 2.

Immortal Muse!* not thou, whose brows are crown'd
With laurels pluck'd on Heliconian† ground,
But thou, who dwell'st the heav'nly tribes among,
Prompting to angel choirs seraphic song,
While brightest stars their golden radiance shed
In unextinguish'd glories, round thy head!
Thy aid I crave! do thou my breast inspire,
And breathe o'er all my song celestial fire!
And thou forgive, if other charms than thine,
Earth-born attractions, deck my varied line,
If to my aid I call bright Fiction's pow'rs,
And weave with Truth divine, Aonian flow'rs.
The world, thou know'st, affects, with giddy joy,
The flatt'ring bard, whom lighter themes employ,
And Truth's stern page, when playful Fancy aids,
The wayward heart allures, subdues, persuades.
So to her sick'ning babe,‡ the mother's care
Spreads, with sagacious hand, the honey'd snare

* *O Musa, &c.*—The heavenly Muse whom the poet here invokes, is supposed by the Italian commentators to mean the Virgin Mary. I myself see no reason for such a supposition, nor why the Virgin Mary should be called a Muse.

† *In Elicona.*—Mr. Hoole renders "Elicona," "Ida," for a reason which I cannot conceive.

. . . who ne'er, in Ida's shade,
With fading laurels deck'st thy radiant head.

‡ *Così all egro fanciul, &c.*—This much admired simile is borrowed from Lucretius.

Sed veluti pueris absynthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt dulci mellis, flavoque liquore,
Ut puerorum ætas improvida ludificetur
Labrorum tenus, interea perpotet amarum
Absynthi laticem, deceptaque non capiatur,
Sed potius, tali facto recreata, valescat. *Lib. i.* 935.

See note 3.

Round the full cup, with healing juices fraught;
Th' unconscious infant sucks the bitter draught
With greedy lips, and cheated of his pain,
Drinks health and life, and blooms and smiles again.
  August Alphonso!* whose benignant hand
Welcom'd a wand'ring stranger in thy land,
And guided safe, 'mid rocks and billows tost,
My sinking bark; to thee, much-honour'd host,
The grateful off'rings of my Muse belong;
Nor thou disdain the dedicated song:
Thy name perchance my future theme may be,
And the great deeds I tell, be told of thee.
For should at length the Christian pow'rs combine
To wrest his prey from savage Othman's† line,
And sea and land roll onward, wide and far,
Against Byzantium's tow'rs, their mingled war,
Thee as their chief would marching armies boast,
Or, if thou rather choose, the naval host.
Great Godfrey's rival thou! then hear my lay,
Catch the loud din of arms, and mark the mighty fray!
  Six times the seasons' changeful round was o'er,‡
Since the red Cross first wav'd on Asia's shore.
Proud Nice§ by force the Christian pow'rs had gain'd;
By stratagem great Antioch‖ they obtain'd,
And 'gainst th' unnumber'd swarms of Persia's¶ lord,
Defended their possession with the sword.

* *Tu, magnanimo Alphonso, &c.*—Alphonso II, Duke of Ferrara. the poet's patron.

† See note 4. ‡ See note 5. § See note 6. ‖ See note 7. ¶ See note 8.

Tortosa's* conquer'd bulwarks own'd their force;
But winter's storms arrest their onward course;
In welcome ease the scatter'd army lies,
And waits the dawning of more genial skies.
And soon th' advancing year, on restless wing,
Announc'd the coming of his first-born, Spring,
When Heav'n's dread Sire, to whom the angels bow,
View'd with regardful eye the world below:
Downward he look'd, from where, enthron'd on high,
Wrapp'd in impenetrable majesty,
Above the starry Heav'ns† he loves to dwell,
Far, as from highest Heav'n to deepest Hell:
Nor fail'd his comprehensive eye to scan,
At one brief glance, each act of busy man.
All he regarded; but in Syria most,‡
He mark'd the leaders of the Christian host:
That eye, whose penetrating glances dart
To each deep secret of the human heart,

* *Tortosa.*—A city on the sea-coast of the ancient Phœnicia, two or three days march from Tripoli, called by Strabo, Orthosias, and by Pliny, Orthosia. The latter writer says that it is the ancient Antaradus.

† *Quanto e dalle stelle, &c*

Τοσσον ἐνερθ' Ἀιδεω, ὁσον ὑρανος ἐςτ' απο γαιης.
Il. Θ. 16.

Τοσσον ἐνερθ' ὑπο γης ὁσον ὑρανος ἐςτ' απο γαιης.
Hes. Theog. 720.

As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
Milton, P. L. i. 73.

Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.
Æn. vi. 578.

‡ *S' affiso poi, &c.*

Et Libyæ defixit lumina terris. *Æn.* i. 223.

Saw that great Godfrey's* soul desir'd alone
To chase the Pagan from his lawless throne,
And free the hallow'd shrine from feet unblest;
Faith, zeal, devotion, fill'd his ardent breast,
Nor could that breast one earth-born wish infold,
The lust of pow'r, of glory, or of gold.
He sees in Baldwin other passions roll,
And dreams of kingly grandeur fire his soul;
While Tancred's† heart more soft affections prove,
Martyr to vain and unrequited love:
Stung by the shaft, and whirl'd in passion's strife,
The desp'rate youth nor valued death nor life.
Boemond‡ he saw, with regal pow'r elate,
In conquer'd Antioch tend his infant state,
New cities found, and equal laws impart,
The light of science, and the toils of art,
Bid subject tribes their impious rites disown,
And bow th' adoring knee to God alone.
On cares like these his thoughts the Norman bends,
And to the sacred war no more attends.
Rilando's§ soul at ease inglorious spurns,
And all a warrior's fire within him burns.
No thoughts of empire, or of wealth, inflame;
Honour his sole pursuit, his idol, Fame.
On Guelpho's|| lips th' attentive hero hung,
And drank instruction from his honour'd tongue,
Heard with delight each laurell'd chieftain's praise,
High feats of arms, and deeds of other days.

* See note 10. † See note 11. ‡ See note 12. § See note 13.
|| *Di Guelfo, &c.*—Guelpho was the uncle of the supposed Rinaldo. For an account of him, see the Catalogue of the forces.

While thus the great Creator from on high
Search'd each dark bosom with unerring eye,
From the bright choirs, th' empyreal realms that fill,
He summons Gabriel* to attend his will:
Amóng celestial princedoms, second he
In arch-angelic pow'r and dignity;
The faithful herald of the King of heav'n;
The meek interpreter of saints forgiv'n;
When feeble mortals breathe the suppliant sigh,
'Tis his to waft their orisons on high;
When Heav'n vouchsafes for man his will to know,
He brings the tidings down to earth below.
To him th' Almighty:† "Earthward speed thy way;
"Say‡ in my name to Godfrey, 'Why delay?
'Why sleeps the war? nor ye your arms resume
'To rescue your belov'd Redeemer's tomb?'
"To council straight the Princes let him call
"That lead the Christian armies, one and all,
"And breathe in ev'ry breast an ardent soul;
"Himself, the chosen Chief, shall guide the whole;
"I here elect him, and his sov'reign sway,
"His comrades, now his subjects, shall obey."
He spake;§ th' Archangel, on high errand bent,
To execute the will Omnipotent,
'Round his light form an azure vestment threw
Of purest air, and stood confest to view.

* See note 14. † See note 15.

‡ *Goffredo trova.*—
Dardaniumque ducem——
Alloquere, et celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
Æn. iv. 224.

§ *Così parlogli, &c.*—
Dixerat: ille patris magni parere parabat
Impero. *Ibid.* 238.

Human his shape, his mien, his radiant eye,
But cloth'd in more than mortal majesty:
That glowing age he chose, when youth began
To reach the middle space 'twixt boy and man:
His hair, of waving amber, pure and bright,
Was wreath'd with rosy rays, that beam'd immortal light.
Wings* of unrivall'd speed his limbs infold;
Of dazzling whiteness they, and fring'd with gold;
With these he cleaves the winds, and sails sublime
O'er lands and seas, in ev'ry varying clime.
Clad in such gorgeous guise, more swift than thought,
Earth's pendent globe the heav'nly herald sought;
Tow'rd Syria's realms his downward way he won,
And pois'd his wings o'er wood-crown'd Lebanon.†
Near high Tortosa's walls he dropp'd to earth,
What time the golden sun, at morning's birth,
Half in the skies display'd his orient head,
Half lay conceal'd in Ocean's briny bed:

* *Ali bianche vesti, &c.*—This is an imitation, and I think an improved one, of the descent of Mercury to Æneas in the 4th book of the Æneid.

Et primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea, quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
—— Illa fretus agit ventos, et nubila tranat.
Æn. iv. 239.

Αὐτικ' ἐπειθ' ὑπο ποσσιν ἐδησατο καλα πεδιλα,
Ἀμβροσια, χρυσεια, τα μιν φερον ἠμεν ἐφ' ὑγρην,
Ἠδ' ἐπ' απειρονα γαιαν, αμα πνοιῃς ανεμοιο.
Il. Ω. 340.

† *Pria sul Libano monte, &c.*—
—— Atlantis duri ——
Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit: hinc toto præceps te corpore ad undas
Misit. Æn. iv. 347.

And Bouillon's Prince, just wak'd from slumber, pour'd
His early adorations to his Lord,
When from the East, companion of the sun,
But brighter far, the glitt'ring stranger shone.
"Godfrey," he cried, "behold the fav'ring hour
"To urge the war, and crush the Pagan pow'r.
"Why sleep your arms?* and why this long delay
"To free Jerusalem from impious sway?
"Instant to council summon all thy peers,
"Reprove their coldness, and dispel their fears:
"Thou, Heav'n's elect, the leader's post must fill,
"And subject princes shall obey thy will.
"Th' Almighty's messenger before thee stands,†
"And issues in His name, His dread commands.
"Now rouse thy courage, let thy zeal burn high;
"Now march, with hope assur'd, to victory."
He ceas'd,‡ and instant wing'd his airy flight
Back to the highest, purest realms of light.

* *Perche trappor dimora, &c.*

Quæ spe Libycis teris otia terris? *Æn.* iv. 271.

Though the angel delivers his message with great exactness, Tasso judiciously makes him avoid the repetition of the identical words, so common in Homer.

† *Dio messaggier mi manda.*

Ipse Deum tibi me claro demisit Olympo,
Regnator, ——
Ipse hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras.
Æn. iv. 258.

‡ *Tacque, e sparito, &c.*

Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram
At vero Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
Arrectæque horrore comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.
Æn. iv. 279.

x'd to the earth, the wond'ring chieftain gaz'd,
ith eye-balls dazzled, and with heart amaz'd.
ıt pond'ring soon, with deep-brow'd thought intent,
ıe high behest, the sender, and the sent,
is inmost bosom burn'd, with conscious pride,
ı end the war, himself was call'd to guide.
:t, tho' preferr'd on high above the rest,
ı gust of vain ambition swell'd his breast,
ıt with more ardent zeal his soul was fir'd
ı heav'n directed, and by heav'n inspir'd.
Th' associate chiefs, who in the regions round,
:om winter's rains secure retreat had found,
ı congress straight he urges to repair;
:rsuasion or reproach, advice or pray'r,
ll that the gen'rous bosom can inspire,
: waken valour's half-extinguish'd fire,
ll he employs, sagacious to impart
'hate'er constrains the will, or wins the heart.
ıe princes came, and brought their bands along;
ɔemond alone was absent from the throng.
ɔme wait encamping on the neighb'ring plains,
ıd some Tortosa's circling wall contains;
'ill on the solemn day, in awful state,
h' assembled chiefs, a princely senate, sate.
odfrey, with deep-ton'd voice, the silence broke;
ıgust his visage lighten'd as he spoke:
"Warriors of God! ye, whom th' Almighty Mind
To vindicate his injur'd Faith design'd,
Alike your watchful pilot and your shield,
'Mid ocean's tempests, and th' embattled field!
On many a rebel shore, by aid divine,
Our dauntless bands have rear'd his holy sign,

"And 'mong the nations conquer'd by our sword,
"Made his great name be rev'renc'd and ador'd.
"Yet 'twas not ours, if right I deem, to roam
"Far from our offspring dear, and cherish'd home,*
"The perils of the faithless seas to dare,
"And all that swell the grisly train of war,
"Short-liv'd renown and vulgar praise to gain,
"And stretch o'er barb'rous realms our idle reign;
"Poor such reward, and blood thus vainly shed
"Would cry for signal vengeance on our head.
"But 'twas our pious aim, and noble view,
"The far-fam'd walls of Sion to subdue,
"The suff'ring Faithful from their yoke to free,
"And burst the iron bands of Slavery;
"To found new realms in conquer'd Palestine,
"Where Piety might bow at Jesus' shrine,
"And grateful pilgrims,† safe from hostile pow'r,
"Kneel to their Saviour, and in peace adore.
"With toil, with danger, were our conquests bought;
"For honour little, for our purpose, nought
"Is yet achiev'd; while here we stay our course,
"Or in extraneous wars consume our force.
"But what avails half Europe's pow'rs to arm,
"And wake on Asia's shores war's loud alarm,
"If such poor end these efforts vast display,
"And realms o'erthrown, not founded, mark our way?
"Poor is the skill he boasts, who seeks to rear
"New empires, on a worldly basis, here,

* *E 'l nido nativo.*—This expression is very beautiful in the Italian, but would not have borne a literal version in this place. I have, however, ventured the expression in the 7th Canto.

Receive a stranger in thy peaceful nest.

† *See note 16.*

"Where few, by birth or faith allied, are found,
"And hostile Pagan nations swarm around;
"Where the false Greek* no promis'd succour sends,
"And space immense divides us from our friends;
"Th' attempt were ruin; if ye thus presume,
"Ye build no empire, but ye build a tomb.
"Turks, Persians, Antioch, (names of high renown,
"That cast reflected lustre on our own)
"Have felt our arms; yet not to us be giv'n
"The glory of our conquests, but to Heav'n.
"If these great gifts we turn to purpose vain,
"The Pow'r who gave, may take them back again;
"Then would our names some idle tale adorn,
"Our foe's derision, and the Pagan's scorn.
"But shall we basely thus our trust betray,
"And cast th' inestimable pearl away?
"True to its end, in one unvarying line,
"The wise still prosecute each fix'd design.
"Since then our course no obstacle impedes,
"And fav'ring Spring invites to martial deeds,
"Say, what forbids, that with united pow'rs
"Onward we march to Sion's holy tow'rs?
"Those holy tow'rs, to which our wishes tend,
"Of all our vict'ries the great aim and end.
"Hear me, ye Chiefs; (to what my lips declare,
"The present, future age, shall witness bear;
"Be witness too, ye tenants of the skies!)
"The hour now dawns for loftiest enterprize.
"Delay we still? the fav'ring hour is o'er;
"Success, now certain, may be our's no more.

* See note 17.

"Soon, I forewarn, if vain delays are made,
"Judea will be sav'd by Egypt's aid."
He spake; short murmurs burst upon the ear,
Till Peter rose, the hermit and the seer,
Who still maintain'd, though humble was his race,
Amid th' assembled chiefs an honor'd place;
He first his voice exalted, to proclaim
The pious war, and wak'd the holy flame.
"To Godfrey's warning voice be added mine:
No vain reproaches with his counsels join,
But truths well known; approve what he requires,
And one thing more my heart alone desires.
"The shameful strifes that oft your union tore,
The wrongs that all, by turns, or caus'd, or bore,
Whate'er the public weal requir'd, undone,
And plans abandon'd ere yet well begun,
Conflicting councils and discordant wills—
Say, whence arose these complicated ills?
From one sole spring they took their baneful course,
Of all our discords and delays the source;
From rule divided, and from equal sway,
Where many hold command, and none obey.
Unless to one be giv'n the guiding rein,
The good to recompense, the bad restrain,
And with firm hand allot each task and toil,
Ne'er on that state can fav'ring Fortune smile.
One body then compose, nor want the soul
To rule, direct, and animate the whole,
But choose a Leader; his the sceptre be,
The pow'r and attributes of royalty."
He ceas'd. 'Twas Thou that didst his lips inspir
Pure emanation of celestial fire!

Spirit divine, ineffable!* to thee
Each thought is pervious, and each bosom free!
Pregnant with thee, the hermit's words impart
Divine persuasion to each warrior's heart;
Those lofty thoughts, that noble souls adorn,
By use ingrafted, or with nature born,
The love of freedom, honour, sov'reign sway,
Beneath thy potent impulse melt away!
William,† and Guelph, than whom none higher stood
In princely grandeur, and the pride of blood,
Pledge of submission yield with one accord,
And call on Godfrey‡ for their chief and lord.
No voice dissents; and now, great Prince, 'tis thine
First in command, in council first, to shine,
To teach war's torrent when and where to flow,
And laws to dictate to the vanquish'd foe:
Thy equals late, now own thy sov'reign will,
Respect each mandate, and each wish fulfil.
Fame spreads her wings, and far and wide around
Soon wafts through all the host the rumour'd sound.
He hastes to meet his troops, who joy'd to see
How well their chief beseem'd his high degree;
Their martial plaudits he receives, serene,
His eye unalter'd, and compos'd his mien;
Their greetings then returns, well-pleas'd to prove
Th' obedient tribute of respect and love,

* *Sant 'aura. e divo ardore.*—This address to the Holy Spirit, and the supposition of the immediate influence of the Spirit of God operating to remove the jealousy of the Christian princes on the present occasion, is very finely introduced, and is well worthy of a Christian poet.

† *Si che Guglielmo.*—William, a supposed son of the king of England. See the Catalogue.

‡ See note 18.

And straight ordains that on the coming day,
Their muster'd bands should meet in due array.
  And soon the Sun, Night's sable ensign furl'd,
With more than wonted splendor, gilds the world.
With the first ray that mark'd the coming dawn,
Each warrior girt his brightest armour on;
To the wide field the trooping bands repair,
Each where his banner courts the morning air;
In glittering pomp of war, and order due,
Proudly they wait their leader's skilful view;
He, as before him wheels the marshall'd force,
Surveys their passing numbers, foot and horse.
  Mem'ry!* thou mighty Pow'r! whose sway sublime
Controls Forgetfulness, and conquers Time,
To perishable deeds 'tis giv'n by thee
To bloom with life and immortality!
Now grant me all thy aid, and bid record
Each armed squadron, and each warlike lord!
O'er Earth's wide regions spread their fame around;
Bright let it shine again, and loudly sound;
For envious years have dimm'd their glory's flame,
And black Oblivion half ingulph'd their name:
My flowing tongue thy treasures shall adorn,
That ev'ry clime may hear, and every age unborn.

* *Mente, &c.*—I have rendered "Mente," "Memory," I think with sufficient accuracy. Mr. Hoole renders it "Muse," with no propriety whatever.

Say, Muse! from whom no time can truth conceal,
Who canst thy knowledge to mankind reveal,
Oblivion's foe!——

The expression is borrowed from Dante.

O Mente, che scrivesti cio' ch' I' vidi.

First came the French: of late, the high-born Hugh,*
Their monarch's brother, led the gallant crew;
Where France's isle four circling streams contain,
They drew their breath; a wide and fair domain.
But since great Hugh had fall'n,† their boast and pride,
The bold Clothaire they follow as their guide,
And where he bids, the glitt'ring flag unfold,
Where Gallia's haughty lilies blaze in gold;
Nor small his worth, although he fails to trace
His humbler lineage from a kingly race.
A thousand these, and heaviest arms they wore:
Close marshall'd on their flank, a thousand more,
Alike in arms, in discipline were seen,
The same their form, their stature, and their mien,
Of Norman birth, by Robert‡ led, whose reign
Stretch'd o'er their native region's fertile plain.
Two Pastors next conducted to the war
Their pious flocks, William§ and Adhemar;
They, once inur'd, in ministry diviné,
To pay meet homage at their Maker's shrine,
Now wear the plumed helm, and dead to fear,
Exchange the hallow'd crosier for the spear.
That, from tall Orange, and her peopled meads,
Full twice two hundred mounted warriors leads;
With *this*, from Puy, an equal number came,
In valor rivals, and in skill the same.
Next in review were Baldwin's‖ warriors shown,
Who to his brother's legions joins his own;
For Godfrey, summon'd to supreme command,
Trusts to fraternal care his native band.

* See note 19. † See note 20. ‡ See note 21. § See note 22.
‖ See note 23.

Fair Chartres' Earl* in order then succeeds,
Renown'd for wisdom, as for warlike deeds.
With him four hundred came; a triple force
Urg'd, under Baldwin's rule, their gen'rous horse.
Next on the field, Guelph's† glitt'ring standards wait,
Whose worth was equal to his high estate.
From Este's proud house, with princely elders grac'd,
His father's line, in long descent, he trac'd;
But grafted now on Guelph's illustrious stem,
Shone on his brows a German diadem.
He sway'd Carinthia, and th' adjacent shore,
Where savage Rhœtian nations dwelt of yore,
And where the princes rul'd of Suevian line,
From Danube westward to the spreading Rhine,
His mother's dow'r; and join'd to these, he reign'd
O'er countries, rich and fair, by arms obtain'd.
His faithful followers, prodigal of breath,
Rush where their master calls, and challenge death,
Though us'd at home in polished ease to lie,
And cheat the rigors of the wintry sky
In sumptuous palaces, and ply the feast,
Where wine and music cheer the laughing guest.
Of these, five thousand left their native plains;
But, thinn'd by battle, scarce a third remains.
Next they, whose level land the ocean bounds,
And Gallic here, there German soil surrounds;
Where the slow Maese o'erflows the cultur'd plain,
And less'ning Rhine scarce lives to reach the main:
A land, where corn, and flocks, and herds abound;
Fair were her sons, with yellow ringlets crown'd.
They too, from Holland's and from Zealand's isle;
Whose hands unwearied, with incessant toil,

* *See note* 24. † See note 25.

'Gainst the wild waves their wond'rous barriers spread,
And forc'd reluctant ocean from his bed;
Ocean,* who there, insatiate in his powers,
Whole cities swallows, and whole realms devours.
Of each of these a thousand; and their guide,
A second princely Robert, Flanders' pride.†
More numerous bands the British ensigns bring;
William,‡ the second hope of England's king,
Leads them to war: full well his soldiers know
To wing the shaft, and twang th' unerring bow.§
With these, still savage with primeval woods,
Remotest Ireland sends her hardy broods,
A race that hears the polar tempests roar
On Nature's verge,‖ old Ocean's utmost shore.
Then gallant Tancred¶ came, who proudly shone
With graceful mien, and manners all his own;
Nor (save Rinaldo) liv'd 'mong all the band,
An heart more lofty, or a stouter hand.
If aught of blame his glorious deeds pervade,
And cast his peerless merits in the shade,
'Tis Love, resistless Love! whose fierce control
To madness goads his agitated soul;
Born 'mid alarms, more strong the passion grows,
Still fed by charms unseen, and nurs'd upon its woes.

* See note 26. † See note 27. ‡ See note 28.

§ *Sono gl' Inglesi sagittarj.*—In the early periods of our history, our countrymen were famous for archery. The battle of Azincour was gained by the skill of the English bowmen.

‖ *La divisa dal mondo, &c.*

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Brittannos.

Virg. Ecl. i. 67.

¶ See note 29.

Fame tells,* that when, o'erpow'r'd in mortal fight,
The Persians yielded to the Christian might,
As the brave knight the flying foe pursued,
Panting for breath, and all on fire his blood,
He cool'd his parched lips, and courted rest,
Spent with the lengthen'd toil, with heat oppress,
Where flow'd, impervious to the solar beam,
With living verdure grac'd, a crystal stream.
Sudden a damsel met his startled sight,
All, save her face, enclos'd in armour bright;
Pagan her garb; the same retreat she sought,
To taste the lucid spring's refreshing draught:
Amaz'd he sees, the beauteous form admires,
Drinks poison down, and burns with instant fires.
Strange pow'r of Love! he, newly-born, can start
To full-grown strength, and quell at once the heart!
She on her naked head with speed replac'd
Her glitt'ring casque, with waving plumage grac'd,
And stood prepar'd for fight; but coming feet
Surpriz'd her ear, and warn'd mature retreat.
Before unequal force, indignant, slow,
Retir'd the heroine from her vanquish'd foe,
But left her lovely image deep imprest,
In living characters, on Tancred's breast.
Who from that breast shall chase the spot, and hour,
When first he bow'd to love's resistless pow'r?
Still to his thoughts the cherish'd scene returns,
And fans the flame, that strengthens as it burns.
To the shrewd glance, his woe-worn looks full well
The secret of his ill-starr'd passion tell;
The plaintive voice, the interrupted sigh,
The downcast sadness of his languid eye,

† See note 89.

Tell how the hero wastes with vain desire,
Cheer'd by no hope to ease th' incessant fire.
With him eight hundred youths their coursers rein,*
Born, fair Campania, in thy happy plain:
The Tuscan sea their fertile country laves,
Its smiles reflecting in his glassy waves;
And sure each charm is giv'n, sweet land, to thee,
Rich Nature's pomp and prodigality!
Two hundred came from Greece's fabled shore:
No cumb'rous mail, nor gleamy steel they wore;
Loose at their sides their crooked falchions hung;
The quiver and the bow behind them rung:
Meagre their steeds, but matchless in the course,
Sparing of food, though unsubdued their force;
Promptly they charge, then turn to sudden flight,
And urge in scatter'd bands the backward fight.
Their ranks Tatinus led; and was there none
To aid the Latin arms, save he alone?
Oh! shame for coward Greece! oh! foul misdeed!
When at thy gates thou saw'st the battle bleed,
Say, could'st thou there, a tame spectatress, wait,
Till other arms conclude the world's debate?

* *Gli ottocento, &c.*—Mr. Hoole has neither rendered this passage properly, nor with sufficient fulness. He cuts down the four lines into two.

Gli ottocento a cavallo, a cui fa scorta,
Lasciar le piaggie di Campagna amene,
Pompa maggior de la natura, et i colli,
Che vaggheggia il Tirren, fertili e molli,

Eight hundred horse from fertile seats he leads,
From hills of Tyrrhene and Campania's meads.

Tyrrhene (if it mean any thing) must mean Tuscany. But no part of Tuscany belonged to the Norman princes. Mr. H. cannot have understood the construction of the original. I have given what I suppose to be its meaning, though rather in a periphrasis.

Should e'er the ruthless unbeliever's hand
Spread the dark night of slav'ry o'er thy land,
None shall be found to pity thy despair,
For Heav'n's retributive right hand is there!
  But mark yon bands the hindmost rank that fill,
Tho' ever first in honour, valour, skill!
The bold Advent'rers they, renown'd afar,
Mirrors of glory, thunderbolts of war,
Whom Europe's realms on frighted Asia pour,
Of all their chivalry the pride and flow'r!
Let Argo boast her demigods no more,
Nor Royal Arthur, pride of Britain's shore,
Vaunt his bold knights, whose deeds in fable bloom;
Far greater names are here; Romance, be dumb!
Who then was worthy of such high command?
Dudon of Consa* led the noble band:
For since 'twere hard pre-eminence to find,
Where all renown'd for birth or valour shin'd,
Him they obey, whom most above his peers
Mature experience rais'd, and honour'd years:
He, to his hairs of snow, and wisdom sage,
Join'd the fresh vigour of his greener age,
And scars of many an honest wound he bore,
The pledge of valiant deeds achiev'd of yore.
  Foremost among his champions, Eustace shone,
Fam'd from his brother's† merits, and his own:
Gernando too, the heir of Norway's kings;
Proud of the royal lineage whence he springs,
Ceaseless he boasts of crowns, and titles high,
And all the pride of sceptered ancestry.

* *Dudon di Consa.*—No mention is made of Dudon by the contemporary historians.

† He was brother to Godfrey. I have made mention of him in *note 33.*

Amid the bravest, sung by ancient fame,
Is Engerland's, and Balnavilla's name:
Nor less Gentonio, Rambald, are renown'd,
Nor either Gerard, both with honour crown'd.
Ubald, and Rosmond next, my Muse, prefer,
Heir to thy dukedom, mighty Lancaster!*
Nor let fell Time, that makes the good his prey,
Snatch brave Obizo from the light of day;
Nor be the Lombard brethren's glory dead,
Achilles, Sforza, valiant Palamed,
With Otho† bold, the far-fam'd shield that won,
Where in the serpent's mouth the naked infant shone.
Nor Guasco here, nor Ridolf be un-nam'd,
Nor the two Guido's, each for valour fam'd;
Let not obscurity be Gernier's lot,
Nor Ev'rard's laurell'd honours be forgot.
But spare, nor more my wearied pow'rs employ,‡
Ye bright examples of connubial joy,
Gildippe,§ Edward! noble British pair!
Immortal be your mem'ry, bright and fair!
Ye courted, hand in hand, the warrior's doom,
And be your union sacred in the tomb.
When Love, almighty, plays the master's part,
What may not mortals learn? the warrior's art

* See note 31. † See note 32.

‡ *Ove me lasso—Rapite!*

Quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? *Æn* vi. 846.

§ *Gildippe ed Odoardo.*—The English reader will hardly recognize a countrywoman in Gildippe. Surely the euphony of the Italian language might have furnished the poet with a more inviting female name; for to my ears Gildippe has almost a ridiculous sound. Still less can we praise its nationality. It appears, however, that an English nobleman, named Edward, was actually accompanied by his wife to the wars of Palestine, where they both lost their lives.

From him she gain'd; still at her consort's side,
Unmov'd, undaunted, clung the blooming bride;
One fate their lives sustains; no blow is known
To spend its cruel force on one alone;
Partners in every wound, at once they feel
The thrilling anguish of the trenchant steel;
Each to the other's pain responsive sighs,
In union suffers, and in union dies.

But far o'er ev'ry knight that drew the sword,
Or couch'd the lance, the boy Rinaldo tow'r'd;
How fierce, how fair, he rears his head on high,
While fix'd on him alone is ev'ry eye!
His years outstrip all hope, and blended bring
The fruits of Autumn with the bloom of Spring:
Saw ye the youth in thund'ring armour move?
'Twas Mars;—but lift his visor'd helm—'tis Love!

Him, where fair Adige laves her pleasant shore,
To Berthold, pride of Este, Sophia bore,
To Berthold* rich and great, Sophia fair;
But sage Matilda,† with maternal care,
Snatch'd from his mother's breast the blooming heir,
And nurs'd his infant years, and taught each art
That forms, in honour's paths, the manly heart,
Till the loud-echoing trump from Asia's plains
Rous'd all the noble blood that swell'd his veins.
Scarce fifteen summers seen, he fled alone
Th' adopted hearth, and travers'd realms unknown,
Urg'd o'er th' Ægean wave his vent'rous course,
And join'd in distant lands the Christian force:

* *A Berthold, &c.*—Bertholdo was son of Azzo IV. and brother of Guelpho. But it has been before observed that Rinaldo is a fictitious character.

† *See note 33.*

Illustrious flight! may sons unborn admire,
And emulate the glory of their sire!
Three years were gone, and scarce the down began
To shade his cheek, and mark the full-grown man.
The horse now past, the foot their ranks display'd:
First they who Raymond's* honour'd flag obey'd:
Thoulouse he sway'd, whose wide-spread confines lie
From where the Pyrenean props the sky,
To where fair Garonne, thro' each vine-clad plain,
Rolls his descending waters to the main:
Four thousand these, well-train'd their arms to wield,
And bear each hardship of the tented field:
Brave were the troops; nor could a chief be found
For martial skill, or valour, more renown'd.
Next his impetuous squadrons Stephen pours,
(Five thousand youths,) from Amboise, Blois, and Tours:
Nor strong, nor prone to martial labours they,
But bright their armour and their vesture gay:
Worthy her sons the land from which they sprung,
For ever smiling, joyous, light, and young.
Fierce is their charge;† with fury they engage;
But slackens soon their strength, and cools their rage.
Six thousand sons of Switzerland,‡ who dwell
In many an airy Alpine citadel,
Alcasto brought; a hardy race and bold;
High tow'r'd their haughty chief, like him of old,§

* See note 34.

† *Impeto fan nelle battaglie prime, &c.*—It seems the impetuosity of the French in attack, was as proverbial in the days of Tasso as in our own. Fairfax renders this passage,

Boldly they strike, but soon retire for doubt,
Like fire of straw, soon kindled, soon burnt out.

‡ See note 35. § Capaneus.

Whose threat'ning eye look'd down o'er Thebes' abc
And fierce in fancied strength, blasphem'd the gods.
His followers, bred to tame the stubborn soil,
Their alter'd steel employ'd in nobler toil;*
And long inur'd their rustic herds to guide,
Now shone in martial guise, and kings defied.
To brave Camillo in high charge are giv'n
The triple diadem,† and keys of Heav'n:
These honour'd signs the Papal flag display'd,
And full sev'n thousand march'd beneath their shade
All cas'd in steel th' Italian warriors shin'd;
Proud was their leader of the task assign'd,
The fame his sires bequeath'd him to maintain,
And bid Ausonia's honours rise again,
Or prove that discipline she needs alone,
To make the Roman glory all her own.
And now the muster'd‡ legions all had past,
Each in its order due, and this the last,
When to the leader of each goodly band
Godfrey, now chief supreme, thus gave command:
"With rising morn, from all incumbrance freed,
Its rapid way let ev'ry squadron speed,
That, when he least expects the coming blow,
We reach fair Sion, and prevent the foe.
Then for the march, my friends, for fight prepare,
For victory and triumph wait you there."

* *Che 'l ferro uso a far solchi, &c.*

Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

Georg. i. 5

† See note 36.

‡ *Tutte le squadre.*—Tasso makes the army of the crusade the siege of Jerusalem, to consist of twenty-two thousand and about ten thousand horse, which might be nearly their ac *effective strength.*

Language so bold, from lips so wise, imparts
New thirst of glory to the soldiers' hearts.
Equipp'd for march with morning's earliest ray,
They wait impatient for the rising day.
But many an anxious care their chief opprest,
Though deep he lock'd them in his secret breast;
He knew that Egypt's king, with all his pow'rs,
Had shap'd his hostile march for Gaza's tow'rs,
A post of strength,* that on the frontiers stands,
To awe the Syrian, guard th' Egyptian lands;
Nor would a prince, whose thoughts for ever turn'd
On daring deeds, and still for conquest burn'd,
An idle foe in such great juncture prove;
While cares like these his thoughtful bosom move,
Henry he call'd, his grave commands to bear,
And thus bespake the trusty messenger:
"In a light pinnace, o'er the briny surge
To Greece's shore thy course incessant urge;
For there, (such news my watchful friends dispense,
Whose zeal unerring claims my confidence)
A youth, for birth and valour fam'd afar,
Must soon arrive to join our eastern war;
Prince of the Danes;† with him the farthest North
Pours to our aid her hardy legions forth.

* ——— *Bello e forte arnese*
Da fronteggiar, &c.

This is one of the lines that the poet has taken word for word from Dante.

——— Bello e forte arnese
Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi.
Infern. xx. 71.

† *Prence e de 'Dani.*—For the tragical end of this young prince, see the 8th Canto.

But lest the Greek, well practis'd in deceit,
With wily artifice his coming meet,
Divert on vain pretence his alter'd course,
Or urge him homeward to conduct his force,
Do thou, a faithful counsellor, make known
What most our weal requires, and what his own;
Bid him with ceaseless haste pursue his way;
His valour's fame were tarnished by delay.
No need for thee his progress to attend,
But stay, and urge the Greek his aids to send,
Aids, which long since our friendly arms had join'd,
If promises could move, or treaties bind."
He said; then, furnish'd with credentials due,
The envoy, eager to obey, withdrew,
And Godfrey's pausing thoughts short respite knew.
Soon as the East her portals open'd wide,
And through them drove the Sun, in new-born pride,
His steeds of fire, through all the welkin rang
The drum's loud peal, and trumpet's echoing clang.
Rous'd by the sound, each startled warrior wakes;
Less grateful far the mutt'ring thunder breaks,
The welcome harbinger of kindly rains,
When suns solstitial parch the gaping plains,
Than burst upon the eager soldier's ear
Those warlike instruments, and sounds of fear.
And soon, such ardour fir'd each glowing breast,
In martial guise th' impatient troops are drest;
Soon fully arm'd, they haste in crowds along,
Each where his leader rang'd his order'd throng:
Then the proud host, in fair array combin'd,
Flung all its ensigns to the buoyant wind,
And on th' imperial flag, by Zephyr driv'n,
The holy Cross triumphant stream'd to Heav'n.

Meanwhile, advancing through the blue serene,
High rode the Sun, and fir'd the busy scene;
He strikes the burnish'd steel;* bright flashes rise,
And dancing lightnings mar the dazzled eyes;†
O'er the wide field rebound the quiv'ring rays,
Involving æther in one mighty blaze;
The neighing steeds reply to clanging arms,
And rings the deafen'd plain with loud alarms.
The wary Chieftain, lest some hostile force
In ambush hid, should intercept his course,
A num'rous troop of light-arm'd horse commands,
To scour the circuit of th' adjacent lands:
Then bids his pioneers exert their skill
To smoothe the rugged lands, the hollow fill,
That safe may be the ways, the passes freed,
And nought his army's eager steps impede
To stay his march, no hostile bands were found,
No wall, with moats secur'd, with turrets crown'd,
No rocky mountain, nor impervious wood,
Nor rapid torrent's interposing flood.
So the great king of streams, imperial Po,‡
When swell'd beyond his bounds, his waters flow,

* *L'armi percote.—*

. . . . . Æraque fulgent
Sole lacessita, et lucem sub nubila jactant.

Æn. vii. 526.

† *Le viste offende.*

——————— ὀσσε δ' ἀμερδεν
Αὐγη χαλκειη κορυθων ἀπο λαμπομενεων,
Θωρηκων τε νεοσμηκτων, σακεων τε φαεινων.

Il. N. 340.

‡ *Degli altri fiumi il re.*—Though Tasso does not designate this river by its name, he of course means the Po.

Spurns his high banks, majestic, deep, and strong,
And sweeps o'er ev'ry obstacle along.

One prince alone had stay'd their course awhile;
He rul'd, fair Tripoli,* thy palmy soil:
For his, secure within his strengthen'd hold,
Were troops, and warlike stores, and hoarded gold.
But prudent he submits, nor dares alarm
The slumb'ring terrors of the Christian's arm,

——————ποταμῷ πληθεντι ἐοικως
Χειμαῤῥῳ,——
Τον δ' ὑπ' ἀρ τε γεφυραι ἐεργμεναι ἰσχανοωσιν,
Οὐτ ἀρα ἑρκεα ἰσχει ἀλωωων ἐριθηλεων,
Ἐλθοντ' ἐξαπιναις, ὁτ ἐπιβρισῃ Διος ὀμβρος.
Il. E. 87.

Ὡς δ' ὁποτε πληθων ποταμος πεδιονδε κατεισι
Χειμαῤῥης κατ' ὀρεσφιν, ὁπαζομενος Διος ομβρῳ.
Il. Λ. 492.

Proluit insano contorquens vertice sylvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta tulit. *Geor.* i. 482.

Montibus ex altis magnus decursus aquai,
Fragmina conjiciens sylvarum arbustaque tota,
Nec validi possunt pontes venientis aquai
Vim subitam tolerare; ita magno turbidus imbri
Molibus incurrit validis cum viribus amnis;
Dat sonitu magno stragem, volvitque sub undis
Grandia saxa; ruit, qua quicquam fluctibus obstat.
Lucret. i. 284.

Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit. *Æn.* ii. 496.

——rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit agros, sternit sata laeta, boumque labores,
Praecipitesque trahit sylvas. *Ibid.* 305.

* See note 37.

And many a gift of price, and message sends,
The strangers welcomes, and salutes as friends,
Well-pleas'd such peaceful treaties to combine,
As Godfrey deigns, in wisdom, to assign.
From Seir's high hill,* that from the east looks down
In frowning grandeur, o'er the subject town,
A crowd of Faithful pours into the plain,
Of ev'ry age and sex, a mingled train:
Greeting they came, and friendly off'rings pour'd,
In humble tribute, to the Christian lord;
With heart-felt joy they view the champion bold,
And interchange of social converse hold,
The foreign bands with wond'ring eyes survey,
And guide securely on their destin'd way.

The skilful Chief, on caution still intent,
Along the sea his course unvarying bent;
For well he knew that many a friendly train
Of freighted vessels, kept the neighb'ring main;
These still attend his movements, coasting nigh,
Repair his losses, and his wants supply;
Thus Greece's isles for him their crops produce,
And Crete and Chios send their gen'rous juice.
Beneath its burden groans the ocean wide;
Such countless vessels scour'd the briny tide,
That Pagan navies spread their sails in vain,
Barr'd from all passage on the Midland main:
Besides the fleets from Venice', Genoa's shore,
That Mark's† or George's guardian pendant bore,

* *Monte Seir, ch' alto e sovrano, &c.*
Collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet. *Æn.* i. 419.

† See note 33.

Fair Sicily, where plenteous harvests smile,
And Holland sent her ships, and France, and England's isle.
And these, whom well-concerted union draws
To forward with one will the gen'ral cause,
Provide, on many a near and distant coast,
Whate'er was needful for the marching host;
They, on the hostile frontiers when they see
Each road unguarded, and each passage free,
Advance, their speed redoubling as they go,
To where the SAVIOUR died the death of woe.

But Fame,* who spreads each rumour, false, or true,†
A busy harbinger, before them flew;
Told that the Christians urg'd, with strength combin'd,
Their rapid march, nor stay'd one chief behind;
How strong each squadron, led by whom, proclaims,
The prowess of the mightiest, and their names,
She sounds aloud; their deeds of valour tells,
Vaunts their achievements, and their number swells;
Such boding terror mark'd her visage pale,
That Sion's tyrants trembled at her tale.

The heighten'd form of future evil still
Exceeds the magnitude of present ill.
On ev'ry varying breath of rumour's tongue,
Each anxious mind, each ear, impatient hung.
Without, within th' affrighted city's wall,
Quick-gath'ring whispers ran, dejecting all.
The hoary King, by instant dangers prest,
Revolv'd dark counsels in his wav'ring breast.

* *Ma precorsa e la fama, &c.*

Et jam Fama volans tanti praenuntia luctus.

Æn. xi. 139.

† *De' veraci rumori, &c.*

Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.

Æn. iv. 188.

Not long had Aladine* the sceptre sway'd,
And cares unceasing on the monarch prey'd.
Nature to him a savage heart assign'd,
And age had soften'd, not subdu'd his mind:
But when he heard that all the Latin pow'rs
Had join'd their strength to storm his royal tow'rs,
His terror height'ning, new suspicions rose;
He fear'd alike his subjects and his foes.
In Sion's town a mingled crowd there dwell'd,
Who adverse faith and varying tenets held:
The weaker part Christ's holy name ador'd,
The stronger numbers own'd th' Arabian Lord.
But when the King Judæa's realm obtain'd,
Eager to fix the throne which force had gain'd,
The favour'd Pagan race his craft reliev'd,
And with oppressions new the Christians griev'd.
And now, once more arous'd, his native rage,
That droop'd and cool'd beneath the frosts of age,
By irritation kindled, flam'd the more,
And his dark bosom thirsts for human gore.
So the fell snake,† through winter's torpid reign
That slept innoxious on the frozen plain,
When fiercer suns, and summer's heat returns,
Again with renovated anger burns:
The lion thus, half-tam'd his native fire,
If some too-daring hand provoke his ire,
No more his in-born fury can restrain,
And all the sylvan tyrant lives again.

* *Aladin, &c.*—Aladine was the name of the Emir who at that time governed Jerusalem for the Caliph of Egypt. To give greater dignity to his story, Tasso makes him an independent king.

† —— *Che parve nel gel, &c.*

Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat.

Æn. ii. 472.

"Well I perceive, some thoughts of hidden joy,"
He cried, "these treach'rous Infidels employ;
The general grief, the only joy they know,
For ever smiling 'mid the public woe.
If right I judge, some trait'rous plot they brood;
Perchance conspire to spill their sov'reign's blood,
Or open to my foes some secret gate,
Admit their brethren, and betray the state.
But they shall fail; their schemes I will defeat,
And satiate my keen thirst with vengeance sweet!
Yes, I will kill,* and know not how to spare;
Babes from their weeping mother's breasts I'll tear,
Their houses, temples, burn with vengeful fire;
Be such the honours of their fun'ral pyre;
And on that Tomb, to which their vows arise,
Their priests shall die, the earliest sacrifice."
Thus mus'd the king; but scrupled to fulfil
The bloody purpose of his savage will:
Nor yet he bow'd to pity's soft control;
Intrinsic meanness sway'd his dastard soul:
Though pow'rful fear the work of death command,
More cogent terror stays his lifted hand,
Lest righteous vengeance for their fellows slain
Should urge to desp'rate deeds the Latin train.
With thoughts like these he curbs his madd'ning ire,
Or elsewhere seeks to vent the smother'd fire;

* *Gli ucciderò, &c.*—A general massacre of their Christian subjects seems to be no uncommon practice with the Mahometans in case of an attack from the Infidels. Such a step was in contemplation at Constantinople when Admiral Duckworth appeared before the city in 1807.

The other precautionary measures of defence taken by Aladine, are for the most part historical facts.

Each rustic roof he levels with the ground,
And gives to wasting flames the country round:
No house his fury spares, nor waving field,
That food or shelter to the foe might yield;
Poison, to taint the wholesome springs, he throws,
And charg'd with instant death, each fountain flows.
Cruel in caution he: nor fails his care,
His royal town to strengthen and repair:
On all sides else secure, the Northern wall*
More feebly guards the threaten'd capital;
His danger known, he hastens to provide
New means of strength, and guard the weaker side;
Bids to his aid his subjects haste along,
And adds a num'rous mercenary throng.

* *Sol verso Borea, &c.* The country towards the north of Jerusalem is level; the other sides are strongly defended by nature. For an exact description of the site of the Holy City, see Canto III.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Aladine seizes an image of the Virgin Mary, that was concealed in one of the Christian churches, and places it in the royal mosque, instigated thereto by Ismeno the sorcerer, who promises to render it, by means of his incantations, an effectual Palladium to Jerusalem. In the course of the night, the statue is taken away from the mosque. The king, enraged at not being able to discover the author of the removal, resolves upon a general massacre of his Christian subjects. Sophronia, a young Christian lady of great beauty and virtue, determines to sacrifice herself for her countrymen, and accuses herself to the king, as the perpetrator of the theft. She is ordered to be burnt alive. Olindo, her lover, contradicts the confession she had made, takes the charge upon himself, and desires to suffer in her stead. They are both tied to the stake, but are released by the timely arrival and intercession of Clorinda. The Christian army arrives at Emaus, where they are met by Alethes and Argantes, ambassadors from the king of Egypt. Speech of Alethes. Godfrey's reply. Reciprocal defiance and declaration of war by Godfrey and Argantes. Godfrey dismisses the ambassadors with presents. Alethes returns to Egypt, and Argantes goes forward to Jerusalem to assist in the defence of the city.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO II.

WHILE thus the Tyrant, tost by fierce alarms,
Rous'd all his forces, and prepar'd for arms,
One day, full-fraught with mischief, and alone,
Ismeno sought the footsteps of his throne:
The fell Ismeno,* whose dread spells presume
To burst the yawning portals of the tomb,
And the pale corse to upper air constrain,
And bid it breathe, and feel, and live again.
He, as his mutter'd incantations flow,
Makes Pluto† tremble in his realm below,
Makes all his fiends his dark designs fulfil,
Binds with resistless chains, and frees at will.
  To Christ's great name he once his pray'rs addrest,
Nor yet renounc'd the faith he first profest,
Though the false Mahomet he now ador'd;
But oft in unison th' Apostate pour'd

* See *note 39.* † See note 40.

His mingled blasphemies at either shrine
Confounding vows profane with rites divine.
Now from his cave, where far from public eye,
He dwelt recluse his impious arts to ply,
He came, in peril's trying hour, to bring
Counsels of darkness to an evil King.
" Great King," he cried, " the conqu'ring Christian forc
Pursues, with eager haste, its threat'ning course.
Do we what duty bids, the state to save,
For earth and Heav'n conspire to aid the brave.
Well does thy judgment sage, thy watchful skill,
The task of Leader and of King fulfil;
Let all thy subjects equal zeal afford,
And emulate the virtues of their Lord,
Then soon thy haughty foe shall meet his doom,
And find beneath this soil an early tomb.
I come impatient, in this fateful hour,
To ease thy cares, and aid with all my pow'r:
I come, if thou refuse not, to impart
The help of practis'd age, or magic art.
Those rebel Angels, who of old were driv'n
From realms above, and lost the light of heav'n,
To share thy patriot toils I will compel,
Bound by the terrors of my potent spell.
But how my plans may gain their purpos'd end,
And where commence my wizard arts, attend.*
" Where the tall Christian church salutes the skies,
Conceal'd, a subterraneous altar lies;
Erected there, the work of bigot hands,
Of heav'n's reputed Queen† an image stands,

* *Econ quai modi, &c.*
Sed modus orandi qui sit, prius ordine dicam.
Georg. iv. 537.

† See note 41.

Whose teeming womb the God they serve, supplied,
The God, that like a mortal, liv'd, and died.
Hid by a veil it stands from vulgar sight;
A lamp before it pours its constant light;
And round it, heaps of votive off'rings lie,
The tribute of devout credulity.
This, mighty Lord, if thou my plans approve,
Thine arm must seize, and boldly must remove
To thine own mosque; there be the image laid;
While I with secret incantations aid,
And spells so cogent, that no mortal pow'r,
While there it stands, shall force fair Sion's tow'r;
But these proud walls, secure beneath the charm,
Defy the foe, and laugh at earthly harm."
He said; a willing ear the tyrant lent;
Impatient to the house of God he went,
Forc'd thro' the white-stol'd priests, a rev'rend throng,
The sacred image seiz'd and dragg'd along
To the tall mosque, where in devotion vain,
He oft incens'd high Heav'n with vows profane,
Abode of guilt! and there the wizard pour'd
His mutter'd pray'r, and sped his rites abhorr'd.
But when from orient skies the morning burst,
The watch, who held in charge the dome accurst,
No more, where late it stood, the statue found,
And urg'd in vain his search, the mosque around.
Th' unwelcome tidings reach'd the Despot's ears;
His anger kindles as the tale he hears,
Nor doubts some Christian had purloin'd the prize,
And lay conceal'd from justice' searching eyes.
Or by some Christian hand the deed was done,
Or there Heav'n's tutelary favour shone,
Which deign'd *not that* its sculptur'd Queen should grace
The hated precincts of unholy place.

Still rumour doubtful runs, as first it ran,
If Heav'n's own hand the deed perform'd, or man:
Let Faith prevail, let man his claims resign,
And to high Heav'n ascribe the work divine.
Instant, with search minute, th' affrighted Lord
Each Christian temple and each house explor'd;
Whoe'er the culprit should detect, or guard,
Him heavy pains await, or rich reward:
Nor fail'd his arts auxiliar to prefer,
Arts now how vain! the hateful Sorcerer;
Still fav'ring Heav'n the theft mysterious hides,
The wizard baffles, and his skill derides.
  But finding now that from his anxious eyes
In safe concealment hid, the traitor lies,
More fierce the monarch grows: his hate, his ire,
Flame forth, an inextinguishable fire;
Bursting all bounds, disdaining all control,
He longs to sate the vengeance of his soul:
  "But he shall die 'mid heaps of Christians slain,"
He cried, "nor shall my righteous wrath be vain.
On good and bad alike my arm shall fall,
And one unsparing ruin bury all.
But wherefore name the good? was ever known
One Christian, friendly to our name and throne?
If some there be, unstain'd by present guilt,
For former treasons let their blood be spilt.
Haste, loyal friends! the sword, the torch employ!*
Give all the reins to vengeance! burn, destroy!"

* ——————— *Prendete*
Le fiamme e 'l ferro, &c.
Ferte citi flammas, date tela.

Æn. ix. 37.

Thus to his Pagan crowd the Despot said;
Quick thro' the Christian tribe the rumour spread;
Lost in extreme amaze they stood; so strong
The dread of death o'erpow'rs the trembling throng,
They think not of defence, they dare not fly,
Nor pray'rs that soften, nor excuses, try;
In weak, irresolute suspense they hung,
Till, whence they least had hop'd, their safety sprung.

There liv'd, in Nature's ev'ry charm array'd,
Of years mature for love,* a Christian maid;
Exalted was her soul; and form or face,
Save as enhancing virtue's brighter grace,
She heeded not; but loth to be admir'd,
Within her narrow home she dwelt retir'd,
There shunn'd in solitude each lover's gaze,
And shrunk from flatt'ry, and withdrew from praise.

What art can hide, what force can snatch away
Imperial beauty from th' admiring day?
Love vindicates his rights; he soon reveal'd
To a fond youth, her charms in vain conceal'd.
Love, blind at times, his brows with fillets ties;
At times an Argus, rolls his watchful eyes;
He, mighty Pow'r, a thousand guards derides,
And to the chastest haunt his vot'ries guides,
Where maiden Modesty her treasures hides.

The maid, Sophronia, him Olindo nam'd,
One faith enlighten'd, and one city claim'd.
As bashful was the youth, as she was fair;
He knows not how, or dares not, to declare

* ——————— *di gia matura*
Verginita, &c.
Jam matura viris, Jam plenis nubilis annis.
Æn. vii. 53.

See note 42.

His warm, but hopeless love; while she disdains,
Or sees not, or o'erlooks, his am'rous pains.
Thus long in vain the wretched lover burn'd,
His flame unseen, unheeded, unreturn'd.
Meantime more loud th' apalling rumour spreads
Of ruin hov'ring o'er the Christians' heads.
Sophronia's soul a gen'rous wish elates
To save her suff'ring brethren from their fates:
'Twas courage, more than human, fir'd her breast,
But virgin modesty the thought represt:
Yet in the doubtful strife, that nobly shone
'Twixt bashfulness and courage, courage won,
So lent to Modesty his stern address,
And veil'd his own proud front in bashfulness.
Alone, through wond'ring crowds the maiden goes,
Nor labours to conceal her charms, nor shows:
Around her head her modest veil was bound;
Her steady eye, collected, courts the ground.
Firm was her step, tho' diffident her mien;
So bright, so unadorn'd, her charms were seen,
'Twere hard to tell if art, or native grace
Compos'd the careless beauties of her face;
If art it were, such art is only giv'n
By Love, by Nature, and by partial Heav'n.
Observ'd by ev'ry eye, observing none,
Th' noble maid approach'd the tyrant's throne,
Nor shrunk, intrepid, though he scowl'd with ire,
But brav'd the terrors of his eye of fire.
"I come, dread Lord, (and thou the while command
Thine anger, and arrest thy people's hand,)
I come the secret treason to explain,
And make the culprit known, ye seek in vain."

Aw'd by her courage, to no fear that bow'd,
By her bright charms, so gentle, yet so proud,
Confus'd, and half o'ercome, the King restrain'd
His fatal frown, his bursting passion reign'd.
And he had lov'd, if less severe had been
His rugged spirit, or her haughty mien;
But lofty charms can ne'er the stubborn move;
More soft attractions are the food of Love.*
He could not love; yet joy, desire, amaze,
In his fell heart† some soft emotions raise:
"Then tell me all," he cried, "without alarm,
So shall thy Christian brethren know no harm."
"The culprit," she replied, "before thee stands,
That culprit, I: accomplish'd by my hands
Was all the theft; I, I perform'd the deed;
Me thy revenge demands; 'tis mine to bleed."
Thus rushes, self-devoted, to the tomb,
Th' intrepid Fair, and courts her cruel doom.
O noble Falsehood! lovely tho' she be,
Not Truth herself might be preferr'd to thee!
Awhile in doubt the wav'ring Prince remain'd,
But from his native anger still refrain'd,

* *Ma ritrosa, &c.*

Ma ritrosa belta ritroso core
Non prende; e sono i vezzi esca d'amore.

From the similarity of my version of this couplet, and of a few other passages, to that of Mr. Hoole, I might be accused of plagiarism; but a candid critic who refers to the original, will, I think, easily acquit me. These resemblances are, in every instance, if I mistake not, in passages which we have both rendered so literally, that it was impossible to avoid the same expressions, or the same rhymes. To whom, for instance, would not "move" have suggested itself to correspond with "love" in the present case?

† See note 43.

And mildly said: "Declare then, beauteous maid,
Who gave thee counsel, and who gave thee aid?"
Then she: "The honour of the deed I claim,
And yield no portion of the crime, or fame.
Self-counsell'd, self-dependent, and alone,
No aid I needed, and no partner own.
Its secret told to none, my daring hand
Perform'd unshrinking what my judgment plann'd."
"Then fall my wrath on thee," the monarch said;
"Revenge shall be exhausted on thy head."
"'Tis just," the heroine cried, "nor I complain;
"Mine was the glory, and be mine the pain."
Anew the tyrant's rage began to rise:
"Say, where conceal'd the cursed idol lies?"
"I hid it not, but to the flames I gave,
Not seeking to destroy it, but to save;
For thus at least the sacred pledge remain'd
By touch of misbelievers unprofan'd.
Seek'st thou the thief? the thief behold in me:
The image seek'st thou? that, thou ne'er shalt see:
But know, the thief's base title I disdain:
The spoil which force had seiz'd, I took again."
Stings to the tyrant's soul her words convey:
Threats, murmur'd deep, his savage heart betray.
No more remains the hope of pardon now
From lofty mind, fair form, or modest brow;
And Love oppos'd, mistaking in his art,
The shield of Beauty to an iron heart.
Seiz'd is the maid, and doom'd to penal flames;
So the fierce despot's cruel will proclaims.

Her veil, her robe, are stripp'd; her tender arms,
Harsh cords confine;* beneath such rude alarms,
Her heart heav'd quick; her cheek's bright roses fled,
And purest white replac'd the lively red;
So soft, so brilliant, glow'd the whiteness there,
Not pallid did she seem, but wond'rous fair.
  Soon thro' the city spread the rumour loud;
From ev'ry quarter throng'd the curious crowd;
Attracted with the rest, Olindo came;
Unknown as yet the beauteous culprit's name,
Yet his fond breast one sad suspicion mov'd,
Perchance the suff'rer were the maid he lov'd.
But when his soul's far better part he saw
The victim, not of guilt, but savage law,
Saw the dread ministers of despot will
Prepar'd the bloody mandates to fulfil,
Eager he struggled thro' the yielding crowd,
And to the king, in straining voice and loud,
  "It was not she, it was not she," he cried,
"She boasts in vain an act her pow'r denied,
Madly she boasts, unpractis'd and alone,
What female arm the daring deed had done?†
How might she cheat the guards? or how convey
The holy statue, by what art, away?

* *Stringon le molli braccia, &c.*

teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

Æn. ii. 406.

† *Non ardi, ne far potea.*

Nihil iste nec ausus,
Nec potuit.

Æn. iii. 427.

If she the theft achiev'd, then let her try
To tell the whole:* 'twas I, great King, 'twas I."
Such gen'rous zeal could slighted passion move;†
So vast his ardor, and so pure his love,
"I climb'd," he adds, "conceal'd by fav'ring night,
To where your mosque receives th' admitted light,
Thro' narrow pass uneasy entrance wrought,
And ways till now impenetrable, sought.
To me the guilt belongs, to me the fame:
Shall she usurp the punishment I claim?
Mine are these bonds; for me the fun'ral pyre
Here stands prepar'd, and waits the kindling fire."
Touch'd by his words, her eyes Sophronia rais'd;
With pitying glances on the youth she gaz'd;
"Why com'st thou hither, hapless youth?" she cried;
"What fate can urge thee, or what madness guide?
What? need I then thy aid, my fate to bear,
And one weak mortal's utmost fury dare?
Within my woman's breast, a manly heart
There lives, that burns to act the hero's part:
One life alone the tyrant's rage shall feed;
I ask no solace, and no comrade need."
Thus to the youth she spake, but fail'd to bend
The settled purpose of her gen'rous friend.

* *Io l'ho, signor, furata.*
Me, me, adsum qui feci.
Æn. ix. 427.

† *Ahi tanto amo la non amante amata.*
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.
Æn. ix. 439.

Mr Hoole entirely omits this line in his translation, and makes Olindo proceed in his speech without a break. I have alluded in my Preface to Mr. Hoole's numerous omissions, which nothing can justify, and shall on some future occasion make them the subject of a separate note.

Oh! sight divine! where fond contention prove
Exalted virtue and sublimer love;
Where nought the victor hopes for in the strife,
But death, and nought the vanquish'd fears, but life!
With rage redoubled glow'd the tyrant's flame,
As each persisting, arrogates the blame.
He thought the youthful pair, whose stubborn pride
Thus mock'd at pain, himself, his pow'r defied:
"Let both prevail," he said; "be both believ'd,
And be the meed they ask, by both receiv'd."
He gives the sign; his slaves, with ready hands,
Seize the fond boy, and bind with fatal bands.
Soon back to back the beauteous pair are tied,
Not front to front; such bliss his fate denied.
Now round them grows the accumulated pyre;
The breathing bellows urge the tardy fire;
When to his partner thus the youth exprest
With tears and sighs, the sorrows of his breast:
"Are these the bonds, in which I hop'd to stray,
With thee united, through life's flow'ry way?
Are these the flames I fondly dream'd would give
Warmth to our mutual hearts, while both should live?
Far other union to my vain desire
Had Hymen promis'd, and far other fire.
Hard is the lot our cruel fate assigns,
In life that sever'd, and in death combines.
And yet some joy the mournful thoughts supply,
That, since a wretched victim thou must die,
Since adverse Heaven denies the nuptial bed,
I join thee in the mansions of the dead.
Thy pains alone my anguish'd soul annoy,
For dying at thy side, I die with joy.

And oh! thrice welcome would my suff'rings come,
And I would hail my happy martyrdom,
If with thy breast my faithful breast might join,
That my heart's latest throb might answer thine,
And thus, at length united, tho' in death,
Thy sighs I might inhale, and suck thy parting breath."
Such doleful plaints he pour'd; the maid belov'd
In firm, but gentle accents, thus reprov'd:
"Far other thoughts th' important hour demands,
When on the tomb's black verge, life trembling stands.
Think of thy sins, sweet friend, and call to mind
What bright rewards to virtue are assign'd.
Relying on high Heaven, thy suff'rings meet,
And light will be thy pains, thy torments sweet.
On wings of hope to Heaven's bright mansions rise;
See dawning glory bursts from all the skies;
The Sun, fair emblem of immortal day,
Points to his golden throne, and calls us hence away!"
This heard, the Pagans vent their grief aloud;
More silent sorrow marks the Chistian crowd.
Some gleams of pity, short and transient, stole,
Unusual weakness! to the tyrant's soul;
He felt the passion rise, and quickly steel'd
His half-relenting breast, that fain would yield,
Turn'd from the moving scene his backward view,
Scorn'd his frail nature, and in haste withdrew.
From thy fair eyes no tears, Sophronia, flow,
Alone unmov'd amid the gen'ral woe!
While such their awful state, a knight was seen,
(For knight he seem'd) of lofty port and mien;
The foreign armour, and the garb he wore
Proclaim'd a native of some distant shore.

High on his glitt'ring helm a tiger stood;
The crest attracts the gazing multitude,
For such Clorinda,* fam'd in arms, preferr'd;
Her the proud stranger they believ'd, nor err'd.
The martial damsel, from her earliest age,
In female toils vouchsaf'd not to engage;
Too proud her hands the needle to assume,†
Or ply the household labours of the loom;
Recluse abodes, soft garments, she disdain'd,
Yet kept her virgin honour unprofan'd;‡
Her brow with pride and with defiance arm'd,
Affected sternness, yet her sternness charm'd.
Her infant hands controll'd the prancing steed,§
Now check'd, now urg'd with slacken'd rein, his speed:
Pois'd the light spear, and nurs'd her childhood's force
In sports laborious, and the strength'ning course;
O'er hills and forests to their bloody lair,
She track'd the lion and the shaggy bear.

* *Clorinda.* This heroine is of course formed after the beautiful model of Virgil's Camilla, but is made to act a much more prominent part.

† *Costei gl' ingegni femminili, &c.*

Non illa colo calathisque Minervae
Faemineas assueta manus.

Æn. vii. 805.

‡ *Che ne' campi onestate anco si serba.*—Had Voltaire seen Fairfax's translation of this line, I fear he would have thought it unworthy of the majesty of the Epopee. I do not choose to quote the line, but it is the 6th of the 39th stanza.

In the preceding stanza (line 336 of my translation) at the words "famosa insegna," he introduces a play upon words, which is neither dignified, nor to be found in the original:

By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

§ *Tenera ancor, &c.*

Tela manu jam tum tenera puerilia torsit.

Æn. xii. 578.

In war, so hard her heart, so fierce her mind,
To wond'ring man she seem'd of savage kind;
But when thro' woods and wilds the huntress ran,
Their savage inmates fled, and thought her man.
And now from Persia's distant lands she came;
She, foe relentless to the Christian name,
Full many a field with mangled limbs had strew'd,
And many a stream dy'd purple with their blood.
Arriv'd, the scene of horror met her eye,
Where stood the fetter'd victims, doom'd to die.
Eager to know their guilt, her panting steed
Fierce she drove on; the yielding crowds recede;
And soon she reach'd the fatal pile, and there
View'd with attentive eye, th' unhappy pair;
One wept, one silent stood; and shone confest
More steadfast courage in the weaker breast;
The lover mourn'd, as if his bitter groan
Was pour'd for other's sorrows, not his own;
While she on Heaven so fix'd her raptur'd eyes,
As one, who breathing yet, had join'd her kindred skies.
In great Clorinda's breast soft pity rose:
The gen'rous tear for either victim flows,
But most for her, who most unmov'd appears,
And lofty silence touch'd her more than tears.
Eager she turn'd, and ask'd without delay
Of one, whose head was silver'd o'er with gray:
"Alas! what fortune, or what fault, my friend,
Has brought this wretched pair to such sad end?"
To these her anxious questions, briefly made,
A short but full reply the sire convey'd.
Amaz'd she heard the tale, and well divin'd
That both were guiltless of the crime assign'd.
Safety and life resolving to afford,
If aught her pray'rs avail'd, or aught her sword,

Quick she draws near, arrests the rising flames,
And in commanding accents thus exclaims:
"To urge the work of death, let no man dare,
But from your cruel services forbear,
Till with your king I parley; rest secure
From dread of harm; your safety I ensure."
Aw'd by her mien, the ministers obey'd
The lofty mandates of the warlike maid.
Instant to seek the king her steps she bent;
The king advancing met her as she went.
The dame began: "Clorinda's name I own,
A name perchance to thee by rumour known.
I come thy realm to guard, thy wrongs redress,
And aid the common Faith we both profess.
Be mine each task of warfare to fulfil,
Thy need may dictate, or ordain thy will;
Nor deeds of humble daring I despise,
Nor shrinks my soul from loftiest enterprize:
In open field, within the straighten'd wall,
Command my arm; I stand prepar'd for all."
Then thus the king; "What land so distant, say,
From Asia's shores, or from the Solar way,*
That has not heard Clorinda's mighty name,
Deaf to thy deeds, and stranger to thy fame?
If thou to aid me lend thy pow'rful arm,
No doubts shall haunt me, and no fears alarm:
Not if a whole confed'rate host should join
Its marshall'd strength, would surer hope be mine.

* *Dal cammin del Sole.*

—— καὶ ἠελίοιο κελεύθοι.

Apol. Argon. i. 509.

Extra anni Solisque vias.

Æn. vi. 797.

Methinks proud Godfrey and his bands delay
Their threaten'd march, and linger on their way.
But not within the wall thy post shall be,
For high emprize alone were worthy thee.
O'er all my chiefs, and ev'ry subject band
I give thee pow'r; be thine supreme command."
He spake. The dame return'd, with modest pride,
Thanks for his courteous praise, and thus replied:
"Strange may appear the boon I ask, and hard;
For service ever should precede reward.
But to thy bounty trusting, I require
Yon pair condemn'd be rescued from the fire.
If ye, on doubtful signs, their guilt presume,
Cruel the law that gives them to the tomb:
This I omit, and with each proof dispense
That marks indisputable innocence,
And add, that as the vulgar rumour tells,
The deed was done by Christian Infidels:
But false to me your hasty judgments seem,
And cogent reason sanctions what I deem.
Methinks the plotting Sorc'rer ill advised;
Our prophet's laws he slighted and despis'd;
No idol should pollute his hallow'd wall,*
And hated Christian idols least of all.
To Mahomet's own hand the deed I trace,
That spurn'd th' infection from his holy place,
Nor will'd that foreign Faith his shrine should stain
With superstitions new, and rites profane.

* *Che non convien, &c.* The arts of statuary and painting are rigorously excluded from the mosques of the Mahometans. The Turks, who are Sonnites, deem it unlawful to paint or imitate the human body. The Shiite Mussulmans, of which sect are the Persians, have not the same scruple.

Then let Ismeno try his wizard charms,
Since spells and incantations are his arms;
Be ours the task the warrior's steel to prove;
Such are the hopes we boast, and such the arts we love."
  She ceas'd. The King, tho' still his harden'd soul
Reluctant bent to pity's soft control,
Yet fain would please his guest, nor dares offend;
Reason persuades him, or entreaties bend.
  "Then theirs be life and freedom," he replied;
"To friends so highly priz'd, be nought denied;
Justice, or pardon, let them both receive;
Guiltless, I free them; guilty, I forgive."
  Soon were their chains unbound. At length on thee,
Olindo, smil'd thy adverse destiny.
In a soft breast, that gen'rous feelings move,
Well might a love so pure, give birth to love!
He, late a culprit, from the flames was led,
An happy husband, to the nuptial bed.
Her whom he lov'd, with equal love he fir'd;
And as with her to die his soul desir'd,
She now consents a dearer boon to give,
Since life, not death, was theirs, with her to live.
  But the base tyrant, still to fear a prey,
Resolv'd to chase such virtue far away.
They, in obedience to his stern command,
Quit the lov'd limits of their native land.
True to the purpose of his savage mind,
Their Christian friends he banish'd, or confin'd.
Torn from their homes th' unhappy exiles go,
Despairing victims of no common woe,
Forc'd from their aged parents to remove,
The smile of infancy, the couch of Love:

Sad separation! for the cruel Lord
Chas'd those alone, whose arms could wield the sword,
Whose hearts were valiant, and whose limbs were strong;
The feebler sex, the aged, and the young,
Pledge for the rest, his barb'rous craft detains:
Some wander houseless thro' the woods and plains,
While some, more bold, rebellious standard rear,
And just resentment triumphs over fear.
These join'd the Latins, in th' important hour
That Emaus' walls receiv'd th' advancing pow'r:
Emaus, a neighb'ring town, by space so small
Divided from the sacred capital,
That he who parts with morning's early ray,
Completes at noon-tide hour his easy way.
This heard, what joy the Christian bosoms fires!
How burn anew their hopes, their keen desires!
But as the Sun, descending from on high,
Now drove his coursers downward thro' the sky,
They in their tents, so wills their chief, remain,
Till morn returning wakes their march again.
And soon the Sun, his course diurnal sped,
Prepar'd to quench his fires in Ocean's bed,
When lo! two stately Lords, their garb unknown,
Their aspect foreign, reach'd the crowded town;
Their acts pacific and their looks afford
Token of friendship to the Christian Lord;
Envoys from Egypt's potent King they came;
Attendant courtly crowds their rank proclaim.
One nam'd Alethes;* from the dregs of earth
The low plebeian drew his sordid birth;

* See note 44.

But fam'd for eloquence, and subtle parts,
The state's first honours crown'd his wily arts.
Still bent his pliant soul each wish to meet,
And skill'd to feign, and active in deceit,
Slanders could forge, and base suspicions raise;
And while his tongue condemn'd, it seem'd to praise.
  In early youth Argantes made resort,
Circassian born, to Egypt's royal court,
High 'mong her martial nobles there was plac'd,
And with a Satrap's rank and titles grac'd.
In arms invincible, in spirit bold,
Of passions fierce, impatient, uncontroll'd,
He scorn'd high Heav'n, and Heav'n's Almighty Lord,
And own'd no law, no reason, but his sword.
  The audience they requir'd, they straight obtain'd,
And to great Godfrey quick admission gain'd.
On a low seat, his martial nobles round,
In simple garb, the glorious chief they found;
But Virtue, on no aid extraneous bent,
Is to herself her own bright ornament.
Argantes mov'd not from his state; his mind
Scorn'd all submission, and despis'd mankind:
Unlike Alethes to his comrade proud;
He fix'd his eyes on earth, his head he bow'd,
His hand obsequious on his bosom laid,
And each meek sign of Eastern rev'rence paid;
Then thus began; his smooth-ton'd words dispense
The easy flow of honey'd eloquence;
And well the Western warriors understand
The speech by use their own, of Syria's land:
  "O worthy thou, and thou alone, whose sway
This band of far-fam'd heroes should obey,

For to thy wisdom's mighty power alone.
They owe their vict'ries and their kingdoms won
Spurning the spacious earth's remotest bounds,
Thy great renown through all our realms resoun
And to Nile's utmost shores. expansive Fame
Has scatter'd rays of glory from thy name.
To each Egyptian ear, or young or old,
Thy deeds, thy laurels, and thy worth are told:
But most of all, with joy as with amaze,
My royal Master hears thy matchless praise;
Himself thy deeds is eager to relate,
And loves what others envy, fear, or hate.
Thy wond'rous prowess loves,—and fain would jo
Though diff'rent be your faith, his heart with thi
His princely breast these gen'rous reasons move
To ask exchange of friendship, peace, and love;
And, as Religion's varying rites divide,
By kindred virtue be your union tied.
But since, so fame reports, thy views pretend
To chase from Palestine the King, his friend,
Thus, by our mouths, ere further ill ensue,
He lays his pleasure open to your view.
Thus then he wills: If, with the spoils content
Which fav'ring Fortune to your arms has lent,
Nor to disturb the realm of Palestine,
Nor other states, his vassals, ye design,
His pledge, and sacred treaties, shall ensure
Your new domains and conquests insecure;
This done, the Turk's, the Persian's hopes were v
Their arms to renovate, their strength regain.
"Deeds hast thou done, O Prince, in narrow sp
Which Time's oblivious hand can ne'er efface;

Surmounted hardships, ways unknown pursued,
Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.
Appall'd, each neigh'bring realm the rumour hears,
And distant nations quake with secret fears.
New kingdoms seek ye? these ye may obtain;
Augmented glory ye would seek in vain.
Thy fame, which now its full career has run,
War's ever-doubtful issue bids thee shun,
Where, if kind Fortune should new spoils bestow,
No added glory to thy arms can flow;
But if she fail, thine empire is no more,
Thy valour's fruits are gone, thine honours o'er.
'Tis still her boast such cruel sport to make,
And 'gainst a doubtful, risk a certain stake;
And in that dang'rous game she joys the most,
Where little may be gain'd and all be lost.
"But their advice, whose jealous bosoms feel
Impatient hate of others' power, or weal;
The thought, that Fortune, to thy chariot bound,
Still with success each vast design has crown'd;
The wish, which ev'ry human breast inspires,
And lights in noblest hearts the brightest fires,
To reign supreme o'er many a conquer'd land,
And stretch o'er subject kings thy sceptred hand;
These thoughts may bid thee fly from peace afar,
As less ambitious spirits shrink from war.
These will exclaim, 'That glorious path pursue,
Which partial Fate hath open'd to thy view;'
Will bid thee ne'er those dreaded arms lay down,
Which claim obedient Conquest as their own,
Till our great Prophet be no more ador'd,
And Asia made a desert by thy sword.

Sweet to the ear these soft delusions flow,
Oft the sad source of unexpected woe.
" But if no hostile rage thy breast control,
And bar the light of reason from thy soul,
Thou sure wilt see, that far more spacious scope
Fresh wars afford to terror, than to hope.
For Fortune, insecure and varying still
Strange alternation deals of good and ill;
And if too high our daring pinions soar,
We but precipitate our fall the more.
" What, if great Egypt should her stores unfold,
Her counsellors, her warriors, and her gold?
And if the war should be again begun
By Turk, by Persian, and by Cassan's son?*
How would thy force resist these mix'd alarms?
Where find protection from their leaguing arms?
In the false Greek perchance thy hopes confide,
By sacred compacts to thine arms allied?
To whom then is the Grecian faith unknown?
Learn thou their treach'ry from one act alone,
Nay from a thousand; thousand snares has laid
That faithless nation, and thy cause betray'd.
Will he, whose hostile arms oppos'd thy way,
Now in thy cause provoke the mortal fray?
Will he who block'd the paths,† allow'd to all,
In thy behalf contend, and bleed, and fall?

* ——————— *di Cassano il figlio.* The Emir who governed Antioch when it was taken by the Christians, is called by Gibbon, Baghisian. Tasso gives him a son and a daughter; the latter is first introduced in the third Canto, and is one of the most interesting characters in the poem.

† See note 4b.

Or centre all thy hopes in this proud band,
That round thee now in martial glory stand?
Though vanquish'd separate, o'er thy foes combin'd
Hop'st thou an easy victory to find?
Thou seest what lessen'd ranks thy hosts afford,
Thinn'd by disease, by hardships, and the sword;
Meantime more thick the gath'ring tempest low'rs,
And joins, with hostile Asia, Egypt's pow'rs.
Does Fate to thee sure pledge of conquest yield,
Safe from the dubious issue of the field?
Be this then granted too; to thee be giv'n
To mould at will the high decrees of Heav'n!
Yet hunger may subdue: what mortal pow'r
Shall bring relief in Famine's dreaded hour?
'Gainst that gaunt fiend thy spear, thy falchion try,
And feed thy hopes with fancied victory!
Each field around, where waving Ceres bloom'd,
Thy watchful foes have ravag'd or consum'd:
Thy coming known, in lofty tow'rs they stor'd,
Or walls impregnable, the golden hoard.
Whence then the hope to feed thy wasted force,
Thy famish'd infantry, and drooping horse?
But to thy navies be that care resign'd:—
Depends then thy subsistence on the wind?
Perchance thy pow'r the winds and waves commands,
Lets loose at will, and binds with servile bands?
The sea, though deaf to others' pray'r or groan,
May bow to thee, and own thee lord alone?
But say, can all the strength that Egypt boasts,
Join'd with the Turkish tribes, and Persian hosts,
No fleet of numbers or of strength combine,
To match this mighty armament of thine?

To crown thy hopes with honour and success,
A two-fold victory thine arms must bless;
One sole disaster shouldst thou chance to own,
Lost is thy cause, and wither'd thy renown:
If from our force thy routed navies fly,
Soon will thy famish'd soldiers droop and die:
Thine armies worsted, then thy fleets in vain
Would ride triumphant on the subject main.

"If then dread war's alternative thou choose,
And my great master's proffer'd hand refuse,
(Freely be truth declar'd,) such counsels blind
Ill suit the wisdom of thy princely mind.
But, if on arms thy wayward will is bent,
May Heav'n in mercy change thy soul's intent,
That Asia's troubles thus at length may cease,
And thou enjoy thy victories in peace.

"And ye, supporters of your Leader's name,
Partakers of his dangers, toils, and fame,
Let not fair Fortune's smiles so guide your choice,
That still for war be rais'd your hasty voice;
But like the pilot, who, each danger past,
Has reach'd secure his destined port at last,
Furl your loose sails, and seek no more to brave
The toils and perils of the treach'rous wave."

Alethes ceas'd; at the last words he spoke,
Low murmurs from the list'ning warriors broke,
And ev'ry gesture, ev'ry look disclos'd
How their proud bosoms spurn'd what he propos'd.
Around, his searching eyes their Leader bends;
Thrice views with rapid glance his circling friends,
Then on the Egyptian fix'd his awful eye,
And in commanding accents made reply.

"Envoy! full smoothly in thy speech have met
The mix'd extremes of courtesy and threat.
Pleas'd I accept thy master's proffer'd love;
Great are the thanks we owe, when Kings approve.
That part alone where thy proud language boasts
Of all the Pagan pow'rs th' united hosts,
Demands my answer; brief that answer be,
And plain my meaning, as my words are free.

"By sea, by land, at night, at early morn,
Know that till now these suff'rings we have borne,
To force, with pious arms, our glorious road
To yonder hallow'd walls, belov'd of God,
Grace in his eyes, and merit to obtain,
By breaking Servitude's oppressive chain;
Nor hard we deem to risk our realms, or blood,
For end so noble, and in cause so good.

"'Twas not, believe, Ambition's madd'ning play
Rous'd our emprize, or sped us on our way;
May Heav'n's great Sire expel so foul a pest,
If such can harbour in a Christian's breast,
Nor suffer the dire Mischief to employ
Its baleful sweets, that tempt but to destroy!
'Twas his own hand Almighty, which imparts
An holy meekness to the proudest hearts;
This first awak'd our arms, and this prevail'd
'Gainst all the snares, the perils, that assail'd;
This smooth'd the mountain, dried the rapid stream,
Temper'd the winter's frost, the summer's beam;
Potent to quell the storms that vex the main,
Allay the billows and the winds restrain;
Low lies, by him o'erturn'd, the lofty wall;
O'erthrown by him, defeated armies fall.

Hence our bold hopes derive their fertile source,
Not from our own frail, feeble, short-lived force;
Not from the aid our naval strength affords,
From Grecian sustenance, or Latin swords.
While He vouchsafes to aid us in our need,
What other helps may fail, we little heed:
Who knows the wonders that his arm has wrought,
All sublunary succour holds at nought.
But should He, for our sins, His aid withdraw,
Or for some purpose of that hidden law,
That deals mysterious judgments from on high,
Which of our gallant band shall fear to die,
Or sleep reluctant in that pure abode
That held the buried ashes of his God?
Yes—we will die, nor envy those who live,
Nor to bewail our death, one tear will give;
Nor unreveng'd shall sink into the tomb;
Nor shall proud Asia triumph in our doom!
"Nor think, we banish from our thoughts afar
Fair Peace, as others fly from mortal War,
Or that thy Master's union we disdain,
Or shrink from Friendship's amicable chain.
But lies Judæa subject to his throne?
Why then such care for kingdoms not his own?
To mix with others' quarrels let him cease,
And rule his own extended realms in peace."
Thus he replied: his lofty words impart
The stings of madness to Argantes' heart.
His rage he hid not; tow'rd the Christian Chief
He drew, with swelling lips, and answer'd brief;
"Him who despises Peace, let War befal;
Discord is ready at the slightest call;

If long he linger on his native shore,
His own proud Nile may hear our battle roar."
And now, dismiss'd with courteous forms and kind,
To each were honourable gifts assign'd.
An helm of mighty price Alethes gain'd
'Mid the rich spoils of conquer'd Nice obtain'd.
A sword on fierce Argantes was bestow'd,
Whose costly hilt with gold and jewels glow'd.
Such studied art the noble falchion grac'd,
The work the rich materials far surpass'd.
The Pagan with admiring eyes survey'd
Its labour'd richness and its temper'd blade,
And to the donor thus: "Thou soon shalt see
How well shall speed this gift conferr'd by thee."
And now, their audience o'er, their leave they took,
And to his comrade thus Argantes spoke:
"Nought now detains us here; with morn's first smile,
Seek thou fair Egypt, and the banks of Nile;
I for Jerusalem* shall part to-night,
Nor wait the slow return of useless light.
There where thou go'st no urgency demands
My aiding voice, my presence, or my hands.
Bear thou the answer back; I haste away
To where bright Glory wakes the martial fray."
Thus, late an envoy, he departs a foe;
If hasty or mature, he scorns to know;
If against justice, law, or use, he warr'd,
Nought does his soul reflect, or nought regard.
He waits no answer; hating all delay,
Tow'rd the tall fortress he pursues his way,
The stars his guide; nor he who staid behind,
To urge his homeward journey less inclin'd.

* See note 46.

'Twas night; the breathing winds, the waters cease,
And through the still creation all is peace.
Each being that has life, the scaly train
That skim the rivers or the boundless main;
The beasts that roam in herds, or far from men,
Tenant in trackless wilds their lonely den,
Wrapt in the arms of sweet oblivion lie;
The feather'd tribes, the wand'rers of the sky,
Beneath the silence of the secret gloom,
Close their light wing, and fold their painted plume;
All sought repose; with daily toil opprest,
They eas'd their wearied hearts, and steep'd their cares in rest.

But not the Christian legions, nor their Chief,
Can sink to rest, nor find in sleep relief,
So strong within their restless bosoms burn
The anxious hopes of morn's desir'd return,
With whose first beam their eager steps must bend
To that blest goal, their glorious labour's end.
They watch incessant, if some dawning ray
Shoot forth, to chase the shades of night away.

ARGUMENT.

The Christian army comes in sight of Jerusalem. Their emotions on the first view of the Holy City. Alarm of the townsmen. Clorinda sallies out to meet the enemy. She encounters and defeats a party of foragers. Godfrey orders Tancred to advance to their support. In the mean time Herminia, daughter of the deceased King of Antioch, points out to Aladine, from the top of a high tower, the principal leaders of the Christian army. Conflict, and subsequent interview, between Tancred and Clorinda. The Pagans are driven back to the walls Argantes restores the battle. Dudon advances at the head of his Adventurers, and again drives back the Pagans to the walls, but is himself slain by Argantes. Godfrey calls off his troops. He reconnoitres the town, and encamps near the Northern gate. Funeral of Dudon. Artificers are despatched to a neighbouring forest, to cut down wood for the construction of military machines.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The Christian army comes in sight of Jerusalem. Their emotions on the first view of the Holy City. Alarm of the townsmen. Clorinda sallies out to meet the enemy. She encounters and defeats a party of foragers. Godfrey orders Tancred to advance to their support. In the mean time Herminia, daughter of the deceased King of Antioch, points out to Aladine, from the top of a high tower, the principal leaders of the Christian army. Conflict, and subsequent interview, between Tancred and Clorinda. The Pagans are driven back to the walls Argantes restores the battle. Dudon advances at the head of his Adventurers, and again drives back the Pagans to the walls, but is himself slain by Argantes. Godfrey calls off his troops. He reconnoitres the town, and encamps near the Northern gate. Funeral of Dudon. Artificers are despatched to a neighbouring forest, to cut down wood for the construction of military machines.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.

And now the herald Zephyr, newly born,
Announc'd the coming of th' awaken'd morn;
She deck'd meanwhile her golden head with flow'rs,
That bloom'd in Paradise's rosy how'rs;
When thro' the Camp, whose movements now began,
A loud, deep hum of preparation ran,
Preventing the shrill trump, which soon around
Pour'd thro' the welkin wide its joyous sound.
  The wise Commander strove, with gentle rein,
Their zeal to guide and second, not restrain;
'Twere easier far to curb the headstrong waves
Where fell Charybdis roars, and foams, and raves;
Or check the furious North-winds, when they sweep
Adown great Appennine's gigantic steep,
And whelm whole navies in the greedy deep:
With skilful hand he orders their array,
Directs their haste, and forwards on their way.

The eager bands, unconscious of their speed,
With winged feet, and winged hearts, proceed.
But when the Sun, now high advancing, hurl'd
His noon-tide flood of radiance o'er the world,
Lo! on their sight Jerusalem arose!
The sacred tow'rs each pointing finger shows;
Jerusalem was heard from ev'ry tongue,
Jerusalem a thousand voices rung.
Thus some bold mariners, a hardy band,
Whose vent'rous search explores a distant land,
And braving dubious seas, and unknown skies,
The faithless winds and treach'rous billows tries;
When first the wish'd for shore salutes their eye,
Bursts from their lips at once the joyful cry;
Each shows the welcome soil, and pleas'd at last,
Forgets his weary way, and dangers past.
To the vast joy each Christian bosom knew
When first the hallow'd City met their view,
A train of mix'd emotions follow'd near,
Contrition, reverence, and holy fear:
Scarce dare their eyes survey that blest abode,
The chosen habitation of their God,
Where once he died, where sought the tomb's repose,
And in the flesh again triumphant rose.
Words half-suppress'd escap'd, and accents low,
And broken sobs, and sighs of heart-felt wo;
As in one breath their joy, their grief began,
Thro' the wide air a rustling murmur ran;
Such sounds are heard, when through the leafy boughs
Of some thick wood, the blast of autumn blows,
Or when th' excited waves, with hoarser roar,
Lash the chaf'd rocks, and hiss along the shore.

With naked feet they prest the rugged road;*
Their glorious Chief the meek example show'd;
All pomp of dress, each vesture's gaudy fold,
With silken drap'ry gay, or rich with gold,
Quick they strip off, and ev'ry helm devest
Of painted plumage, and of nodding crest:
Alike they quit their heart's proud guise, and pour
Of penitential tears a pious show'r:
And yet, as though their eyes the tear denied,
Each thus himself accus'd, and plaintive cried,
"Here then, thou blest Redeemer, where thy blood
Has dyed the soil with many a precious flood,
Doubts from my eyes the scanty drop to flow,
In sad remembrance of thy bitter wo?
Heart, thou art ice, or why this long delay
To melt in streams of liquid grief away?
Obdurate heart! transform'd to marble thou,
Or thou wouldst bend, and break, and soften now!
Well thou deserv'st, if now thou weepest not,
That tears and sighs for ever be thy lot."
Meantime the watch, who from a tow'r's tall height,
Stretch'd o'er the hills and plains his piercing sight,
Saw down below the gath'ring dust arise,
Like some vast cloud, ascending to the skies.
Thick sparks and flashes issu'd from the gloom,
As if with lightnings teem'd its pregnant womb:
The gleam of armour struck his eye-sight then,
Then trampling horse distinct, and marching men.
Aloud he cried: "Through all the troubled air
What clouds of dust roll on! what gleams of steel are there!
Up, citizens! to arms, ye brave ones, fly!
Mount, mount the walls! the foe, the foe is nigh!"

* *See note 47.*

Then quickly he repeats his loud alarms:
"Haste, haste! each warrior grasp his manly arms!
The foe is here! behold the dust arise;
See how it wraps in gloom th' envelop'd skies!"
The helpless infants, and the female throng,
And age, that scarce could drag its limbs along,
Unapt for arms, and skilless to defend,
Slow to the mosque their suppliant footsteps bend.
The rest, whose nerves more active vigour brac'd,
Fir'd by the call, their weapons seize in haste;
Some man the gates, some mount the spacious wall;
The King surveys, directs, attends to all.
His orders giv'n, with anxious heart he goes
Where 'twixt two gates a lofty turret rose,
From whose tall top, his eye at once commands
The lessen'd mountains, and the subject lands.
He bids Herminia* to that post repair:
His friendly court receiv'd the exil'd Fair,
When bow'd great Antioch to the Christian train,
Her realm o'erthrown, her royal father slain.
Meantime a num'rous band Clorinda led
To meet the Franks, and gallop'd at their head;
But at the sally-port Argantes stay'd
To rescue, or support, the martial maid.
The martial maid her ardent followers fir'd
With bold demeanour, and with words inspir'd:
"A great beginning let our arms display,
And Asia date her fortunes from to-day."†
While yet she speaks, a troop of Franks she spies,
Who, sent for spoil, had seiz'd a welcome prize
Of flocks and herds, and joyful drove away
Back to the expecting camp,‡ their rustic prey.

* *See note 48.* † See note 49.
‡ *Addur rustiche prede, &c.*—This skirmish did actually take

She hastens to o'ertake the plund'ring force;
Their Chief to meet her, goads his adverse horse;
Gardo his name; nor weak his arm in fight,
Though now o'ermatch'd by great Clorinda's might.
Unhors'd, he soon lay prostrate on the ground,
The Christian, Pagan armies, gazing round;
These rais'd a shout, which echo'd through the plain,
Omen of prosp'rous war,—but omen vain.
She furious turn'd upon the cow'ring band:
Outweigh'd an hundred hands, her single hand.
Where'er she rode, with unresisted sway,
She open'd for her train a spacious way;
They follow close; the ravish'd spoil they seize;
The Christian troop retires by slow degrees,
But rallied soon, where favour'd their defence
The summit of a rising eminence.
Then swiftly as th' unfetter'd whirlwind flies,
Or darts the fiery vengeance from the skies,
The gallant Tancred bade his troops advance,
At Godfrey's beck, and couch'd his mighty lance.
So graceful and so fierce he rode along,
He grasp'd his weapon with an arm so strong,
The King, who ey'd him from his lofty post,
Judg'd him the choicest hero of the host,
And to the Princess thus his speech addrest,
Whose busy heart was flutt'ring in her breast;
"From use so long, though cas'd in steel they be,
Each Christian warrior must be known to thee;
Who then yon Knight, so apt for combat seen,
His port so graceful, and so fierce his mien?"

place on the first arrival of the Christians in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and arose from the grounds assigned by the poet. It is wonderful how he has embellished almost every incident connected with the siege.

Confus'd awhile she stood, nor answer made;
A tear, a sigh, the conscious Fair betray'd;
She check'd her stifled breath, her tears restrain'd;
But still some signs of secret wo remain'd;
A crimson circle ting'd each brimming eye,
And murmur'd on her lips th' imperfect sigh;
Then under hatred's veil she hid with art
Th' impassion'd wishes of her maiden heart;
"Too well I know the gallant soldier; he
'Mong present thousands would be known to me;
Oft have I seen him dye th' empurpled plain,
And heap the trenches with my people slain,
Ah! dreadful is his arm! its deadly blows
No herb can cure, nor magic art can close.
Prince Tancred he; oh! that by fav'ring Heav'n,
Might he, a captive, to my pow'r be giv'n!
Alive, not dead! sweet vengeance would impart
Reviving comfort to my wounded heart!"
Thus spake the fair dissembler, and imprest
With false belief her cheated hearer's breast;
And as she ceas'd, from forth her inmost soul
A sigh, in vain repress'd, unbidden stole.
Onward meanwhile the brave Clorinda prest
Tancred to face, and set her lance in rest;
They meet, they strike, and shiver with the stroke
Their brittle spears; burst by th' unwonted shock,
The thongs that brac'd her helm, asunder flew;
With naked head, she stood expos'd to view;
Loose to the wind her golden tresses stream'd,
And 'mid the storm of war the Sun of beauty beam'd.
Flash'd her bright eyes with anger, stern and wild,
Yet lovely still; how lovely had she smil'd?

Where, Tancred, does thy sight, thy mem'ry rove?
What! know'st thou not the features of thy love?
Lo! she, whom once thine eyes, enraptur'd, view'd,
Her thirst refreshing at thy lonely flood.
Her painted buckler, and her far-fam'd crest
Had caus'd no tumult in the hero's breast;
But when her face he saw, the sudden shock
O'erpow'r'd his sense; he stood transform'd to rock.
She cover'd, as she could, her head, and flew
To recommence the fight; the Knight withdrew,
And sought more vulgar foes with brandish'd sword;
No truce, no respite would the dame afford,
But follow'd threat'ning; "Turn thee, Knight," she cried;
And to a two-fold death her foe defied.
But yet no blows the assaulted Knight repaid,
Nor seeks to guard against her trenchant blade,
But gazes on her glowing cheek, her eye,
Whence ambush'd Cupid's fatal arrows fly;
Then to himself he said; "The forceful blows
Fall harmless, that her armed hand bestows;
But from her unprotected Face, each dart,
True to its aim, sinks deep within my heart."
At length, since pity he despairs to move,
Resolving, 'ere he dies, to tell his love,
That thus the cruel Fair at least may know
Her anger vented on a suppliant foe,
He thus began: "Thou, who, of all our host,
Dost wreak thy fatal rage on me the most,
Retire we from this scene of mingled fight,
And prove, apart from all, each other's might;
Thus unimpeded shall our prowess shine,
And Tancred's arm be singly match'd with thine."

The challenge she accepts, and pleas'd recedes;
That naked is her head, she little heeds:
Heartless, he follows; quickly stood the maid
In act for fight, and wav'd her flashing blade;
"Hold," he exclaim'd; "'twere prudent to decide
The terms of combat, 'ere the fight be tried."
She staid her lifted hand; love's trembling slave,
Through desperation at that moment brave,
Cried, "Be our terms, since peace thou wilt not give,
To pierce my heart, and let me cease to live;
My heart, no more my own, if thou deny
That it should longer live, will gladly die:
The hour invites; 'twere Pity's gen'rous deed
To give me death; nor I the stroke impede;
Behold, I fold my arms, my breast display
Unguarded! why then does thy hand delay?
Would'st thou I speed the work? my ready hand
Shall strip my breast-plate off, if thou command."
And longer still perchance the enamour'd Chief
Had told, in plaintive strain, his tale of grief,
But trampling squadrons, and the clash of swords
Approach'd, untimely, and cut short his words.
Urg'd by their terrors, or by craft, along,
The Pagans fled before the Christian throng:
A soldier, eager in pursuit, who sees
The virgin's tresses waving in the breeze,
Rais'd, as he past, his arm, a coward foe!
And at her neck, defenceless, aim'd a blow:
But Tancred cried aloud, and bade her guard,
And interpos'd his sword, the stroke to ward:
Yet not in vain the weapon fell, but sped
Where the white neck sustain'd the beauteous head;

Slight was the wound; deep blush'd her amber hair
With some few crimson drops that issued there,
As gold may blush, when skilful hands bestow
Around its lustre pure, the ruby's glow.
Indignant at the sight, the furious lord
At the base dastard drove his pointed sword;
Away he sped; the Prince pursues; they fly
Swift as an arrow cleaves the yielding sky.
Amaz'd the virgin stands, with distant view
Surveys the race, yet deigns not to pursue,
But joins the ranks of her retreating bands;
Now facing round, the tempest she withstands,
Now turns, and now returns; now seems to fly,
Now puts the foe to flight; th' impartial eye
That view'd the scene, had stood perplex'd to know
Who fled, and who pursued their active foe.
So in the wide arena's listed bound,
When furious dogs some lordly bull surround,
If he, with levell'd horns, their onset meet,
With rapid steps the tim'rous crowd retreat;
But if to flight his backward steps he turns,
More bold their renovated fury burns,
And the full pack the keen assault impel
With fiercer courage, and with louder yell.
The dame retiring, her broad shield outspread,
Uprais'd, to guard her unprotected head.
So at the Moorish game, the sportive crew
By turns advance, give way, retreat, pursue,
And o'er their shoulders lift their bucklers high,
To meet the show'ring balls that round them fly.
As these pursue, those urge their rapid flight,
Each host now reach'd the ramparts' tow'ring height;

When round, with horrid shout, the Pagans wheel'd
To turn their fortune and retrieve the field,
And with wide compass, on the rear and flanks,
Attack'd with furious charge the Latin ranks;
While fierce Argantes from the hill commands
To thunder on their front, his vig'rous bands.
Himself sprang forward from the throng, nor bore
That any readier arm should stain with gore
The vengeful steel: the first that felt his force,
Tumbled in headlong ruin, man and horse;
And numbers more a like disaster knew,
Before the Pagan's spear in shivers flew.
Then flam'd his sword; where'er its temper'd blade
He dealt, it wounded, kill'd, or prostrate laid.
His gallant rival in the noble strife,
Clorinda, robb'd the brave Ardelio's life;
Though far in years advanc'd, yet wintry age
Froze not his strength, nor chill'd his gen'rous rage:
In vain two valiant sons their sire attend;
Unequal they to succour or defend;
At distance, wounded in the stubborn fray,
His eldest hope, Alcander, bleeding lay;
And Polifernes, at his post who stay'd,
Scarce 'scap'd the fury of the matchless maid.
But gallant Tancred now, whose tardier steed
Fail'd to o'ertake the flying dastard's speed,
Inclin'd his rapid eye the field around;
In risk extreme his vent'rous band he found;
He saw them fly before the Pagan force,
Quick turn'd the reins, and backward spurr'd his horse;
Nor hastes their Leader to their aid alone,
But that fam'd band, still first in danger known,
Who noble Dudon's skilful orders own,

Of Europe's chivalry the pride and boast,
The sinews of the field, and flow'r of all the host.
Rinaldo, fairest, bravest of them all,
Rode first; less rapid Heav'n's own light'nings fall.
Well knew Herminia his emblazon'd shield,
The silver eagle in an azure field;
Then, as he struck the King's attentive sight,
"Lo! he, to whom the mightiest yield in fight!
If six, his equals, grac'd the Western train,
Ev'n now would Syria wear the victor's chain;
Each realm that drinks the morning's orient rays,
Or southward faints beneath his noon-tide blaze,
Had bow'd beneath th' unconquerable force;
Nor Nile, who hides in night his infant course,
With gloom and mystery in vain o'erspread,
Sav'd from the yoke his undiscover'd head.
Not war's tremendous engines more alarm
The leaguer'd city, than Rinaldo's arm.
"Now turn thine eyes to where yon Chief is seen,
Whose harness shines with gold and vivid green.
Brave Dudon he; his mild and honour'd sway
The troop of bold Adventurers obey;
He boasts experience, years, a noble name,
And yields to none in valour, or in fame.
"That tow'ring warrior mark, array'd in brown;
Gernando, brother of great Norway's crown;
Not the wide earth a prouder heart contains;
His pride alone his genuine merit stains.
"See'st thou yon pair, whom closest ties unite?
White are their mantles, and their trappings white;
Gildippe, Edward, fond and noble pair;
Their virtue *spotless*, as their emblems fair:

Unrivall'd praise and rare renown they prove
For valour, loyalty, in arms, in love."
While spake the princess, on the plain below
They see more deep war's thick'ning horrors grow;
Rinaldo, Tancred, through the close array,
Though bristled thick with steel, had forc'd their way:
Then the fam'd troop by noble Dudon led,
Rush'd thund'ring on, and well their weapons sped.
Lo! by Rinaldo stretch'd upon the plain
Argantes' self—nor e'er had ris'n again,
But at that moment fell, by chance o'erthrown,
The reeling steed of Berthold's mighty son;
His foot oppress'd beneath the horse, he lay
Struggling in vain to drag th' encumber'd limb away.
Meantime o'erwhelm'd and broke, the Pagan pow'rs
Fled swiftly to the city's shel'tring tow'rs.
Argantes and the dame a mound oppose
To stem the headlong fury of their foes:
Last they retire, and as it onward prest,
With such unrivall'd might the stream arrest,
That those, who first their flying footsteps sped,
Were screen'd from danger, and in safety fled.
On rush'd great Dudon, eager to pursue;
Tigranes first his courser's shock o'erthrew;
Then whirl'd the hoary chief his sword amain;
The headless trunk fell sounding on the plain.
Nought to stout Corban could his casque avail,
Nought the fine temper of Algazar's mail;
One in his neck receiv'd the fatal wound;
The weapon at his mouth a passage found;
The other's back receiv'd the forceful dart,
Which to his breast past on, and pierc'd his heart.

From its lov'd home Almanzor's spirit fled,
Me'emet and Morad swell'd the list of dead;
Nor ev'n Argantes view'd without alarm
The murder-dealing pow'rs of Dudon's arm.
The proud Circassian storm'd to madness fir'd;
Sometimes he stopp'd and turn'd, then slow retired;
At length he fac'd,—he mark'd his time so well,
With aim so true his thund'ring falchion fell,
That in his side it lodg'd the stroke of death,
And robb'd the Christian of his noble breath.
He falls; he opes his eyes, but opes in vain,
Fast bound in iron rest, and sleep's eternal chain.
Thrice did the bleeding warrior make essay
To taste the sweets of Heav'n's enliv'ning ray,
His feeble frame supporting on his hand;
Thrice swoon'd and backward sunk upon the sand;
Night's sable shades his swimming eyes o'erpow'r,
Which soon were clos'd to wake on earth no more:
Relax'd, his fainting limbs their task refuse,
Benumb'd with death, and bath'd in chilly dews.
Nor did Argantes o'er the corse delay;*
He presses on, nor from his homeward way
Declines, nor halts; yet turning as he goes,†
He shouts this vaunting message to his foes;
"Warriors," he cried, "behold the blood-stain'd sword,
But yesterday presented by your Lord;
Tell him, it found to-day a noble use;
With pleasure will he hear the welcome news,
And learn, the gift which to my charge he plac'd,
By no inglorious service is disgrac'd.

* See note 50. † See note 51.

Tell him that soon, to prove its worth the more,
Himself shall stain its lustre with his gore;
If to the field he haste not to repair,
Where'er he hides his head, we seek him there."
  Stung by the proud barbarian's savage boast,
Onward to vengeance rush the Christian host;
But he the friendly ramparts now had gain'd,
And safe beneath their strong defence remain'd.
The Syrians from the lofty bulwarks pour
Of rocky fragments an o'erwhelming show'r,
And well-stor'd quivers numberless, bestow
Such flights of arrows to the archer's bow,
That the brave Franks restrain'd their conqu'ring course
And to the town escap'd the Pagan force.
But great Rinaldo now, whose limb was freed
From the vast pressure of th' incumbent steed,
Advanc'd; he mourn'd for noble Dudon dead;
Burning for vengeance on the murd'rer's head,
He cried, "What wait ye here? why fault'ring stay?
Does such an hour, a cause, admit delay?
Fall'n is the chief that led our chosen train;
Our guide when living, calls for vengeance slain.
What? are we deaf to such a sacred call?
Our arms arrested by a feeble wall?
Though two-fold steel the guarded town enclos'd,
Or living adamant its walls compos'd,
In vain should lurk within the barb'rous lord,
Nor find protection from your thirsty sword.
On to the storm!" Himself before the rest
Advanc'd, while yet he spake, his dauntless breast,
Heedless of thousand deaths that round him pour,
The rocky tempest, or the arrowy show'r.

He lifts his head, his crest he tosses high,
While such fierce fire came flashing from his eye,
As to the hosts within strange fear imparts,
Unnerves their strength, and petrifies their hearts.
While some he threatens, some with praises warms,
Superior pow'r arrests his conqu'ring arms;
For lo! commission'd in great Godfrey's name,
A messenger severe, Sigiero came,
Chid, by his lord's command, their hasty fire,
And bade them from the threaten'd walls retire.
"Return," he cried, "Your vengeful flame assuage;
No place is this, no season, for your rage.
So Godfrey wills." Rinaldo, who had fir'd
Th' impatient troops, this message heard, retir'd;
But inly rag'd, and by his looks exprest
Th' indignant spirit swelling in his breast.
Backward the half-reluctant squadrons go,
Their steps no more impeded by the foe.
Nor Dudon's lifeless form unhonour'd lies,
Defrauded of its fun'ral obsequies.
His friends, with pious toil, the corse remov'd
Of him, whom living they rever'd and lov'd.
Meantime great Godfrey from a neighb'ring height,
Survey'd the city's bulwarks and its site.
On two fam'd hills the stately fortress lies;*
Of diff'ring heights, each fronting each, they rise.
An interposing valley, broad and deep,
Runs through the town, and parts each adverse steep.

* *Sovra due colli.* Mounts Sion and Moria. Amongst his other merits, Tasso has that of giving a very accurate description of the Holy City. See Chateaubriand's Travels.

Three sides defy all hostile force, and bar,
With native ruggedness, th' approach of war.
The level part, which to the north extends,
A loftier wall, more labour'd art, defends.
Within, abundant springs the town contains,
And wells, capacious of the falling rains.
Without, no fertilizing fountain flows,
No streams refresh, nor living herbage grows;
No spreading tree, where verdant foliage plays,
Gives friendly shelter from the summer's rays,
Save where, three leagues remote, a wood profound*
Spreads deep and insalubrious shade around.
The part that courts the morning's rising beam,
Is lav'd by happy Jordan's far-fam'd stream;
But tow'rd the setting Sun, extended wide,
Is spread the Midland ocean's sandy side.
Northward is Bethel, where the tribes of old
Rais'd impious altars to the calf of gold,
And high Samaria. Where the South-wind brings
Unwholesome moisture on his dripping wings,
Stands hallow'd Bethlem, which on man bestow'd
Its won'drous birth, TH' ETERNAL SON OF GOD.
While thus with skilful eye the Christian lord
The town's defences and its site explor'd,
Pon'dring where best th' encampment's ground to trace,
Where best assault the well-defended place,
Herminia mark'd th' incomparable man,
Show'd to th' observing King, and thus began:
" Lo! where in pride of princely state confest,
Great Godfrey stands, in purple mantle drest.

* *Un bosco.* This wood was near Sichem, and was the celebrated scene of Ismeno's subsequent enchantments. See Canto *XIII.*

That chief full surely on his natal day,
The partial Fates marked out for sov'reign sway,
So nobly he befits his high command;
A leader's prudence, and a soldier's hand,
In him, with concord rare, united shine;
Nor lives there one of all the Christian line,
That equal prowess, equal wisdom boasts;
Raymond alone 'mid all th' united hosts,
In council is his peer; and none in fight,
Save Tancred and Rinaldo, match his might."
The King replied: "Full oft the voice of fame
Has filled my ears with Godfrey's mighty name.
Once too I saw him, when to France's court
'Twas mine, in days long past, to make resort,
From Egypt's king on weighty mission sent;
I saw him shine in many a tournament;
Ev'n then, though scarce the rising down display'd
Around his youthful cheek its early shade,
Yet in his valour, speech, and noble mien,
The sure presage of loftiest hopes was seen;
Presage too true!"—This said, his sadden'd eyes
He casts, reflective, down; then, raising, cries,
"But who so like his princely leader shows?
He, whose rich vest with bright vermillion glows?
The same his port, though less his stature's pride."
"Baldwin is he," the royal maid replied:
"Distinct his brother's noble mien he bears,
Nor more his aspect than his merit shares.
"He on the other flank, on thought intent,
As if to cares of deepest moment lent,
Is gallant Raymond: age mature has spread
Its silver ensign o'er his honoured head.

For prudence he and foresight sage renown'd;
Nor one of Frank or Latin race is found,
More skill'd the order'd battle to prepare,
Or weave the meditated wiles of war.

"More distant, by his golden helmet known,
Is William, second hope of England's throne.
Close by great Guelpho stands; his rival he
In deeds of valour, and in high degree;
I know him by his manly figure well,
His spreading shoulders and his bosom's swell.
But one, 'mid all the host, I fail to trace,
The fell destroyer of my royal race,
Boemond, the murderer! o'er all the plain
I cast my watchful eyes, but look in vain."

Such speech they held; meanwhile the Prince descends,
His task now ended, and rejoins his friends.
Rightly he judg'd, the rugged soil, and high,
Might all attempts of hostile war defy:
But straight against the northern gate, which stands
Confining closely with the level lands,
He pitched his tents;* and tow'rd the Corner tow'r
Extends the lengthen'd remnant of his pow'r:
Yet station'd thus, scarce did his legions hem
The third part of the great Jerusalem;
His force, unequal to the compass wide,
To close around the whole had vainly tried.
But still each road the wary chief blockades,
Whence the sieg'd town might hope for foreign aids;
And ev'ry pass, secur'd by ample guard,
Egress alike, or entrance, strictly barr'd.

* *Che chiamano angolar.* The Corner tower, so called in the time of the Jews, and still retaining its appellation, is at the *northwest* extremity of the city.

Then all the tented space he bids surround
With steepy ramparts, and a fosse profound,
Alike the sallying townsmen to oppose,
Or check th' incursions of external foes.
These cares accomplished, and these labours sped,
He sought the bleeding corse of Dudon dead,
And found, where circled by a weeping train,
Lay the pale relics of the hero slain.
High on a bier, with pomp funereal grac'd,
The breathless chief his faithful followers plac'd.
When Bouillon's Prince arriv'd, in livelier wo
The crow'd indulg'd; more loud their sorrows flow.
The pious Prince approach'd the sable bier;
Calm his dark eye, subdued his griefs appear,
Nor stain'd his manly cheek one earth-born tear:
Silent awhile he stood, his mournful look
Fix'd on the valiant dead, and tranquil spoke:
"No human tears to thee, blest Chief, be giv'n,*
Who, dead on earth, art born again in Heav'n:
Here, where thy spirit leaves its load of clay,
Imperishable glory track'd thy way.
Him then shall tears and weak regret betide,
Who liv'd an hero, and a Christian died?
Well hast thou fought the fight; be thine the meed;
Thy sight enraptur'd on thy Saviour feed,
Taste the pure joys celestial realms afford,
And enter to the pleasures of thy Lord;
There shall his hands a glorious crown bestow,
And palms immortal bloom around thy brow.
"Live thou for ever blest! our sorrowing groan
Not for thy fate be pour'd, but for our own.

* See note 52.

Ours was the loss when gallant Dudon fell,
So highly honour'd, and belov'd so well.
But though that death which feeble mortals fear,
Has robb'd us of thy valued succour here,
Thou for our cause may'st heav'nly aid obtain,
Enroll'd among the bright angelic train.
'Twas thine, partaker of our mortal day,
To wield thy sword in many a bloody fray;
Now freed from earth and all its vain alarms,
Wield thou, a sainted spirit, heav'nly arms:
Learn to accept the vows we here bestow,
And look with pity down on human wo:
Then our emprize shall certain vict'ry bless,
Then, humbly grateful for vouchsaf'd success,
Thy conqu'ring friends shall votive shrines decree,
And kneeling armies pay their thanks to thee."

Thus spake the Chief; and now the shades of Night
Had quench'd each scatter'd ray of cheerful light;
Sweet sleep, that gives the wounded heart relief,
Steals on the mourners, and suspends their grief.
But little slept their matchless Lord; intent
For ever on his charge, his thoughts he bent
To gain the needful timbers, and prepare
The dread machines of artificial war,
By whose resistless aid he hop'd alone
To force the strong defences of the town.

Soon as fair morning ting'd the Eastern skies,
He rose, to tend great Dudon's obsequies.
Hard by the camp, beneath a rising ground,
Their last repose the hero's ashes found:
Of cypress was the tomb; and o'er the dead
A lofty palm in gloomy grandeur spread:

The priestly train the last sad duties paid,
And chaunted mournful requiems to his shade.
Among the boughs in order due were plac'd
Trophies and arms, with rich devices grac'd,
From Syrian, Persian foes in battle torn,
The victor's tomb now fated to adorn;
And in the midst the trunk suspended bore
The armour that the living hero wore:
"Dudon the brave" ('twas thus subscrib'd) "lies here;
The lofty champion's honor'd dust revere."
The rites now o'er that parted friends demand,
The camp's artificers, a skilful band,
To the tall wood the great Commander sends;
A num'rous armed guard their steps attends.
In hollow vales th' embosom'd forest lies,
Its distant site made known by Syrian spies.
They haste to hew the timbers, and prepare
The irresistible machines of war.
Cheering their toil, they plied their weapons well,
Till half the children of the forest fell.
Prostrate the mountain ash his honours spread;
The palm, the fun'ral cypress, bow'd his head:
The pine, the holm with green unfading crown'd,
The fir, the beech, the poplar strew the ground:
The married elm lies low, where loves to twine
With am'rous confidence, the teeming vine;
Propp'd by the fond support she mounts on high,
Forgets her lowly lot, and soars into the sky.
Some fell'd the yew, and some with hardier stroke,
O'erturn'd the monarch of the woods, the oak;
He, though a thousand summers have renew'd
His leafy pride, unshaken, unsubdu'd,

Smiling at Time, his giant stature rears,
And braves the tempests of unnumber'd years.
Full many an ash the rude assailant feels,
And many a cedar loads the groaning wheels.
Startled by clanging arms and shouting men,
Each sylvan monster quits his gloomy den;
Rous'd from their nests the feather'd nations fly,
Swarm through the crowded air, and join the mingled cry.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

Satan, (or Pluto, as he is here called,) indignant at the success of the Christians in Palestine, summons a council in the infernal regions, to consider the best means of opposing their further progress. His speech. He sends his Angels on earth. At their instigation. Idraot, Prince of Damascus, a Magician, sends his niece, Armida, who is likewise an Enchantress, to the Camp of the Christians, to endeavour to seduce their Chiefs. Her arrival at the Camp, and interview with Eustace. He introduces her to Godfrey. Her fictitious account of herself. Godfrey refuses to grant her the assistance she requires; but at length, at the instance of his brother Eustace and others of his younger Knights, consents to permit ten of the Adventurers to accompany her. Her stratagems to induce others to join her.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV.

WHILE thus th' artificers their task pursued,
And fell'd, for war's stern use, the tow'ring wood,
Man's wakeful foe,* th' infernal realm that sways,
Cast on the Christian host his livid gaze;
He gnaw'd his lips, with furious envy fir'd,
To see the joy that ev'ry heart inspir'd;
And as some wounded bull, when mad with pain,
Stuns with repeated roar the deafen'd plain,
In sighs and horrid groans the Fiend exprest
The rage, the anguish of his tortur'd breast.
A thousand changing schemes his thoughts employ
To dash their triumph, and confound their joy;
He bids at length that, summon'd by his call,
Th' infernal Princes in his regal hall
For council meet; as 'twere a light design
To thwart the mandates of the will Divine!

* See note 53.

Fool! that would cope with Heaven's eternal King!
Heedless how once he fled, on blasted wing,
Th' avenging thunder, pow'rless to withstand
The angry terrors of His red right hand.
Th' infernal trump,* that loud and hoarsely bray'd,
Conven'd the inmates of th' eternal shade:
Hell's gloomy caverns shook at ev'ry pore;
The murky air return'd the sullen roar:
Not half so loud, from upper regions driv'n,
Bursts on th' affrighted world the bolt of Heav'n;
Nor such the shock, when from Earth's womb profound
Exploding vapours rive the solid ground.
And soon the Gods of Hell, an horrid throng!
Obedient to the summons, haste along:
Around the palace's aspiring gate
In gath'ring crowds the dire assembly wait:
And oh! what strange, what fearful forms were there!
What death, what terror in their eye-balls glare!
Some stamp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground,
And show'd a human head, with serpents crown'd,
And as their monstrous tails behind them roll'd,
Lash'd the redundant lengths, and twin'd in many a fold.
Thousands of Harpies wing'd, a troop obscene,
Centaur, and Sphynx, and Gorgon's death-like mien,
Hydras, and hissing Pythons there were found,
And Scyllas, girt with yelling monsters round;
There Geryon's triple form, and Cyclops dire,
And black Chimæra, breathing smoke and fire;
And numbers more, surpassing human thought,
That eye ne'er saw, nor plastic Fancy wrought;
Discordant forms, in hideous union join'd;
Ten thousand dreadful shapes, in one combin'd.

* See note 54.

Such ghastly crowds Hell's peopled nations bring
To swell the horrid council of their King.
He tow'r'd among them all, in lofty state;
His hand sustain'd his sceptre's massy weight;
The tallest rocks 'mid Ocean's waves that rise,
Calpe, or Atlas, that supports the skies,
Compar'd with him, had little hills appear'd,
So high his head, his tow'ring horns he rear'd.
On his fierce brow majestic terror rode,
That swell'd with conscious pride th' infernal God:
His redd'ning eye, whence streaming poison ran,
Glar'd like a comet, threat'ning wo to man.
Thick matted folds his ample beard display'd,
And veil'd his bosom in its mighty shade.
His mouth was like the whirlpool of the flood,
Dark, yawning, deep, and foul with grumous blood.
As when from Ætna's gaping jaws profound
Rush flames, and sulph'rous smoke, and thund'ring sound;
Such issuing tempest from his mouth he cast,
Such flaky torrent, and pestif'rous blast.
Then Hell's grim porter ceas'd his triple roar,
And many-headed Hydra yell'd no more;
Cocytus' stream stood still, th' abysses shook,
And Hell resounded as its monarch spoke:
"Tartarean Princes! Deities of Hell!
Immortal Pow'rs! more worthy far to dwell
In those pure realms of light beyond the Sun,
Where first your glorious origin begun!
Ye, whom with me the chance of battle drove
To this sad prison, from the joys above!
Suspicions, quarrels past, full well ye know,
And our great contest with th' Almighty foe.

In the fair skies he now triumphant reigns,
And us, as rebels, dooms to endless pains:
In place of those pure regions, ever bright,
Those palaces that beam'd with native light,
The golden Sun, the star-encircled sphere,
He bids us waste our deathless virtue here,
Nor to our longing hopes the chance is giv'n
To vindicate our glorious birth-right, Heav'n!
Nay more—and this detested truth to know,
Points ev'ry sting, and heightens all my woe,—
Vile man he summon'd to the blest abodes,
An earth-born reptile to the seat of Gods.
Nor this suffic'd, but to enrage us more,
His only Son death's bitter anguish bore,
Then came victorious to our dark domain,
Burst th' adamantine gates that guard our reign,
Tore damned souls, our lawful prize, away,
And bore aloft to Heav'n the noble prey,
And there, triumphant, and in scorn, unfurl'd
The vanquish'd banners of th' infernal world.
"But why with idle words my grief renew?
For lives there one among your god-like crew
A stranger to our woes, each hour increas'd?
When has his vengeful persecution ceas'd?
No more our harrow'd thoughts the past shall share,
When present grievances demand our care.
When the wide world he labors to reclaim
Back to the worship of his hated name,
Shall we in sloth drag on our idle hours,
Nor to resistance rouse our slumb'ring pow'rs?
Say, shall his vot'ries on fair Asia's shore
Acquire new strength, and triumph more and more?

Shall great Judæa bow her subject head,
And wider still his name, his honors spread?
Shall ev'ry varying tongue its homage bring
His pow'r to rev'rence, and his praise to sing?
To him shall each obsequious nation give
To breathe in marble, and in brass to live?
Shall prostrate in the dust our idols lie?
And to his use th' apostate world apply
Those altars, where our names were once ador'd?
To him shall vows be paid, and pray'rs be pour'd?
To him the censer's perfum'd smoke be roll'd,
And costly off'rings made of myrrh and gold?
Where once our fanes their portals open'd wide,
Is now all entrance to our arts denied?
Shall tributary souls be lost to Hell,
And in unpeopled kingdoms Pluto dwell?
Ah! no—not all our virtue yet is lost,
That gen'rous virtue which we once could boast,
When girt with sword and fire, seraphic arms,
We shook the throne of Heav'n with fierce alarms!
'Tis true, o'ermatch'd in fight our strength was found;
But noble was th' attempt, though Fortune frown'd:
Though fav'ring Vict'ry smil'd on happier Pow'rs,
The glory of th' unconquer'd Will was ours.
But why thus long your gen'rous rage detain?
Go, faithful comrades, pillars of my reign,
Go forth, and crush the hated Christian bands;
Ere yet too firmly fix'd their empire stands,
Ere the wide mischief o'er Judæa's realm
Resistless spreads, the growing flame o'erwhelm.
Within their Camp your subtle pow'rs employ;
There wield each engine, potent to destroy;

Let all Hell's arts in baneful concord meet,
And open force be leagu'd with dark deceit.
" Hear our decree; be Fate what we ordain;
Let some desert the camp; let some be slain;
Let some, enslav'd by Love's seductive wile,
Adore a look, and idolize a smile;
Let some direct their parricidal sword,
For civil discord arm'd, against their lord;
Let their wide camp lie levell'd with the ground,
Till not a vestige of its pride be found."
He ceas'd; the Fiends rebellious and abhorr'd
Wait not the closing accents of their Lord,
But from the regions of profoundest Night
Forth issue, eager to review the light;
As when, emerging from their caves profound,
Imprison'd tempests rush with deaf'ning sound,
To shroud Heaven's face serene, and spread afar
O'er Ocean, and o'er Earth, convulsive war.
And soon, their sail-like wings expanding wide,
O'er the vast world they pour on ev'ry side,
There their foul arts th' apostate legions try,
Urge all their hate, their frauds infernal ply.
Thou, Muse, unfold, for thou alone canst know,
How first they work'd the Christian armies wo;
By distance weaken'd, and by rolling years,
Scarce does the breath of rumour reach our ears.
O'er fam'd Damascus and her rich domain,
Th' Enchanter, Idraot, held his ample reign.
He from his youth, with ardour still renew'd,
The secret arts of sorcery pursued;
But charms and spells avail'd not to declare
The hidden issue of the Latin war;

No constellation, that great truth could tell,
Nor wand'ring planet, nor response of Hell.
He deem'd (oh! frail and erring human mind,
How vain thy counsels, and thy judgments blind!)
That soon, prepar'd by Heaven's avenging hands,
Destruction would o'erwhelm the western bands.
He thought th' Egyptian and his conqu'ring train,
The laurels of the great emprize would gain,
And for himself, his realm, he long'd to claim
A portion of the conquest, spoil, and fame.
Yet still he fear'd to strike an open blow;
Too well he knew the valour of the foe:
And much he mus'd, how best his artful hand
Might scatter discord 'mong the hostile band;
So might his arms, with Egypt's pow'rs combin'd,
An easier toil and bloodless conquest find.
Such were his thoughts, when Hell's black angel came,
Breath'd in his breast, and fann'd the rising flame,
Suggests new counsels, and the means supplies
To execute his crafty enterprize.

A niece, for rare endowments fam'd, he own'd,
With beauty's palm thro' all the Orient crown'd:
Skill'd to seduce, and artful to trepan,
What'er a sorc'ress, or a woman can,
Each art that fascinates, each grace that charms,
That wins the proudest, and the coldest warms,
She wields at will: to her the Prince display'd
His deep-laid scheme, and thus invok'd her aid:

"Child of my heart, whose locks of wavy gold
The ripen'd stores of hoary age infold;
Whose beauteous bosom hides a manly heart;
To whom myself must yield in magic's art;

I ponder in my soul a noble deed;
'Tis thou must make the great design succeed;
Must weave the varied web my craft combines,
And execute the plans that age designs.
Seek thou the Christian camp, and boldly move
Each female artifice that wakens Love;
Feign some sad tale with well-dissembled woe;
In plaintive strains let soft Persuasion flow;
Thine eyes in sorrow's sacred flood be drown'd;
Thy broken words let deep-drawn sighs confoun
Beauty, resistless in her tearful hour,
Shall bend the proudest hearts beneath thy pow
Veil with fair modesty, the gem of youth,
Thy spirit bold, and falsehood cloke with truth.
But more than all the rest, within thy toil
Secure their Chief; him with soft words beguile
And softer looks; so shall th' impending war
Divert its fury from our shores afar;
Sink but their boasted lord to love a prey,
His arms shall flag, his wisdom melt away.
If there thou fail, the other Chiefs enchain;
Disperse them, never to return again;
To guard our Land, our Faith, a sacred trust,
All arts are lawful, and all means are just."
The fair Armida, conscious of her pow'r,
Strong in her sex, and beauty's vernal flow'r,
Assumes the welcome task; with closing day
She parts, through many a lone and hidden way
With curling locks and silken vest she boasts
To match unconquer'd Chiefs, and steel-clad ho
While various rumours, 'mong the vulgar spread
Excus'd her parting, and their thoughts misled.

Few days elaps'd, ere reach'd the beauteous maid
Where their white tents the Christian bands display'd:
Soon as the bright attraction caught their eyes,
The whisp'ring soldiers view'd her with surprize;
As when some meteor's omen'd splendors glare,
Or redd'ning comet fires the cloudless air,
With straining eyes assembled mortals gaze,
And watch his wond'rous progress with amaze;
So thronging crowds the stranger Fair admir'd,
Her errand, country, and her name inquir'd.
Nor Argos, Delos, nor the Cyprian shore
E'er saw a face, a dress, so fair of yore;
Gold were her locks; now beaming through the shade
Of her white veil, now floating loose they play'd:
So, when some tempest ends its short-liv'd reign,
And bright'ning æther grows serene again,
Now shines through fleecy clouds the solar ray;
Now from his covert issuing, bright and gay,
The golden orb bursts forth, and pours redoubled day.
In native curls her waving ringlets flow,
Yet added curls the breathing gales bestow:
Her eye was fix'd upon herself alone,
As greedy of Love's treasures, and its own:
Glow'd on her cheek the rose's purple light,
Though soften'd by the blending iv'ry's white:
But on her lips, whence breezy fragrance blows,
In all its genuine lustre bloom'd the rose.
Her beauteous breast its naked snow displays,
Potent to wake and feed the am'rous blaze;
Half stood to view each firm unyielding globe,
Half lurk'd conceal'd beneath her envious robe;
But though her robe the roving eye restrain,
To curb the bolder thought, its pow'r is vain;

Unsatisfied with charms expos'd to view,
Thought leaps o'er ev'ry bound, and thirsts for new:
As lucid crystal, or th' impassive stream,
Admits, unharm'd, light's penetrating beam,
So Fancy there beneath the silken fold
Intrudes unfelt, and spatiates uncontroll'd;
There at its will, with analyzing gaze,
The secret wonders leisurely surveys,
Proclaims such beauty to the keen desire,
Stirs the rous'd sense, and wakes intenser fire.
  Through wond'ring crowds the fair Enchantress past,
And many a longing look the gazers cast.
She marked the infant fire with conscious eye,
And inly smil'd, foretasting victory.
In fix'd suspense awhile she seem'd to stand,
And sought with timid glance some friendly hand,
To guide her footsteps through th' admiring throng;
'Twas then that Eustace, gallant, bold, and young,
The brother of the pious Chief, whose sway
Th' united armies own'd first cross'd her way.
He stopp'd confounded, as the lustre bright
Of angel beauty flash'd upon his sight,
Then turn'd with nearer gaze those eyes to view
Which on the ground the bashful virgin threw,
And felt a sudden fire through all his frame,
As fuel kindles from contiguous flame.
Then to the Fair his speech he thus addrest,
For youth and love gave courage to his breast:
  "Lady, if such a name befit thy birth,
For charms like thine resemble nought on earth,
Nor thus to Adam's daughters here below
Does Heav'n its own serenity bestow:

Whence art thou come, and what thy pleasure, say?
What fav'ring fortune hither guides thy way?
Ah! speak, that thy bright presence I may greet
With rightful honours, prostrate at thy feet."
" Too flatt'ring is thy praise," the Dame replies;
Such lofty claim my humble worth denies.
A mortal's, wretched mortal's name I own,
Dead to all joy, alive to grief alone,
By wo's o'erwhelming torrent hither borne,
An outcast maid, a stranger and forlorn.
Godfrey I seek, the pious and the just,
And on his far-fam'd virtues build my trust.
Thou to the Chief my suppliant footsteps guide,
If, as thy looks presage, or courteous pride,
Or gentle pity move thy manly mind."
" His brother I," th' enamour'd youth rejoin'd;
" Mine be the welcome task thy steps to lead,
Thy wish to forward, and thy cause to plead.
No feeble intercessor shall I prove,
Nor slight the influence of a brother's love.
Command whate'er our pow'rs conjoin'd afford,
My brother's sceptre, or thy servant's sword."
He ceas'd, and led the way: the Prince they found
Far from the crowd, his noblest chieftains round.
She humbly bow'd her head, nor dar'd to speak,
While kindling blushes mantled on her cheek:
But his fair guest the gen'rous warrior cheers,
Her blushes chases, and removes her fears.
She told at length her tale of deep deceit,
Lulling the captive sense with accents sweet:
" Great Prince, whose name through Asia's land has flown,
Deck'd with such blameless praise, such pure renown,

That Kings and nations, mighty though they be,
Esteem it glory if subdued by thee!
So far, so wide, thy matchless worth is spread,
That e'en thy foes revere thee, while they dread;
In thee their surest confidence they place,
Demand thy succour, and implore thy grace.
I too, though adverse tenets I profess,
A Faith, thine arms would humble and oppress,
Hope, through thy aid, my princely rights to gain,
My ravish'd sceptre, and my fair domain.
Others the aid of kindred arms demand,
To save them from th' invading stranger's hand;
But I, hard lot! invoke the hostile sword,
Driv'n for protection to a foreign Lord;
'Gainst mine own blood thy vengeance I implore,
For Nature harbours in their souls no more.
On thee, on thee I call; for thou alone
Hast pow'r to fix me on my lawful throne:
The righteous hand an equal zeal displays
To crush th' oppressor, and th' opprest to raise;
Nor less renown protected Virtue brings,
Than proudest triumphs o'er contending Kings.
If 'tis thy boast the well-earn'd fame to own
Of monarch's conquer'd, and of realms o'erthrown,
A task of equal glory waits thee now,
To place the crown upon an orphan's brow.
But if our differing Faith thy soul persuade
To slight my sorrows, and forbid to aid,
Yet in thy gen'rous pity let me trust,
Nor thou defeat a confidence so just.
Be witness He, by all mankind ador'd,
Of Heav'n and Earth the undisputed Lord,
Ne'er did thy arm more righteous aid bestow,
Nor offer succour to severer wo.

But learn thou all; to my sad tale give ear;
A tale of woe, of blackest treason, hear.
The child of Arbilan am I, whose reign
Stretch'd o'er Damascus' ever-happy plain;
To him, though lowly born, her virgin vows
Fair Cariclea gave, a royal spouse,
And with the hand affection bade bestow,
She plac'd a kingly crown upon his brow.
But ah! what time I drew my infant breath,
She fell a victim to the dart of death,
And the sad husband, on one fatal morn,
Beheld his wife expire, his daughter born.
But scarce were five revolving summers past,
Since she, his much lov'd partner, breath'd her last,
When my sad sire, to fate and grief a prey,
Perchance rejoin'd her in the realms of day.
Me, of his wide domain the orphan heir,
His fondness trusted to a brother's care,
That cherish'd brother, whom he lov'd so well,
That if in human bosoms virtue dwell,
No cause had he perfidious arts to fear,
Or doubt th' affection of a friend so dear.
By him my helpless infancy was rear'd;
So great his fondness and his zeal appear'd,
That far and wide unbounded praise he gain'd
For love paternal, and for faith unstain'd.
Or 'twas his wish, in Virtue's fair disguise,
To hide his malice from observing eyes,
Or 'twas his cool, deep policy, that plann'd
To match me with his son in Hymen's band.
Our growing years advanc'd with equal pace;
A churl was he, devoid of ev'ry grace;

His youth no gen'rous emulation fir'd;
No native lore, nor foreign, he acquir'd;
Dead to each princely, and each knightly art
That smooths the manners, or that forms the heart,
'Twas his beneath an hateful form to hide
The gems of avarice and low-born pride:
Ne'er was his parallel, his second, seen,
In inward baseness, or external mien.
Yet him, with such a form, and such a mind,
My base and perjur'd guardian had design'd
To join with me in wedlock's holy chain,
The partner of my bridal bed, and reign.
No soothing words he spar'd, no subtle skill,
No threat, to bend me to his cruel will;
Silent I still remain'd: in vain he strove
To win my promise, or my purpose move.
With threat'ning eye I saw him once depart,
That told the workings of his savage heart;
In the dark frown that on his forehead scowl'd,
The hist'ry of my future fate was told.
From that ill-omen'd hour, at midnight deep
Terrific phantoms vex'd my restless sleep;
O'er all my frame a fatal horror rose,
Too sure a presage of impending woes.
Full oft, revisiting the gloom of night,
My mother's awful image met my sight;
Pale, ghastly pale, beside my bed she stood,
With tearful eye, and mourner's attitude;
Alas! how diff'rent from that form and mien,
Whose pictur'd beauties oft my eyes had seen!
'Fly, daughter, fly,' she cried, 'thy threaten'd fate;
The snares of death thy simple youth await;

Fly, daughter, fly; e'en now th' unfeeling lord
Mingles the bowl for thee, and whets the sword.'
" But what avail'd, that boding signs impart
Presage of danger to my tim'rous heart,
If, reft of counsel, helpless, weak, and young,
Slow to resolve, in sad suspense I hung?
More grievous far the choice I deem'd, to roam
Self-exiled from my country and my home,
Than in that land where first I drew my breath,
To yield it back, and sink, resign'd, to death.
Alas! my foolish heart! that feared to die,
Yet from my limbs withheld the power to fly!
My terrors too I dreaded to betray,
Lest the rous'd tyrant speed the fatal day.
In such sad anguish, such conflicting strife,
I dragg'd from day to day my cheerless life;
So views some wretch condemn'd, with sleepless dread,
The sword of justice hanging o'er his head.
'Twas then, or guided by protecting Powers,
Or Fate, that saved me for still sadder hours,
A courtier, whom my Sire had nurs'd and lov'd,
By honour, gratitude, compassion, mov'd,
Announc'd the secret of my threaten'd doom;
That day he said must give me to the tomb;
Himself was destin'd by the tyrant's hate,
To minister the goblet charged with fate.
In instant flight alone an hope there lay,
To lengthen my sad life's unhappy day;
And since all other aid my lot denied,
Himself stood forth, my comrade and my guide.
With such enliv'ning hopes he cheered my breast,
That Fear no more my wav'ring will represt;

And soon I fix'd, with day's retiring light,
From my loved home to speed my rapid flight.
"Night o'er our heads her blackest cope display
And veiled our parting in her friendly shade.
Two maids partook my adverse fate alone;
I issued forth in safety, and unknown.
Still towards my home I turned with many a sigh,
And tears abundant dimmed my streaming eye;
My native towers, insatiable, I view'd,
And as they still receded, still pursued.
My soul clung fondly to that dear abode;
My feet reluctant prest the hated road;
Like some fair vessel, from her moorings torn,
And headlong to the main by hurrying tempests b
All night through trackless paths we urged our wa
Nor ceased our journey with the rising day.
At length at eve a fortress strong we gain,
Built on the farthest confines of my reign.
This fort Arontes owned; ('Twas he, whose care
Preserv'd me timely from the fatal snare;)
But when he found that from his hellish toils
His prey had flown, and baffled all his wiles,
The tyrant, mad with rage, false rumours spread,
His own foul crime retorting on our head;
Our arts, he feign'd, in impious league combin'd,
Had plann'd the same base crime himself design'
Feign'd that Arontes, by my flatt'ries wrought,
Prepared for him, his lord, the deadly draught,
That I, from guardians freed, whose watchful ha
Was wont to curb my will, my youth command,
Might take, as fancy or wild impulse led,
Promiscuous lovers to my wanton bed.

Alas! may first high heaven's destroying flame
Descend in vengeance, and consume my frame,
Ere such sad hour, such foul disgrace I see,
And swerve, divinest Modesty, from thee!
Hard lot that he, with thirst unholy fir'd,
My worldly treasures, and my blood requir'd;
But ah! thrice cruel, that calumnious fame
Should taint the lustre of my spotless name!
Such specious tales the perjured traitor wove,
That, dubious of the truth, my people's love,
Misled, forbears to arm in my defence,
And vindicate my injured innocence.

"But though he fills secure my royal seat,
And wears the honours of my coronet,
Yet not the more his schemes of vengeance sleep;
Still fiercer grows his rage, his hate more deep.
He threatens to consume with hostile fire
Arontes' fort, insatiate in his ire,
Unless, obedient to his stern commands,
He yield himself a captive to his hands.
But me, and all who shar'd my luckless fate,
Promiscuous ruin, carnage, death, await.
Such zeal he feigns, his house, his name to free
From foul dishonour's stain, entail'd by me,
And reinstate anew the royal blood
In the bright eminence where once it stood.
But Fear, not Honour, prompts his dark design,
The fear to lose that crown, in justice mine;
For well the tyrant knows, my death alone
Can fix th' unstable basis of his throne.
And sure such end his impious plots will find,
End, which his iron heart has long design'd;

My streaming blood will quench th' unhallow'd rage
Which suppliant tears were pow'rless to assuage,
If thou forbid not; 'tis to thee for aid
I fly, a banish'd, helpless, orphan maid!
To thee I bend, thy justice I implore;
Let these sad drops which at thy feet I pour,
Avail, a sad propitiatory flood,
To save, what else must flow, my guiltless blood.
Then by these feet I sue, whose just disdain
Tramples the proud, the impious, and the vain;
By that right hand, which still the falchion draws
To guard the good, and aid the righteous cause;
By thy great vict'ries; by yon hallow'd tow'rs,
That hope protection from thy conqu'ring pow'rs;
By these I call! vouchsafe what I require,
And grant, for thou canst grant, my just desire.
To thy compassion let me owe my breath;
Restore me to my realm, and save from death!
But ah! 'twere vain compassion's claims to prove,
If justice and if reason fail to move!
Favor'd of men! to whom indulgent Heav'n
In lavish prodigality has giv'n
Its choicest stores,—an heart on justice bent,
And pow'r to execute thy heart's intent,—
Thou now canst save my life, and gain a throne;
That rich possession will be all thine own;
For if thy conqu'ring arms my kingdom free,
My gratitude resigns the prize to thee.
Refuse not then the boon; be mine the boast
To lead ten heroes of thy num'rous host;
A force so trivial shall suffice alone
To tear th' usurper from my rightful throne;

For faithful still the nation's elders prove,
And still my people give me all their love.
A loyal friend, a Noble of the state,
Th' entrusted guardian of the city's gate,
Will in the depth of night admit our force,
And to the royal mansion guide their course.
His counsels bade me fly for help to thee;
Though small thy aid, more sure his hope will be,
Than if from leaguing kings an army came;
Such honour have thy banners and thy name."
This said, she ceas'd, and waited his reply
With beating bosom, and with asking eye:
Persuasive eloquence was in her look,
Her ev'ry gesture pray'd, her silence spoke.
In Godfrey's heart confus'd emotions roll,
And cautious doubt suspends his mighty soul:
To grant, or to deny, he paus'd awhile;
Much he suspects the beauteous Pagan's guile,
And wisely deems, no faith to them is ow'd,
Who, misbelieving, have no faith in God.
But Pity, sleepless in a noble heart,
Asserts with cogent voice her gen'rous part.
Nor Pity's call alone his breast inspir'd
To aid the dame, and grant the boon desir'd:
Advantage sway'd him too; advantage great,
Should she, his vassal, rule Damascus' state,
And in close league her grateful arms combine
To forward and assist his great design,
And troops, and stores, and treasur'd gold afford,
To match the strength of Egypt's hostile Lord.
While thus the Prince, his eyes to earth inclin'd,
Revolv'd alternate counsels in his mind,

Th' attentive Dame his changing features view'd,
Watch'd ev'ry movement, every look pursu'd,
Nor in his tardy answer fail'd to trace
A cold refusal of th' entreated grace.
At length, though thought mature her suit denied,
In words of courtesy he thus replied:
"But that the will of Heav'n's Eternal Lord
Directs our enterprize, and claims our sword,
Rightly to us were thy petitions made;
Our hearts should pity, and our arms should aid.
But till you hallow'd temples we release,
Till Persecution's iron reign shall cease,
Reason forbids to disunite our force,
And stay our vict'ries in their rapid course.
Then here my sacred promise I afford,
And rest thou, fearless, on my plighted word;
If e'er fair freedom by our arms be giv'n
To Sion's holy walls, belov'd of Heav'n,
Then, true to Honor's call, our care shall be
Thy cause to succour, and thy realm to free.
Till then, howe'er Compassion's voice may move,
Nor Justice, nor Religion will approve,
That on a foreign cause should be bestow'd
Those arms, that service, which we owe to God."
As thus he spake, the Dame, with practis'd wile,
Gaz'd on the ground, and stood unmov'd awhile,
Then raising up her eyes, with tears bedew'd,
With plaintive voice and gesture thus pursu'd:
"Alas! to whom but me, has Heav'n assign'd
A lot so hard! that first man's steadfast mind
Must change its temper, and new forms assume,
'Ere change one tittle of my hapless doom!

Nature and nature's laws may be forgot,
But my relentless Fate must alter not.
No hope is left: in vain my pray'rs I pour,
For pray'rs can soften human breasts no more.
Or must I hope th' Oppressor still may be
Alive to sorrows, that are lost on thee?
Nor yet e'en now thy cruelty I blame,
That thus withholds the feeble aid I claim;
Heav'n I accuse; from Heav'n my sorrows flow,
That makes thee callous to Armida's wo.
Not thou—all good and gen'rous as thou art;
My cruel Fate transforms to stone thy heart.
Ah! doom implacable! ah! barb'rous Fate!
Then take my life, the object now of hate!
Slight was the loss, that in life's blooming morn,
My much-lov'd parents from my arms were torn;
But must I wander in a foreign land,
Or, helpless victim, wait the slaught'rer's hand?
Then since chaste Honor's voice, and female pride,
In lawless camps forbid me to abide,
Which, which way shall I bend my wearied feet?
Where hide my head? where find secure retreat?
Where lies the secret cell, the trackless way,
Safe from the tyrant's arm? then why delay?
Where'er I turn, death meets my startled eye;
And since from destiny 'tis vain to fly,
My own right hand shall end a life of woes,
And give my wearied soul fulfill'd repose."
She ceas'd; upon her brow disdain was seen,
And proud resentment mark'd th' offended Queen.
As if to part, her stately steps she turn'd,
Now mourn'd dejected, and now scornful burn'd.

Her streaming tears in quick succession flow,
Such tears as grief and rage combin'd, bestow,
And seem, as down her lovely face they run,
Like pearls or crystal glitt'ring in the Sun.
Her glowing cheeks, with those bright drops bedew'd,*
Which down her robe their loit'ring course pursu'd,
Shone like a vivid group of clust'ring flow'rs,
Snow-white and crimson, gemm'd with dewy show'rs,
Which, when the first soft blush of dawn prevails,
Spread their clos'd bosoms to the new-born gales:
Fain would the Morn, that eyes those flow'rets fair,
Rob their Elysian dyes to braid her golden hair.
But, that pure dew, whose drops successive rest
On her fair cheek, or trickle down her breast,
Like flame of subtlest potency, imparts
Contagious ardour to a thousand hearts.
Oh! wonder-working Love! as he inspires,
Flames spring from tears, and floods give birth to fires!
All Nature still his great behests pervade,
But when Armida joins his cause to aid,
Superior to himself the mighty Pow'r is made.
  Her sorrows feign'd substantial wo create,
And hardest bosoms soften at her fate:
Each hero shar'd the virgin's grief, and said;
  "If now our stubborn Chief deny his aid,
Some tigress sure his savage nurse became,
And rear'd amid her brood his infant frame;
Some Alpine rock his rugged being gave,
Or, vex'd by howling storms, the foamy wave.
Hard heart! that sees unmov'd those tear-drops flow,
And leaves such charms a prey to hopeless wo."

* See note 56.

But Eustace now, whom wilder passions move,
For kindred Pity fann'd the fire of Love,
While through the crowd half-stifled murmurs ran,
Advanc'd unaw'd, and boldly thus began:
" Brother belov'd, and honour'd Lord, thy mind
Too fondly clings to what it first design'd,
If now, against our joint entreaties steel'd,
It thwarts our wishes, and disdains to yield.
Nor I desire that they whose high commands
Control, with princely care, their subject bands,
Neglect their charge, this new emprize to share,
And quit the sacred objects of our war.
But us, Advent'rers, free and unconfin'd,
Nor cares encumber, nor engagements bind:
Why then, tenacious, should'st thou still refuse
Ten willing champions from our band to choose?
That hero wars, methinks, in Heav'n's defence,
Who draws the sword for outrag'd innocence,
Nor offers to his God the spoils in vain
That Valour wins from lawless tyrants slain.
And though th' advantage we should hold at nought,
With which this enterprize is surely fraught,
Yet Duty calls; the Order we profess
Compels to aid her suit, her wrongs redress.
Heav'ns! be it ne'er in France's land surmis'd,
Nor any land where courtesy is priz'd,
That in so fair a cause aloof we stood,
Shrunk from fatigue, or fear'd to risk our blood.
For me, henceforth I cast with shame aside
My glitt'ring corslet, and my helmet's pride,
For ever I ungird my trusty brand;
No more shall arms be wielded by this hand;

Farewell, my steed, our proud career is o'er;
And thou, fair Knighthood, be usurp'd no more."
  Thus spake the youth; and from the list'ning crowd
Applauding murmurs issu'd, long and loud;
Around their Chief they press, with clam'rous heat,
Urge his remonstrance, and his pray'r repeat.
Then Godfrey: "Since your will ye thus make known,
To your discretion I submit my own.
Assign'd, the succour she demands, shall be;
But 'tis from you she gains it, not from me:
And, if my friendly counsels be not vain,
Check your rous'd feelings, and your warmth restrain."
  He said no more, nor need'ed; ev'ry Knight
Receiv'd the wish'd concession with delight.
Now say, what cannot Beauty's pow'r achieve?
Those sighs infectious that soft bosoms heave?
Those eyes that flash with love, or stream with tears?
That tongue, whose music lulls th' enchanted ears?
Love's rosy lips send forth a golden chain
Mighty to seize, secure, control, constrain.
  Soon Eustace' voice recalls the royal maid;
  "Now, lovely virgin, be thy sorrows staid;
Soon shall our succour crown thy just desires,
Whate'er thy judgment asks, thy fear requires."
  The weeping Fair-one calm'd her sorrows now,
And deck'd in wreathed smiles her tranquil brow;
With her white veil the falling tears she dries,
And Heav'n surveys her with admiring eyes.
Then mild and courteous, for the boon bestow'd
She gave, in grateful strain the thanks she ow'd;
Through all th' admiring world their praise should fly,
Nor ever in her breast the mem'ry die;

Not all she wish'd her failing tongue exprest,
But silence, more persuasive, told the rest;
Such specious show her secret thoughts disguis'd,
That none the mischief, hid within, surmis'd.
  Joyful she saw that Fortune's fav'ring smile
Promoted at its birth her work of guile;
And lest some hindrance rise, her schemes to thwart,
She hastens to complete her treach'rous part,
And with her beauty's arms accomplish more
Than Circe's or Medea's arts of yore;
Her arms, the voice divine that charms, that thrills,
The smile that softens, and the look that kills.
No wile profound the dext'rous Syren spares
To draw new lovers to her fatal snares.
Her pliant pow'rs, still alt'ring, still the same,
Varied with time, with temper's varying frame;
Through each deep maze of female craft she rang'd,
At will her look, deportment, features, chang'd;
Now call'd fair Modesty her arts to aid,
And timid looks confest the bashful maid:
Now bade her wanton glances loosely rove,
Her liquid eyes all melting into love:
As quick or slow her lovers' passions rise,
The rein she tightens, or the lash applies.
  Whene'er she sees some tim'rous youth retire,
And check, unconfident, the new-born fire,
She warms him with a smile; her eye's soft roll
Beams consolation to his drooping soul:
Thus to his slow desire a spur she gives;
Again his hope, re-animated, lives;
She adds fresh fuel to Love's smother'd blaze,
And thaws the icy barrier Fear would raise.

If one more bold his hasty passions press,
And urge his suit, presumptuous of success,
Quick does the cautious Fair her smiles withdraw,
And frowns him into reverence and awe;
Yet through the scorn that arm'd her lofty brow,
Sometimes would Pity one kind look bestow,
Which chas'd Despair away, though Fear remain'd,
And Love grew stronger as the Fair disdain'd.
Oft would she form, in some secluded place,
With studied art, her gestures and her face;
Oft to her eye the starting tear would force,
Then bid it seek again its pearly source;
Nor fail'd with arts like these, from many an eye
To draw the tear of genuine sympathy.
In Pity's fire she tempers Cupid's dart;
With'ring with arms so strong th' enfeebled heart.
Sometimes, as if releas'd from Sorrow's yoke,
As if within her breast new hopes awoke,
The suitor youths, a longing train, she sought;
Light was her step, her brow with gladness fraught;
And, to disperse Delusion's misty cloud
Rais'd by her arts their baffled sense to shroud,
She bade at once with twofold splendor shine
Her look voluptuous, and her smile divine,
As should two Suns to favour'd man be giv'n,
And double radiance gild the brow of Heav'n.
But while she sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles,
And with o'erpow'ring draughts of love beguiles,
Their soul, immers'd in bliss till now unknown,
Quits in rapt ecstasy, the heart, its throne.
Ah! cruel Love! thy sorrows and thy joys,
The bitter and the sweet, alike destroys!

From thee the quintessence of evil flows,
The cure is fatal, fatal are our woes!
  Thus cheer'd with hopes, or sunk in empty fears,
'Mid frost and fire alternate, smiles and tears,
The dubious lovers wait, but wait in vain;
The fair deceiver mocks their useless pain.
And if some youth, more forward grown, should dare
With trembling lips his passion to declare,
Arm'd in Simplicity's dissembled veil,
She hears, with maiden ignorance, his tale,
Bends to the ground her downcast eye, and meek,
While startled Modesty inflames her cheek,
Till in the rosy dye her skin of snow
Is drown'd and lost; such hues æthereal glow,
When from the East, in purple chariot borne,
Brings on the infant Hours the ruby-cinctur'd Morn:
Nor anger fails its ready aid to lend,
And with the blush of shame its deeper crimson blend.
  Or sees she one, whose tongue would fain disclose
The secret anguish that its bosom knows?
Now with feign'd coyness from his sight she flies,
Now to reveal his pain the means supplies;
Complacent hears, gives all his passions scope,
Then coldly disappoints his sicken'd hope;
Till at the last, in endless error tost,
He mourns his baffled flame, his wishes crost.
The hunter thus, who through the live-long day
Pursues, with anxious toil, his sylvan prey,
At length, when ev'ning hides th' ambiguous trace,
Desists reluctant, and suspends the chase.
  By such seductive wiles, with skill prepar'd,
Unnumber'd captives in her toils she snar'd,

Or rather, with such arms she quell'd the brave,
And made full many a gallant heart her slave.
What wonder then, that magic Beauty won
Th' inexorable soul of Peleus' son?
That female charms could great Alcides move,
Or god-like Theseus feel the pow'r of Love?
If they, the chosen youth of God, who draw
Th' avenging sword for Jesus' holy law,
Unconquer'd else, his soft dominion own,
Bend their proud necks, and yield to him alone?

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

Eustace, being in love with Armida, persuades Rinaldo, of whom he is jealous, to solicit the place of Captain of the Adventurers, vacant by the death of Dudon. Gernando, brother of the King of Norway, is a candidate for the same situation, and being secretly instigated by one of the evil daemons, uses expressions to the disparagement of Rinaldo, who kills him in the face of the whole army. Godfrey having expressed a determination to punish the murderer, Rinaldo, at the joint advice of Tancred and Guelpho his kinsman, quits the camp. Armida solicits and obtains from Godfrey, a reluctant permission to depart with the succour which he had pledged himself to grant her. Her ten companions are chosen by lot. Godfrey's parting advice to them. They are secretly followed in the night by Eustace, and many others, whose lots were not drawn. Godfrey receives intelligence that the Egyptian Expedition has sailed, and that a convoy of provisions, on its road from the ships to the camp, has been intercepted by the Arabs. Famine apprehended in the camp. Godfrey's speech to the soldiers.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO V.

WHILE thus Armida, queen of wily arts,
Entangles in her web the heroes' hearts,
Nor on the promis'd Ten relies alone,
But many a warrior more, in secret won,
Hopes that her soft allurements may persuade
Her steps to follow, and her plans to aid,
Great Godfrey mus'd within his thoughtful mind
To whom the doubtful task were best assign'd:
Th' Advent'rers' numbers, and their valour tried,
Their hopes well-known, forbade him to decide.
He fix'd at last, that, by consent of all,
On one among their troop the choice should fall
To fill the honor'd post of Dudon slain;
With him th' invidious task might best remain;
Thus of their partial Prince could none complain;
While justly crown'd with due respect would stand
The unrivall'd merits of the noble band.

Thus then th' assembled Knights the Chief addrest;
"Full clearly have my wishes been exprest;
No thought was mine to spurn the suppliant maid,
But grant, in season due, our pow'rful aid.
This cautious counsel I propose anew,
And such, uncensur'd, may ye still pursue,
For in this changeful world 'tis oft confest
That alter'd thoughts are wisest, safest, best.
But if to fly from peril's front ye deem
Your order and your fame would ill beseem;
And if your gen'rous courage still disdains
The cold resolves that prudent age maintains,
Your ardent wishes I withhold no more,
Nor now repeal the grant I made before:
So shall your Leader, as is just and right,
A gentle sway exert, a sceptre light.
To stay or to depart, I leave ye free;
On you the choice shall rest, and not on me.
But first, the noble Dudon to succeed,
Elect a Chief; let him your squadron lead;
Let him, unbiass'd, from your ranks at will
The promis'd number, ten, appoint and fill;
Be ten the utmost succour we assign;
To this restriction I my pow'r confine;
Free save in this, your future guide shall stand,
Supreme his will, unfetter'd his command."
Thus Godfrey spake; his brother, young and brave,
By all the band approv'd, this answer gave:
"Much honor'd Chief, thy station and thy age
Best suit with counsels provident and sage;
From us, our honour and our years demand
A prompt decision, and a vig'rous hand.

Delib'rate prudence, cautious wisdom's praise,
In thee were glorious, but in us were base.
And since small danger from th' adventure springs,
Weigh'd with the great advantage that it brings,
The ten, if thou consent, shall straight proceed
With the fair damsel, to the honour'd deed."
  So spake the Knight; with such device he strove
Beneath the cloke of zeal to hide his love:
His comrades too with Honour's specious name
Would fain ennoble their unworthier flame.
  But with a jealous eye young Eustace view'd
Th' aspiring youth of fair Sophia's blood;
His peerless worth awaken'd envy's flame,
Worth, ever loveliest in a lovely frame.
Him from the Fair-one to disjoin he sought;
As cunning Jealousy her lesson taught,
Aside th' enamour'd youth his rival took,
And thus in flatt'ry's winning accents spoke:
  "Of noble ancestors thou nobler son,
Who in youth's early morn, in arms hast won
Such vast renown, say, of the noble throng
To which both thou and I with pride belong,
On whom shall fall the choice, our ranks to guide?
For me, to gallant Dudon, 'ere he died,
In rev'rence to his age alone, I bow'd,
I, who of Bouillon's name am justly proud.
Whose orders now shall I submit to own?
To thee I yield, Rinaldo, or to none.
To none inferior is thy noble line;
Thy fame and valour greater far than mine;
Nor in the prowess of the martial field,
To thee might Godfrey's self disdain to yield.

Thee then, our future Chief my heart desires;
No lurking wish, I judge, thy breast inspires
The champion of this Syrian Fair to shine,
For nightly deeds ill suit with worth like thine.
Full many a combat, in these fields of fame,
Shall spread more wide the lustre of thy name.
Then if thy will permit, be mine the care
For thee this high distinction to prepare.
And since my mind unfix'd in its resolves,
Now here, now there, its wav'ring thoughts revolves,
This boon I ask, and thou my wish fulfil,
Armida to attend or stay at will."
  Thus Eustace said; and as he ceas'd to speak,
Deep blushes redden'd on his manly cheek;
His glowing passion, which no art could hide,
Full well Rinaldo saw, and smiled aside;
But as the blunted point of Cupid's dart
Graz'd but his breast, and left untouch'd his heart,
He felt no rivalry's suspicious flame,
No wish was his to please the beauteous dame.
But in his soul he nurs'd, with grief and pain,
The sad remembrance of great Dudon slain,
Nor brook'd the man should live, beneath whose hand
The rev'rend warrior bit the bloody sand.
And grateful was that voice, which bade him claim
Distinctions to his merit due, and fame;
And pure the joy, which praise, with truth exprest,
Fail'd not to kindle in his youthful breast.
  "Station," he said, "to which the vain aspire,
I seek to merit, heedless to acquire;
My own deserts my exaltation be;
Nor rank, nor envied power, have charms for me.

I yield then, if to honour thou invite,
And judge this place of eminence my right;
And of thy friendship gratefully I deem,
Which holds my merit in such high esteem.
I seek not, nor reject, this great command;
And if elected for your chief I stand;
Thou, rest assur'd, shall join the chosen band."
He ceas'd; young Eustace hasten'd to incline
His gallant comrades to his wish'd design.
But Prince Gernando this distinction claim'd;
And though at him the wily fair had aim'd,
No doating slave was he to Love's control,
Ambition held possession of his soul.
From Norway's potent kings, whose scepter'd hand
Sways many a province with supreme command,
Gernando boasts his lofty birth to trace,
Proud of the splendors of a royal race.
But brave Rinaldo founds his pride alone,
Not on his fathers' virtues, but his own,
Though these for full five hundred years, or more,
In peace, in war, the palm of glory bore.
The barb'rous lord, who worth nor honour knows,
Save what from gold or titled grandeur flows,
And holds at nought the fame that virtue brings,
Save where ennobled by the blood of Kings,
Scorns that a private knight his thoughts should raise
To strive with him in merit and in praise;
His pride that rankled, and his wrath that burn'd,
O'erleapt all limits, and discretion spurn'd.
Soon did the fiend of Hell, with watchful eye,
A field-wide opening to his arts descry,
In silence crept within his haughty breast,
Sway'd ev'ry thought, and all his soul possest:

Fresh rage, fresh hatred studious to impart,
He frets with ceaseless spur his goaded heart;
An inward voice th' indignant warrior heard,
Or seem'd to hear, which thus its claims preferr'd;
"And shall Rinaldo dare contend with thee?
Gives such high claim his empty ancestry?
Let him who seeks to equal thee, relate
Th' obedient realms that on his sceptre wait;
Show he the diadem that decks his line,
And bring a race of Kings to match with thine.
Shall one of lowly state so greatly dare,
Bred in Italia's soft and slavish air?
Succeed or fail, a conqueror was he,
The hour when first he dar'd to rival thee:
The world will say, (for him no trivial fame,)
Behold the rival of Gernando's name.
Though high the praise to hold great Dudon's place,
Yet would thy name that lofty station grace;
But when *he* sought it too, that very day
Took half its honour, half its worth away.
And if, when Death the mould'ring frame destroys,
Terrestrial care the conscious soul employs,
What gen'rous rage must noble Dudon move
There, where in bliss enthroned, he dwells above,
When on this haughty youth his eyes he turns,
And sees the madness in his breast that burns;
Sees that a boy presumptuous and unskill'd,
To the high post aspires, himself had fill'd.
And yet he dares—nor chastisement, nor blame,
But honour is his meed, and praise, and fame;
Nor counsellors he lacks his pride to feed,
Nor friends who blush not to applaud the deed,

But tamely should our chief this stripling see
Usurp the honours that belong to thee,
Submit not thou; assert a manly part,
And show them what thou dar'st, and what thou art."
Thus stirr'd and rous'd, more furious grows his ire,
As fiercer burns the agitated fire:
Nor to his breast confin'd, that frets and swells,
Flames in his eyes, and in his tongue rebels.
He hastes, with active malice, to proclaim
Whate'er redounded to Rinaldo's blame:
Haughty and vain he feigns the hero's mind,
His valour, fury, headstrong, rash, and blind;
And all that in the noble youth shone forth
Of high-soul'd grandeur, or illustrious worth,
He seeks to hide, discolour, or pervert,
And cloke with sophistry his great desert.
His words opprobrious fly the camp around;
And soon his rival hears the unwelcome sound:
Nor ceases yet the boaster to presume,
Nor checks the fire that lights him to his tomb;
Th' infernal Fiend directs his lips, affords
Gall to his tongue, and fashions all his words,
New seeds of hate industrious to supply,
And aggravate th' insidious calumny.
Apart within the camp a space was set,
Where oft a band of chosen warriors met,
That martial games, the tournament, the course,
Their skill might perfect, and mature their force.
There the vain Prince, before th' assembled crowd,
Against Rinaldo vents his clamours loud;
With hate renew'd, his ranc'rous darts he flung;
Hell's own black venom boil'd upon his tongue.

At hand Rinaldo stood; th' insulting strain
He heard, nor more his anger could contain,
But cried aloud, " 'Tis false;" and at the word
Drew, as he forward sprang, th' avenging sword.
His voice of thunder and his falchion's flame,
The coming bolt, whose stroke is death, proclaim.
His boastful rival, trembling when too late,
Now cow'rs beneath th' inevitable fate;
Yet, as th' assembled camp beholds the scene,
Makes vain display of valour's borrow'd mien,
Awaits his foe, and firmly takes his stand,
His naked weapon waving in his hand.
Then flashing in a moment on the view,
Forth from their sheaths a thousand falchions flew;
For soon from ev'ry side a gath'ring throng
Rush'd to the spot, and strove and prest along.
Through the wide air, that echoed with the clang,
Sounds indistinct and mingled outcries rang,
As when the wind, on Ocean's rocky shore,
Confounds its murmurs with the billow's roar.
But vain were angry words, or threat'nings loud,
To stay the youth, indignant, fierce, and proud;
He scorned their cries, aside their weapons turn'd
That barr'd his progress, and for vengeance burn'd,
Through men and arms a furious passage found,
And whirl'd with thund'ring force his falchion round.
Though friendly crowds uplift the guardian sword,
Th' intrepid youth confronts the Northern lord:
His hand unmaster'd by his anger, knows
To guide with surest aim its rapid blows;
By turns he threats each unprotected part,
Now seeks his right, his left, his head, his heart.

So swiftly moves his arm, unrivall'd still,
Lost is Gernando's eye-sight, vain his skill;
Till sudden, where he least the blow expects,
There the dread foe his fatal sword directs,
And strikes, and thrusts amain, nor gives him rest,
Till twice its point was buried in his breast:
Prone as he fell, a crimson torrent gush'd,
And through the two-fold pass the vital spirit rush'd.
Nor o'er the prostrate dead the victor staid,
But to its sheath restor'd th' empurpled blade,
Then turned away, and hasten'd to devest
Of vengeance and of wrath his heated breast.
Nor long the space ere pious Godfrey view'd,
Attracted by the sound, the scene of blood.
Drench'd in his gore the proud Norwegian lay;
Death o'er his features stretch'd his pallid sway:
With groans and tears his sorrowing friends deplor'd
The fate untimely of their slaughter'd lord.
He sees and hears amaz'd, and straight demands
Who thus had dipp'd in Christian blood his hands.
Arnaldo first, by pious anger led,
(Close friendship tied him to the warrior dead,)
Advanc'd, his aggravated tale to tell;
How by Rinaldo's arm his master fell;
From slight occasion did the broil proceed,
No grounds to palliate or excuse the deed:
The hand, the falchion, that for Jesus fought,
The blood of Jesus' champions basely sought;
His chief's command he scorn'd, nor held in awe
The previous interdict, and well-known law.
By that same law condemn'd to death he stood;
Life must for life atone, and blood for blood.

Great in itself and heinous was the crime,
But still more heinous made by place and time:
If now the blood-stain'd murd'rer were forgiv'n,
All to like acts by headstrong passion driv'n,
For private wrongs would that redress pursue,
Which from the law's strong arm were justly due,
Hence endless quarrels would the camp deform,
And civil discord, and intestine storm.
The merits of the dead he trumpets forth,
Extols his courage, magnifies his worth,
Much more he adds, with friendship's ardour fird,
As warm affection moved, or wrath inspir'd.
But Tancred hastes Rinaldo's cause to plead,
Gilding with colours fair th' unhappy deed;
While Godfrey listening stands, with look severe,
That less of hope presages, than of fear.
" Remember, honour'd chief, Rinaldo's fame,"
Tancred subjoin'd; " he boasts no common name:
To his great deeds, his well-earn'd laurels, join
His birth illustrious, and his princely line,
And Guelph his kinsman; does thy wisdom deem,
That chiefs, in honour and in place supreme,
Should consort with the base, ignoble throng?
To ev'ry action various shades belong,
As rank may sep'rate; equal laws alone
Are meet for those who equal stations own."
Godfrey replied indignant: " To the low
The great a lesson of obedience owe.
Perverted, Tancred, much thy judgment be,
Nor are such partial counsels worthy thee.
Shall they whom birth or rank exalts on high,
Unpunished and unblam'd, the laws defy?
What were my power, if o'er the vulgar band,
Prince of the mob alone, I held command?

A power unhonoured, and a sceptre vain
By base restrictions shackled, I disdain.
Free, uncontroll'd, to me the sov'reign sway
Was giv'n, and who shall lop its strength away?
Skill'd in command, full well my judgment knows
Or recompence to deal, or pains impose;
Now from equality's strict rules to swerve,
Now rigid justice, equal laws observe,
And weigh in balanc'd scales the low, the high."
Thus spake the god-like chief, nor met reply;
Tancred respectful heard, and dumb with awe,
Confessed th' intrinsic majesty of Law.
Raymond, a prince austere, his words approv'd;
The rigid rules of former days he lov'd;
"By acts like these do rulers wise display
A rev'renc'd sceptre and an honoured sway.
Imperfect is that discipline, and vain,
Nor long can last the prince's tott'ring reign,
Whose subjects, by unsound example led,
Rely on pardon still, nor justice dread.
Who seeks pow'r's solid edifice to rear,
Let Mercy crown his work, its base be Fear."
Tancred, this heard, ascends his fleetest steed,
And tow'rds Rinaldo flies with winged speed.
When his keen sword with death and vengeance fraught,
Had quelled the foe, his tent Rinaldo sought;
There Tancred found him, and at large display'd
Each charge objected, and each answer made;
"Though in external looks be ill exprest
The secret workings of the inner breast,
For in the soul's remote recesses lie
The thoughts of man, and mock th' observer's eye;

Yet, as I judge, our Gen'ral's looks reveal,
Nor wholly does his tongue the truth conceal,
That thee with fetters he designs to bind,
In prison, with the felon herd, confin'd."
Rinaldo smil'd, but smiling, there was seen
A look of stern disdain to flash between.
"Let him," he cried, "in chains advance his plea,
Who slave was born, or slave deserves to be.
Exulting freedom hail'd my infant breath:
Free have I liv'd, and be my portion death,
Ere foot or hand to shameful bonds I yield:
Us'd is this arm the warrior's brand to wield,
To win the palm that conqu'ring brows adorns,
But shrinks from servile chain, and bondage scorns.
If such reward ungrateful Godfrey pay,
And thinks to bar me from the light of day,
With fetters bound, to prison dragg'd along,
In nought distinguish'd from the vulgar throng,
Send he his vassal-train—himself advance—
Here will I take my stand—decide our swords the chance.
A bloody spectacle we thus may show,
Choice entertainment for th' exulting foe."
This said, his armour he demands in haste;
Around his limbs the steely load he cast;
His mighty buckler on his arm he laid,
And girt upon his thigh the fatal blade.
His front with majesty terrific glow'd;
His gleamy armour lighten'd as he trod:
So Mars of old appear'd, to man confest,*
In heav'nly-temper'd arms and horrid glory drest.

* *Dal quinto cielo.*—This fifth heaven (borrowed from Ariosto, c. 26. st. 20) must, I imagine, be the position of the planet Mars in the Ptolemaic system, where he stands in the fifth place,

In vain brave Tancred labour'd to assuage
His wounded pride, and mitigate his rage.
"Unconquer'd youth," he said, "to might like thine
Smooth is each task, and easy each design.
Brightest, I know, 'mid terror and alarm
Thy matchless worth appears, secure from harm.
But Heav'n in mercy shield us from the hour,
When our own Camp shall feel thy fatal pow'r!
What wouldst thou? say; in hateful civil broil,
Thine impious hands with Christian blood defile,
And thus against thy Saviour turn thy sword?
For Christians all are members of their Lord.
Shall human honours and distinctions vain,
Which, like the changeful billows of the main,
In quick succession come, as quick depart,
Control with mightier sway thy noble heart,
Than faith and zeal, which worldly goods despise,
And aim at deathless glory in the skies?
Ah! no! be self-subdu'd, and lay aside
Thy wrath impetuous and o'er-weening pride:
Nor yield to fear, but to a call from Heav'n;
To such submission shall bright palms be giv'n.
And, would'st thou deign th' example to pursue
My youthful years can offer to thy view,
Unjust aggression once 'twas mine to feel;
Nor yet against the Cross I drew my steel,
But check'd my anger, and my vengeance rein'd:
For when my arm Cilicia's realm had gain'd,

the Earth being in the centre, and the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, and Mars, occupying the four first places respectively. I have not thought it necessary to preserve the expression in my translation.

And there, assertor of the Faith, display'd
Our holy banner's consecrated shade,
Baldwin beguil'd, with base, perfidious soul,
My easy faith, my fair possession stole;
With friendship's veil he clok'd his subtle art,
And lull'd to sleep my unsuspecting heart:
Nor yet by force of arms I sought redress,
Though arms had fail'd not to ensure success.
But if constraint thy lofty soul disdain,
And shrink indignant from th' ignoble chain,
Let those nice rules of honour rule thy choice,
Approv'd by all mankind's consenting voice;
Be mine, thy plea to proffer and enforce,
And thou to Antioch's walls direct thy course,
The court of Boemond; rashness now 'twould be,
To wait the angry Chief's severe decree.
Some future day, or th' Egyptian foes,
Or other Pagan bands our arms oppose,
In all its lustre will thy worth be prov'd,
And shine more brightly when 'tis far remov'd:
Weak without thee shall prove our drooping host,
A maimed trunk, its noblest member lost."
Here Guelph arriv'd; he join'd his friendly sway,
And urg'd him to depart without delay;
Obedient to persuasion's mild control,
Th' indignant youth inclines his lofty soul;
Consents to distant lands his way to take,
A willing exile, and the Camp forsake.
His comrades round him throng with earnest pray'r,
Anxious his fortune and his flight to share.
He thanks their friendship, but two squires alone
He takes, then mounts his courser, and is gone.

A thirst of deathless fame the youth inspires,
Fame, which the gen'rous heart exalts and fires:
Bent is his soul on deeds of courage high,
To spread his holy Faith, its foes defy,
Unrivall'd glory win, or cease to breathe,
To gain the cypress, or the laurel wreath,
To traverse Egypt's shores, and speed alone
Where Nile mysterious opes his source unknown.
  But when the youth, of proud and dauntless heart,
Had bade adieu, impatient to depart,
No longer there did noble Guelpho stay;
In search of Godfrey he retrac'd his way:
His near approach the pious Godfrey spied;
"Well art thou come, I wish'd thee here," he cried;
"E'en now, O Guelph, an herald have I sent,
To seek thee through the Camp, from tent to tent."
  Then at his nod th' attendant train withdrew,
And thus th' offended Chief commenc'd anew:
  "Guelpho, too rash a part thy kinsman play'd,
When his rash heart ungovern'd passion sway'd,
Nor may the task be easy to adduce
For crimes of such deep dye, a meet excuse.
Great were my joy his full offence to hear;
But over all I rule, to all alike severe.
To me, combin'd, the pow'r, the will belong,
To right the injur'd, and to punish wrong,
Guarding my equal heart from bias still,
Nor suff'ring passion to pervert my will.
Now, if Rinaldo found resistless cause
To wound fair discipline, and spurn the laws,
As some, his friends, assert, then let him bend
To our tribunal, and his acts defend.

Free let him come, unshackled, unconfin'd;
Be such distinction to his worth assign'd.
If he resist, or stubborn bearing show,
(His proud, unbending spirit well I know)
Induce him thou our wishes to fulfil,
Nor force a ruler bent on mercy still,
T' assert with high and unrelenting hand
The cause of Justice, and his own command."
Thus Godfrey spake, and Guelpho straight replied:
"The noble soul, that with becoming pride
Shrinks from disgrace, if slander dares defame,
Repels upon the spot the proffer'd shame.
And if his death the proud insulter found,
Who to just wrath shall fix th' unvarying bound?
Say, who the nice degrees of guilt shall weigh,
Or number ev'ry blow, while burns the fray?
But what thou ask'st, and what perchance were fit,
That to thy pow'r th' offending youth submit,—
'Tis now too late, it grieves me much to say;
Far from the Camp he took his instant way:
And by this arm that Knight shall be disprov'd,
Who charges false against my kinsman mov'd,
Or any else, if such there be, whose tongue
Dares to reiterate the sland'rous wrong.
Justly, I say, did brave Rinaldo's sword
Quell the vain boastings of the Northern Lord.
In one regard alone praise him not;
Thy late decree he slighted, or forgot."
He ceas'd; then Godfrey: "Freely let him go,
And quarrels and dissentions elsewhere sow;
Nor thou the germs of future broils supply;
Here cease all discord, and let anger die."

Meantime, with ceaseless zeal, the insidious maid
No labour spar'd to gain the expected aid.
Still through the live-long day her arts she tried,
Whate'er her beauty, wit, or craft supplied:
But when dun Night her shadowy mantle spread,
And day receded to his Western bed,
The fair one to her solitary tent,
Betwixt two Knights, two menial matrons, went.
But though each wile the subtle Syren knew,
Words that deceive, and graces that subdue;
Though ne'er were greater charms by partial Heav'n,
Before or since, to mortal female giv'n;
Though now the noblest of the warrior train
Bow'd to her pow'r, and own'd her pleasing chain,
In vain she strove with pleasure's bait to lure
Great Godfrey's soul, unconquer'd, calm, and pure;
In vain her soft seductions sought to move
The righteous Chief, and warm his soul to Love:
But as some bird of prey, when gorg'd with blood,
With heedless scorn neglects his proffer'd food,
So the vain world his sated soul defies,
Scorns its frail pleasures, and affects the skies,
Repels each wound that Love with treach'rous art
Aims from her eye, and frustrates ev'ry dart.
Firm and unmov'd, the paths of Faith he trod;
No vain allurements wean'd him from his God.
A thousand snares the Fair Enchantress tries,
In thousand Proteus forms attracts his eyes;
Her melting looks might Age's frost inspire,
And wake in coldest breasts Love's dormant fire;
But here Celestial Grace her pow'r disarms;
Griev'd she desists, and mourns her failing charms.

Late had she boasted with one glance to bend
The chastest bosoms to her wanton end;
Now from her pride's aspiring height she fell;
What shame, what anger in her bosom swell!
She goes, desponding, where she hopes to find,
Ripe for her fatal snare, a softer mind.
Thus from a fortress that his arms defies,
A Gen'ral turns, and proves some new emprize.
But with a shield as firm, brave Tancred's heart
Her flatt'ries baffles, and resists her art,
For in his breast a previous passion dwell'd,
And ev'ry new desire repress'd, repell'd.
As poison, poison to resist, we give,
So Love is still Love's best preservative.
These Chiefs alone the insidious Beauty spurn'd:
The rest or slightly glow'd, or fiercely burn'd.
Though keen regret her conscious bosom mov'd
That vain in part her deep designs had prov'd,
Yet great her joy that of so brave a band
No trivial portion own'd her soft command:
She hastes, 'ere chance her deadly schemes betray,
To lead them to some safer spot away,
That other bonds the captives there might prove,
Far diff'rent from the silken chains of Love.
And when at length the wish'd for juncture came,
Fix'd by the Chief to aid the impatient dame,
She thus her pray'r renew'd, in modest tone:
"Illustrious Chief, the appointed hour is gone;
And should a rumour reach my kinsman's ear
That I, thy suppliant, seek protection here,
His pow'rs the watchful tyrant would combine
His realm to guard, and frustrate our design.

Then, 'ere some active spy this news proclaim,
Or busy whisper of uncertain fame,
From thy brave warriors choose, without delay,
The few I ask, and speed us on our way.
And if high Heav'n, amid its boundless plan,
Look down with righteous eyes on feeble man,
Nor slight the wrongs of innocence, my reign
Shall soon confess its rightful heir again:
Then bound by grateful league my throne shall be,
And tribute pay, in peace or war, to thee."
  She spake: unable to deny, the Chief
Grants, with reluctance grants, the wish'd relief.
But as the maid her near departure prest,
He sees that with himself alone must rest
The invidious choice; with clamour all demand
To find admission 'mid the chosen band,
And with fresh zeal the envied post require,
As emulation fans their youthful fire.
With joy she sees the new-born passion rise,
And ever dext'rous in her enterprize,
She call'd on jealousy, the Fiend, to bring
His dark suspicion and his madd'ning sting;
Such arts, she knew, the torpor might remove
That waits upon procrastinated love,
As the fleet courser moves with speed renew'd,
By rival steeds preceded, or pursu'd.
With nice distinction did the Fair impart
Apportion'd favour to each thirsting heart;
To this a look, to that a smile was giv'n,
A look that breath'd of love, a smile of Heav'n;
Each viewed his rival with malignant eye;
Their hope she nurs'd, nor suffered fear to die.

Urged by the sleepless goad, the suitor throng,
Slave to a treach'rous smile, a falser tongue,
O'erleap all bounds; no shame, no fears restrain;
Their great Commander prays and chides in vain.
His wisdom, biass'd by no partial call,
Was bent alike to meet the wish of all:
Though great his anger and though great his shame,
To see his champions slaves to such a flame,
Yet, as unquench'd he sees their rash desires,
A new resolve his doubtful breast inspires.
"Each sep'rate warrior write his name," he cried;
"A vase shall hold the lots, and chance decide."
Soon were the names inscrib'd, the lots prepar'd;
An urn receives them, and they wait th' award.
The first that came, the sounding titles bore
Of Pembroke's Earl, the proud Artemidore;
The name of valiant Gerard next outflew,
And next his fortune Winceslaus drew;
He, late so grave, so prudent, and so sage,
His locks all whit'ning with the snows of age,
Forgets his wisdom now, a love-sick boy,
Dreams of bright eyes, and doats upon his toy.
These in their looks, their swimming eyes, exprest
The flood of pleasure that o'erflow'd their breast,
O'erjoy'd that Fortune thus their friend should prove,
Smile on their wish, and second all their love.
The rest, whose names as yet the urn conceal'd,
Their envy in their anxious looks reveal'd,
And on the reader's lips, whose welcome tongue
Announce'd the choice of Fortune, breathless hung.
The fourth in order, Guasco's lot appear'd,
Then Ridolf's name, then Olderic's was heard;

Then noble William of Roncillon came;
Bavarian Ev'rard, Henry, Gallic name;
Rambaldo last of all was drawn; 'twas he
Who changed his Faith, abhorr'd apostasy!*
And 'gainst the arms that fought for Jesus, strove;
Must such be then thy power, resistless Love?
These favor'd ten complete the chosen train:
The rest excluded, sighed, and wished in vain.
Stung by defeated hopes, the envious throng
In idle anger railed at Fortune's wrong;
Thee, Love, they blame, that thus, in judgment's hour,
Should'st suffer Fortune to usurp thy power.
But as the mind of man, with wayward pride,
Desires most keenly what is most denied,
Full many a Knight decides, with fav'ring night,
To follow the fair Dame, in Fortune's spite;
To her, by night, by day, they fain would fly,
For her would combat, and for her would die.
To such resolves incitement she affords
With sighs significant, and broken words,
Tells each in turn, how great her grief would be
To part without his lov'd society.
  Meantime, their last dismission to obtain,
Around their Gen'ral crowd the ready train.
To each apart his counsel he bestows;
How light, how false, the faith of Pagans, shows,
How weak their pledge; and sage advice subjoins
To 'scape their snares, and shun their base designs.
But scatter'd to the wind his counsel flies;
For when did Love learn wisdom from the wise?

* *Fe cangiando.*—Mention is made by the Chroniclers of one Christian named Rainald, who deserted to the enemy, and embraced the Mahometan faith.

At length dismissed they part. The Dame by night
Th' encampment leaves, nor waits the dawning light.
Victorious did she go, and with her bore,
To grace the triumph of their conqueror,
The rival-band; behind, of joy bereft,
A mournful train of love-sick hearts she left.
But when the Night came on, still Night, that brings
Slumbers, and dreams, and silence, on her wings,
An eager crowd, as Love the traces show'd,
In secret silence track'd Armida's road:
And Eustace followed first; with pain he stayed
Till tardy Ev'ning lent her friendly shade;
Though dark the evening, and though blind his guide,
Yet swiftly his unerring steps he plied:
Still through the tranquil night he journeyed on;
But with the earliest glimpse of op'ning dawn
A neighb'ring town he reached, and halting there,
He found, with all her suitor-train, the Fair.
Quick he advanced; but soon, with watchful view,
His emblems and his arms Rambaldo knew:
" What seek'st thou here? and who art thou?" he crie
" Armida's Knight am I," the youth replied;
Nor can the Fair, 'mong all her train, command
A slave more faithful, or a prompter hand."
" And who this honourable task assign'd?"
Rambaldo asked. " 'Twas Love," the youth rejoined;
Me mighty Love, thee fav'ring Fortune chose:
Who to the juster judge his title owes?"
Rambaldo then: " But little shall avail
Thy title false, and all thy arts shall fail.
No right hast thou the praise, the bliss, to claim,
That waits the champions of the royal Dame."

"And who," the youth demands with flashing eye,
Presumes my wish to bar, my claims deny?"
"I dare to bar thy claim," with threat'ning look
Rambaldo cried, advancing as he spoke.
Forward, to meet him, Eustace bold and young,
With equal scorn and equal ardour sprung.
But here the Fair stretched forth her snowy hand;
Their headstrong passions slept at her command:
To one she said: "Regret's thou then to see
A comrade for thyself, a knight for me?
Art thou my friend? then why so rashly strive
These new defenders from my cause to drive?"
To Eustace then: "That arm shall I reject
That seeks my life to guard, my fame protect?
A chief so welcome, of such noble name,
My warmest gratitude must surely claim."
Such her smooth speech; and as she passed along,
Still joined her swelling ranks an added throng;
Crowding they came from every side, nor knew
Their mutual plans, and cold, stern glances threw
Each at his fellow: joyful she received
Her new associates, and with smiles relieved.
But when the Morn dispersed the shades of Night,
The pious Godfrey learn'd his warriors' flight;
Much fear of future ill the Chief distrest,
And dark forebodings tore his anxious breast.
While such his mood, a messenger was seen,
Panting and dusty; gloomy was his mien,
As one who tidings of misfortune bears,
And in his face portrayed, his errand wears.
Thus he began: "The Egyptian Pow'rs prepare
To scour the Ocean with their naval war.

Such news by me, great Prince, has William sent,*
The skilful Chief of Genoa's armament."
He adds, that as, with stores abundant fraught,
A convoy from the ships the encampment sought,
The loaded beasts, as slow they moved along,
Encounter'd in their way an ambush'd throng;
Th' attendant slaves and guards, a num'rous train,
They charge with life defended, and were slain,
In a deep vale in front and rear assailed
By Arab bands, who charged them, and prevail'd.†
So wide were scattered the barbarians bold,
So daring were they grown, and uncontroll'd,
That like a deluge rolled their sweeping force,
And found no hindrance to arrest their course.
'Twere wished the Chief a squadron would despatch
To curb their inroads, and their movements watch,
And from encroachment free th' extended plain
Betwixt th' encamping armies, and the main.
From tongue to tongue th' unwelcome rumour sped
And quick through all the Camp its poison spread.
No slight alarm the trembling vulgar fills,
Lest Famine should ensue, supreme of ills.
The Chief sagacious, who beheld no more
The spirit bold that warm'd their breasts before,
With looks and words of comfort sought to cheer
Their drooping courage, and dispel their fear:

* *Guglielmo.*—William, a skilful Genoese seaman and mechanic, afterwards employed to construct the wooden towers employed at the siege. See Canto XVIII.

† *Da' ladroni d' Arabia*—Arabs under the command of Solyman, the same that intercepted and destroyed the reinforcement under Prince Sweno, as related in Canto VIII.

" Ye chosen champions of the cause of God,
Who oft with me in glory's paths have trod,
And painful toils endured, and dangers tried,
T' assert the worship of the Crucified;
Whose valour shrunk not from the Persian sword,
Nor fear'd the black designs of Greece's Lord;
Who billowy seas, and rugged mountains past,
Laugh'd at the storm, and brav'd the wintry blast,
Unmov'd, when hunger, or when thirst opprest;
Say, now shall fear find entrance to your breast?
Shall not Heaven's King, your guardian and your guide,
So oft in many a darker juncture tried,
Assure your courage? elsewhere does he lend
His tutelary glance, no more your friend?
Oft o'er our present toils shall mem'ry brood,
And grief be turned to joy and gratitude.
Then undismayed, my valiant friends, endure,
And for more prosp'rous fortune wait secure."
With words like these, and looks serene to view,
He cheered the spirits of his heartless crew.
But spite of all the hopes his lips exprest,
A thousand cares lay buried in his breast;
His thoughts he bent, to find some new resource
To feed, 'mid pressing want, his num'rous force,
To curb th' Egyptian fleet that scoured the main,
And quell the roving Arabs of the plain.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

Argantes sends an herald to the Christian Camp, to invite one of their Knights to single combat in a plain between the Camp and the City. Tancred is named by Godfrey to accept the challenge. He leaves the Camp, accompanied by Otho and others, but in his way, his attention is arrested by the sight of Clorinda, who had been ordered by the King to take post at a distance from the scene of action with a corps of a thousand men. Otho seizes the opportunity of Tancred's absence of mind, and advances to meet Argantes. He is defeated and taken prisoner. Combat between Tancred and Argantes. At the approach of night, they are parted by heralds sent from either army, but pledge themselves to meet again in six days. History of Hermina, and of her love for Tancred. Her anxiety during the battle. In her eagerness to know the state of Tancred's wounds, she puts on Clorinda's armour, leaves the town by night, and determines to find her way into the enemy's Camp, sending a squire beforehand to Tancred to give him notice of the arrival of a Lady, but without making known her name. She is intercepted and pursued by a party of Christian soldiers. Tancred, impatient at her non-arrival, quits the Camp, and rides in pursuit of her.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VI.

But livelier hope the straightened Pagans cheers,
Renews their courage, and allays their fears,
For frequent stores, when fav'ring darkness reign'd,
Within the town a secret entrance gain'd.
With copious arms their caution had supplied
The rampart that secured the Northern side,
Which solid now, and strong, and high appear'd,
Nor engine's shock, nor power of batt'ry fear'd.
And still the King employed his ceaseless care
His walls to heighten here, to strengthen there,
Or when the Sun illum'd th' æthereal plain,
Or night's pale Empress and her starry train
Held with the dusky shade disputed reign.
New arms to frame, the wearied artists urge
Their sleepless toil, and ply th' incessant forge.
At length, impatient of inglorious rest,
The fierce Argantes thus the Prince addrest:

" How long immured will thus thy prudence hold
Within these narrow walls, our spirits bold?
I hear the sounds the ringing anvils yield,
That shape the helm, the corslet, and the shield,
But to no use I see these arms applied,
While scour the wasted country, far and wide,
Grown daring from our sloth, these robber-bands;
Their inroads bold no force of ours withstands;
Secure they sleep, nor e'en a trumpet blows,
To wake the stillness of their deep repose.
No rude alarms their noon-day banquets fear,
And undisturbed they ply their evening cheer;
While Night's or Day's alternate seasons last,
Alike in tranquil ease their hours are past;
While we, distress and want compelled to know,
Must yield ourselves tame victims to the foe,
Or, should my King delay his aids to send,
Must wait, in trembling sloth, a coward's end.
But me it suits not, that Oblivion's shroud
My days should darken, and my glory cloud;
Nor shall to-morrow's Sun behold me here
Pent up within these walls, a slave to fear.
Let Fate, or Heav'n, at will adjudge my doom;
My sword shall cast a lustre o'er my tomb,
Nor shall Argantes, dead to Glory's call,
Or live degraded, or unhonoured fall.
But did your wonted worth your breasts inspire,
Nor ev'ry spark were dead of valor's fire,
No thought were mine to perish in the strife,
But lead the laurel-crowned victor's life.
Firm and resolved, together let us go,
Confront our danger, and defy our foe:

Bold counsel oft in peril's hour prevails,
And courage may succeed, where caution fails.
But if my wishes thou reject, nor dare
To send thine armies forth to manly war,
Grant that, in equal fight, two Knights alone
Decide this great debate, the stake, thy throne.
And that the Leader of the Christian line
May to our wish a readier ear incline,
Choose he the arms; with him the power remain
The fight to regulate, the terms ordain.
Each son of Europe boasts two hands alone,
Nor more than one brave heart their bosoms own;
Vain then thy fears lest ill success attend
The honourable cause my arms defend:
New destinies the brave man can create;
My arm is Fortune, and my sword is Fate.
Confiding in the pledge which these can give,
Securely may'st thou reign, securely live."
He ceas'd: "Heroic Youth," the King replied,
"Though age's frost has cooled my youthful pride,
Yet not so slow my heart's warm currents roll,
Nor yet to Honour's voice so dead my soul,
As rather here to die, a coward slave,
Than in the battle-field, where die the brave,
If wasting sickness, which thou seem'st to dread,
Or gaunt-fac'd Famine hovered o'er our head;
Far be such shame! But hear, while I make known
My secret plans, revealed to thee alone:
Great Solyman of Nice, a mighty name,
All burning to retrieve his tarnished fame,
And vindicate his realm, his honours lost,
Forms from Arabia's tribes a num'rous host;

Those hordes that roam the vast expanse of sand
Far as where Asia joins the Lybian strand.
With these he meditates a sudden blow,
To fall by night upon th' unwary foe,
And, should success his daring purpose crown,
Add new resources to our straitened town.
Meanwhile, if captur'd by the Christian train,
Our towns and forts confess the victor's chain,
We little heed, while these fair walls are free,
Nor foes profane the seat of royalty.
Then be awhile that warlike rage represt,
Which burns too fiercely in thy noble breast;
Some fitter exigence thou soon may'st see,
Worthy our great revenge, and worthy thee."
  The fierce Circassian's breast beat high; the smart
Of rivalry, of envy, wrung his heart.
With scornful smile he heard, and wounded pride,
How on the Soldan's aid the King relied:
  "War," he returned, "and peace are in thy choice,
Nor 'gainst thy will supreme I lift my voice.
Wait then till Solyman, the hero, come,
Around whose brows such deathless laurels bloom;
Let him, the sure protector of thy throne,
Defend another's realm, who lost his own.
Yes, to thy wish let Solyman be giv'n,
Sent down the champion of our Faith from Heav'n!
For me, dependent on myself I stand,
Nor need deliv'rer, save my own right hand.
Then while thy troops repose, perchance thou'lt grant
That on yon plain, a private combatant,
If not the chosen champion of thy right,
My single arm may try the chance of fight."

"'Twere better to reserve," the King rejoined,
"For other use, thy sword, thy dauntless mind;
But, if thou wilt, no hindrance shalt thou know,
But freely may'st defy some warrior-foe."
He said: Th' impatient Chief without delay
Call'd to th' attendant Herald: "Haste away,
And in the Christian camp, where all may hear,
Thus to their Chief my weighty message bear:
That one, whose soul refuses with disdain
Within these walls imprisoned to remain,
Burns with desire to prove in arms his might,
And stands prepar'd to wage an equal fight
In yon broad plain, whose wide extent is seen
The city's walls and lofty tents between,
With whosoe'er of all th' invading host
Relies upon his sword, his prowess, most.
Nor one, nor two alone he dares to fight,
But come a third, fourth, fifth successive Knight,
Be they of vulgar, or of noble line,
He braves them all; fair field let him assign,
If he approve; and as war's laws decree,
The vanquish'd shall the victor's captive be."
Thus spake the champion fierce; his message heard,
The Herald for his mission straight prepar'd,
Threw round his limbs his surcoat's crimson fold,*
Rich with embroidered arms, and bright with gold.
He past the gate, he cleared the plain, he found
Where Godfrey stood, his warlike Captains round,
And cried, "Declare, if by your laws belong
Unfettered freedom to an Envoy's tongue?"
The princely Leader then; "Without alarm
Thine errand's purport tell, secure from harm."

* See note 58.

The messenger resumes: "'Twill soon appear
If what I tell be source of joy or fear;"
Then straight proceeds his mission to unfold,
And gives, in lofty strain, the challenge bold.
Indignant at th' insulting words he spoke,
From all the gallant band loud murmurs broke.
"Methinks," th' unhesitating Prince replies,
"Your Knight provokes an hardy enterprize.
But, or my hopes my sober thoughts betray,
No need for four or five to fight to-day.
Then haste he to the proof; we swear to yield,
From all encroachment free, an open field;
No favour shall my champion deign to claim,
But seek on equal terms the lists of fame."
This answer giv'n, the King at arms in haste
The path, which late his footsteps trod, retraced,
And hurried on, with speed unchecked, to bear
His answer to the haughty challenger.
"Haste, lofty warrior, arm without delay;
The Christian Knights are eager for the fray;
Thy challenge they accept; nor those alone
Foremost for martial skill and valour known,
But youths the least of all renowned in fight,
Defy thine arm, and burn to prove thy might.
Thy message giv'n, I saw from many an eye
The threat'ning glance of indignation fly;
Moved by instinctive valour, ev'ry hand
Half from its sheath drew forth the shining brand.
Their Chief has pledged his princely word to yield,
From risk or favour free, an open field."
Thus spake the Herald-King. The Knight demands
His well-tried armour; with impatient hands

The glitt'ring steel around his limbs he throws;
With hope of instant fight his bosom glows:
To great Clorinda then the Monarch said,
(Close at his side she stood) "Illustrious maid,
Honour, methinks, forbids thee to remain,
While thy great comrade seeks in arms the plain.
Take then, his safety to ensure the more,
A thousand youths, the choicest of our pow'r;
And while to equal fight he takes his course,
Do thou at distance due retain thy force."
He said no more; and soon the chosen train
Brac'd on their arms, and issued to the plain:
Sheath'd in refulgent steel Argantes shone,
And spurr'd before the rest his courser on.
Between the City and th' encampment's mound
A fair expanse there lay of level ground,
Ample in size, as if designed with care
For exercise of arms, and mimic war.
There, full in view of all the Christian band,
The audacious Satrap took his haughty stand;
Vast was his strength; like fire his glances dart;
Tow'ring his height, and lofty was his heart.
So look'd, so mov'd Enceladus of yore,
And such the mien the great Philistine bore,
When in his pride the fatal vale he trod,*
And braved the armies of the living God.

* *Nell' ima valle.*—This valley is called in the 7th Canto, the vale of Terebinthus. That such a place was the scene of David's victory over Goliah, is perhaps a Jewish tradition, and may possibly be found in the Talmud. I have not met with it in Josephus, nor any where, except the other day where I least expected it, in Cervantes' Preface to Don Quixote. It might thence seem to be a tradition well known in Catholic countries. Cha-

The Christians saw, yet saw without alarm;
They knew not yet the wonders of his arm.
No name as yet had Godfrey's lips expressed,
By worth or fame exalted o'er the rest,
But 'mid the assembled Knights, on Tancred meet
Were bent th' expecting eyes of all the host;
The palm of valour, 'mong a thousand brave,
To him the army's whispered plaudits gave;
His name was heard from many a stifled voice;
Their great Commander's nod approved the choice:
To claims like his all meaner rivals yield,
And soon was Godfrey's sov'reign will revealed:
"Go, gallant Knight; be thou our champion; go,
And lay yon daring boaster's fury low."
A gen'rous pride upon his features shin'd,
And conscious gladness at the task assign'd;
He calls his Squire, he bids him bring with speed
His glitt'ring arms, then vaults upon his steed,
And straight, attended by a num'rous train,
Th' entrenchments quits, and hastens to the plain.
Scarce had he reached the wide and open space,
Where stood the champion of the Pagan race,
When lo! attir'd in rare and brilliant guise,
The warrior damsel struck his startled eyes;
Of purest white her mantle's graceful flow;
Less white on Alpine hills the virgin snow;
Her visor raised, her face's charms reveal'd;
View'd from an height, distinct o'er all the field
Her stature shone. Brave Tancred saw not now
Where proud Argantes rear'd his threat'ning brow,

teaubriand mentions a valley of that name in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

But instant check'd his courser's rapid pace,
And glued his eye-sight on the virgin's face,
Then stood all motionless, a lifeless frame,
Of coldest stone without, within of flame;
Content to see, to wonder, and adore,
He thinks of glory and of arms no more.
But when Argantes saw no foe prepare
To meet his prowess, and begin the war,
He cried aloud, "To combat here I came;
Does none advance? none dare the fight to claim?"
His senses gone, and rooted to the ground,
Deaf was brave Tancred to th' upbraiding sound;
But lo! his steed impetuous Otho* strains,
And first the vacant field of combat gains.
Much his bold heart, with youthful ardour fir'd,
To meet the haughty Pagan had desir'd,
But to great Tancred he resigned his claim,
And mingled with the crowd of followers came.
Now, when he found that Tancred's soul was lent
To other thoughts, no more on combat bent,
Favor'd beyond his hope, th' impatient boy
The wish'd occasion seized with greedy joy,
And as a tiger through the lonely wood,
Or furious panther springs, athirst for blood,
So rapid and so fierce, the youth drew near,
And at the Pagan drove his lifted spear.
Argantes saw, and pois'd his beam-like lance;
Then woke indignant Tancred from his trance:
"Hold, hold," he cried, "the fight is mine alone;"
He cried in vain; too far was Otho gone.
He paused; unspeakable despite and ire
Boil'd in his breast, and filled his cheek with fire:

* *Ottone.* One of the Adventurers. See Canto I.

He deem'd it foul dishonour, endless shame,
That one more forward should usurp his fame.
Meantime, bold Otho's well-directed spear
Smote proud Argantes' helm in mid career;
But the fierce Saracen's more potent stroke
His cuirass pierced, his yielding buckler broke;
The Christian sank beneath th' unequal force,
And headlong tumbled from his tott'ring horse;
But arm'd with firmer vigour, like a rock
Unmov'd the Pagan sate, nor felt the shock,
And thus with taunting voice and proud disdain
Insults the warrior, prostrate on the plain:
"Yield to thy conqu'ror; and henceforward be
Thy boast and glory, to have fought with me."
"Not with such ease," th' undaunted youth replies,
"Our arms are baffled, or our courage flies.
Let others for my fall excuse supply,
Be mine to be reveng'd, or mine to die."
Now like an hell-born Fury, breathing fire,
Or like Medusa, dreadful in his ire
Argantes grew: "Then learn my force to known,
Since thus thy rashness spurns a courteous foe,"
He cried; and on the youth his steed impelled,
By laws of chivalry no longer held.
Aside the Christian sprung, with nimble haste,
And answered with his weapon as he past;
Nor slight the wound; the spouting crimson gushed,
And stain'd with gore, the glitt'ring falchion blushed.
But what avail'd it, if the fruitless blow
Left unimpair'd the vigour of the foe,
And made his dreadful rage more fiercely glow?
With tighten'd curb he rein'd his courser's speed,
And turned him round; so swift the wheeling steed

Sprang back, that ere the movement was perceived,
Beneath th' o'erwhelming mass, of sense bereaved,
Down Otho dropp'd; his limbs, his spirits fail,
His breath forsakes him, and his cheek grows pale;
His strength departs, in rising faintness drowned,
His nerveless frame sinks, quiv'ring, to the ground.
O'er the fall'n youth the furious victor rode;
Across his breast the prancing courser strode.
"Such end," he cried, "may each proud Christian meet,
As he, who now lies prostrate at my feet!"
But gallant Tancred now delay'd no more,
Nor he, the mirror of fair knighthood, bore
Such cruel breach of chivalry to view;
On, to avenge his tarnish'd fame, he flew,
That rescued from the momentary stain,
Its well known lustre might burn bright again.
Aloud he cried: "Ungen'rous Knight, and base,
"On whom e'en Victory confers disgrace,
"What praise, what glory dost thou hope to find
"From acts thus foul, discourteous, and unkind?
"'Mid plund'ring Arab bands, in lawless strife,
"'Twas sure thy lot to pass thy barb'rous life;
"Then fly from men, and join the savage brood
"That haunt the mountain, and that roam the wood."
He ceas'd; unus'd to such insulting strain,
The haughty Pagan groan'd with inward pain,
Nor answer made; a murmured sound, no more,
Burst from him, like the lion's stifled roar;
Or as the rushing bolt impetuous parts
The riven clouds, its home, and downward darts,

So ev'ry straining accent he addrest,
Escap'd in thunder from his bursting breast.
Awhile, with threat'ning words and looks of fire,
They whet their mutual pride, their mutual ire;
Then, meas'ring with their eyes an ample course,
Wheel, with the light'ning's speed, their bounding horse.
Now, Muse, exalt me with thy pow'r divine,
And to their god-like rage be equall'd mine;
To me let mightier energy belong,
Nor be their deeds dishonoured by my song!
My voice, respondent to the vast alarms,
Shall catch new ardour as the battle warms,
And louder swell amid the swell of arms!
  Each adverse warrior set his lance in rest;
Each at his rival's head its point addrest.
No well-matched coursers to the goal that spring,
No air-borne voyager of swiftest wing,
Could match the speed with which that wond'rous pair,
The great Circassian here, and Tancred there,
Rush'd to th' assault; beneath the dreadful shock
Their shivered spears in countless splinters broke;
From the struck helms rebounding fragments came;
The meeting metals shot successive flame;
Trembled beneath their blows the solid ground;
The hollow mountains echoed back the sound;
Yet either Knight sate firm, nor deigned to bow
The plumy honours of his lofty brow.
Their coursers with the vast concussion reel'd,
And stagg'ring, tumbled helpless on the field.
Then from his stirrups sprang each warlike Lord,
Firm fix'd his foot on earth, and bar'd his deathful sword.
With caution did each practised foot advance,
Wary each arm, and watchful was each glance:

All forms, all attitudes of war they tried;
Now nimbly wheel around, now turn aside,
Now urge the battle's storm with furious heat,
And press impetuous on, now slow retreat:
Now here prepared to strike, now there, they show,
Then where 'tis least expected, speed the blow;
Now, tempting, offer some unguarded part,
Meet skill with skill, and art elude with art.
Bold Tancred to the foe his flank displayed
Nor by his shield secur'd, nor fencing blade;
The Pagan marked, and rushing on, alike
His side uncovered left, intent to strike;
But Tancred's steel the coming falchion meets,
Repels the blow, and in its turn repeats;
He strikes, he wounds; nor yet the blow pursues,
But with collected nerves his guard renews.
When the proud Pagan felt his streaming blood
Roll down his smarting limbs its tepid flood.
His rising rage unable to restrain,
He foam'd with indignation, writh'd with pain,
And shouting loud, and rising to his sword,
Launched his full vigour at the Latin lord:
Then watching well his time, the wary foe
Full on his shoulder dealt a second blow:
As some fierce bear, by dogs and men pursued
O'er desert mountain, or through tangled wood,
If, launched by skilful hands, he chance to feel
Deep buried in his flank the biting steel,
To madness stung, nor death nor danger fears,
But leaps contemptuous on the hunter's spears:
So in his wrath the fierce Circassian came,
And wound succeeds to wound, and shame to shame.

Sole in his breast the thirst of vengeance glows;
He scorns defence, nor thoughts of peril knows:
To courage rash, to strength untired he join'd
Th' exhaustless vigour of his mighty mind;
Earth shook beneath his sword's descending sway,
And the fir'd air gave back the steely ray.
So fast he strikes, that scarce the foe has pow'r
To ward, or to return the iron show'r,
Scarce time to breathe; nor all his skill or might
Saves from the furious charge the Christian Knight.
Long time did Tancred, pausing, wait in vain
Till the fierce storm should pass, that raged amain;
Now to th 'assault opposed his ample shield,
Now in wide circles strode around the field:
But since nor art could check, nor toil assuage
The fierce Circassian's inexhausted rage,
He too, transported, as his blood grows warm,
Indulges all the fury of his arm.
Judgment and skill to senseless rage give way,
And madness adds new vigour for the fray.
Faithful to ev'ry stroke, each tempered sword
The hostile armour bruis'd, or clove, or bor'd.
The trampled plain with sparkling steel is strew'd,
The sparkling steel is crimson'd o'er with blood,
And blood is mixed with sweat, and streams around;
The light'ning's vivid flash, the thunder's sound,
Are rivalled by their swords, with fury driv'n;
Their force, their swiftness match the bolt of Heav'n.
Each adverse host, th 'appalling sight that view'd,
In agonizing doubt suspended stood,
And wait th' eventful issue of the fight;
Joy, grief, alternate, hopes and fears excite.

From the vast crowd, spectators of the scene,
No voice escaped, no whisper breathed between;
Each smothered sound, each movement they supprest,
Save where their hearts heav'd fast within their breast.
Now reft of strength, of breath, each Knight was found,
And issue immature the fight had crown'd,
But rising Night her sable cope displayed,
Nor nearest objects pierc'd the ambient shade.
From either host two rev'rend heralds sent,*
To part the rival Chiefs their footsteps bent;
One Aridæus call'd, a Christian name,
And one Pindorus, from the foe that came,
Renowned for wisdom, for experience more;
He to the Camp the Pagan's challenge bore.
They, 'twixt the weapons of those mighty foes
Their peaceful sceptres dared to interpose,
For well the honour and respect they knew
By oldest usage to their stations due.
Pindorus first began; "Ye Chiefs of fame,
"To matchless valour equal is your claim;
"Then cease your rage, nor let the din of fight
"Startle, with sounds profane, the ear of Night.
"While the fair Sun illumes the cheerful skies,
"Man, son of care, his daily labours plies;
"But with the night, his toils, his sorrows cease,
"And all that lives and breathes, is blest with peace.
"No gen'rous warrior's breast that honour fires,
"Such praise as shuns the eye of day desires."
Argantes thus replied: "Though night be come,
"Fain would I still the unfinished strife resume;
"And yet 'twere grateful that th' approving day
"Should bear unquestioned witness to our fray.'

* See note 59.

" Swear then the foe, before we quit the plain,
" To meet me here, for future fight, again."
" Thou too shalt swear," the Christian Prince replied
" To come again, thy pris'ner at thy side;
" Else shall no truce, no other hour be known
" Our combat to decide, save this alone."
Thus sware the Chiefs; the Heralds, arm'd with pow'r
To destine for the fight some future hour,
Regardful of their wounds, deferred the fray
'Till the sixth Sun should ope the gates of day.
Fear and amaze this dreadful fight imprest
On ev'ry Christian, ev'ry Pagan breast.
The skill, the valour of each champion bold,
Their prowess rare, by ev'ry tongue was told.
Much varied their discordant voice, nor knew
To whom the nicely-balanced palm was due.
In anxious wonder and suspense they wait
To see what end shall crown the fierce debate,
If valour to ferocity, must yield,
Or rage to cooler worth resign the field.
But more alarmed, more anxious than the rest,
Fierce anguish rack'd the fair Herminia's breast;
For hung upon the issue of the sword
Her soul's far better part, her bosom's sov'reign Lord.
Cassano's daughter she, whose sceptred hand
O'er potent Antioch stretched his wide command.
But when her ravished crown and fair domain
Swelled the rich plunder of the Christian train,
She too was doomed the captive's lot to know,
Yet found no insult from the gen'rous foe,
But 'mid her country's ruins still was seen
To share the state and honours of a Queen.

Tancred, obsequious to the royal maid,
Each homage lavished, and each rev'rence paid;
The gallant Knight, as generous as brave,
Th' inestimable gift of freedom gave;
Her gems he seized not, nor her shining ore,
But left unspoiled, untouched, the costly store.
She mark'd his graceful mien, his youthful prime,
His manners princely, and his soul sublime;
She saw, and loved; nor e'er did Cupid's hand
Knit, in his frolic mood, a firmer band.
What though the love-sick Fair her freedom gained?
In thraldom still her captive soul remain'd.
It cost her gentle spirit many a tear
To quit the prison that she held so dear;
Pleas'd she remain'd, reluctant she remov'd,
From the sweet converse of the Prince she lov'd:
But honour, regal pride, the dread of shame,
Those sleepless guardians of a virgin's fame,
Compelled; obedient to their stern command
She sought protection in some friendly land.
Her royal mother, bowed with age and care,
Shared the sad exile of th' unhappy Fair.
Their wand'ring steps to Palestine they bent,
And there his shelt'ring aid the Tyrant lent.
But soon the Princess wept her parent's doom,
Snatched from her fond embraces to the tomb.
Yet not a mother's loss that now she bore,
Nor her sad exile on a foreign shore,
Her bosom's luckless passion could impair,
Or smother the fierce flame that revelled there.
Long did the hapless virgin pine and burn,
And nurs'd th' increasing fire, and looked for no return;

No soothing Hope supplied its balsam kind,
To heal the wounds that Mem'ry left behind;
And still more strong th' unmaster'd flame would grow,
The more she struggled to conceal her wo.
At length she breathed; 'twas war her hopes restor'd,
That brought to Sion's walls her gallant Lord.
All else were aw'd, and witness'd with affright
Such num'rous hostile bands, so fierce in fight;
But glad Herminia calmed her troubled mien,
And viewed their squadrons, smiling and serene;
Through the thick ranks, her lover to descry,
The beauteous Princess sent her longing eye:
Sometimes his warlike form she sought in vain,
Sometimes she spied him on the crowded plain;
Then would she say, with conscious gladness moved,
"Ah! there—again I see my soul's belov'd."
  There rose, contiguous to the City's wall,
The royal dome within, a turret tall,
From whose high top the eye-sight might command
The plains, the mountains, and the hostile band.
There, from the earliest peep of op'ning Day,
Till Night absorbed the Sun's departing ray,
She sate, and tow'rd the Camp her eyes would guide,
And communed with her own sad heart, and sigh'd.
'Twas thence she saw the fight, and as she saw,
Her bosom's flutt'ring inmate throbb'd with awe:
  "Thy best-belov'd is there," it seemed to say,
"And death awaits him in the mortal fray."
  Sunk by her sorrows, torpid with affright,
She watched the changing fortunes of the fight:
Moves but the Pagan Knight his threat'ning steel,
She seems within her soul its point to feel.

But when she learned that on that fatal plain
The parted combatants must meet again,
Unwonted dread th' ungrateful news imprest;
Her heart's warm life-blood curdled in her breast.
Then would she weep, unfriended and alone,
Heave the deep sigh, or pour the bitter groan:
Pale, trembling, half-alive, the wretched Fair
Seemed but a breathing image of despair.
Her wakeful thoughts, that range without control,
Present imagined terrors to her soul;
But when soft slumber waves his downy wings,
Far worse than death the horrors that he brings;
Then on her sight appalling phantoms start,
And dreams terrific paralyse her heart.
Close at her side her bleeding lover stands,
Points to his wounds, and asks her aiding hands;
She shrieks, starts up, awakened by her fears,
And finds her eyes, her bosom, wet with tears.
Nor fear alone of future harms distrest,
His present ill alarmed her anxious breast.
The suff'ring hero's wound, the pain he bears,
Her soul disquiet, and demand her cares:
For Fame, the fruitful nurse of lies, has flown,
To magnify the danger, yet unknown;
Has told that fainting, languishing, he lies,
And Death's cold hand awaits, to seal his eyes.
She, by her mother taught, the virtues knew
Of ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew;
Knew each charmed number, potent to impart
Relief to pain, and still the raging smart;
For royal daughters of the proudest line,
Oft learned, in Asia's realms, that art divine.

And now her gentle fingers longed to aid
Her wounded love, by soft affection sway'd:
To heal the Christian Knight her soul desir'd,
But Duty, for his foe her skill requir'd.
Then other simples would she fain employ,
Useless to heal, but mighty to destroy.
But her pure heart, with virgin meekness fraught,
Recoil'd and shudder'd at so foul a thought.
Yet still she fondly hoped each herb and flow'r
Might lose its virtues, and forget its pow'r.
No fear was hers 'mid armed bands to go,
And seek alone th' encampment of the foe;
For oft in foreign lands her lot had been;
Oft had she witnessed many a bloody scene;
For ever tost in life's unpitying storm,
Her soul less timid grew, less soft her form;
No slight alarm th' unshrinking Fair distrest,
Nor trivial fears disturbed her constant breast.
But mightier still, and boundless in his sway,
Confiding Love chas'd ev'ry fear away.
A lonely wand'rer in the Lybian woods,
The dauntless maid had dared their savage broods;
In fancy safe beneath Love's shelt'ring wing,
Had braved their claws, their poison, and their sting.
But though all outward danger she despis'd,
Her virgin fame the noble damsel priz'd;
Two mighty passions in her bosom strove,
Here Honour, there his great opponent, Love.*
And Honour thus began: "Illustrious maid!
'Till now my sacred voice has been obey'd;
'Mid lawless foes, no breath thy fame disgrac'd,
Thy mind was spotless, as thy form was chaste.

* See note 60.

And wilt thou cast away thy virgin flow'r,
That braved the perils of the captive hour?
What notions vain thine erring Fancy feed?
What thoughts beguile thee? or what hopes mislead?
Of Honour's laws so lightly dost thou deem,
And hold'st thou Virtue in such small esteem?
Say, would'st thou thus, 'mid camps and soldiers rude,
Unasked, a nightly paramour, intrude;
Thy brightest gem resign, thy maiden fame,
To court dishonour, and solicit shame?
The victor, of his easy conquest vain,
Shall thus upbraid thee, in insulting strain:
" 'Yes, thou did'st lose thy realm, and with thy throne
All that could grace a diadem is gone.
Away, I scorn thy prostituted charms:
Then go, a worthless prey, to vulgar arms.' "
Next came, his softer counsels to prefer,
Delusive Love, the cherished flatterer!
" Sure of no savage monster wert thou born,
Nor from the mountains' rugged entrails torn,
That Cupid's torch and bow thou should'st despise,
And shun the joys supreme that others prize.
Hast thou, soft maid, who thus disdain'st to feel,
A breast of adamant, an heart of steel,
That thou, of all that live, averse must prove
From Nature's purest joys, the joys of Love?
Go then,—where fond desire impels, depart;
Why fear'st thou in thy knight an iron heart?
Why may not he, as kindred feelings move,
Answer thy cares, and equal all thy love?
Yes, tear he gives for tear, and groan for groan,
And beats each pulse harmonious with thine own.

Hard-hearted thou, that ling'rest to afford
Relief and comfort to thy faithful Lord.
Thy hand prepares, thrice barb'rous! thrice ingrate!
While Tancred droops beneath his cruel fate,
In other's wounds the healing balm to pour,
And truth and constancy are priz'd no more.
Go, heal Argantes, that his murd'rous hand
May stretch thy lov'd deliv'rer on the sand:
Thus from thy debt of gratitude be free:
But say, deserves he such return from thee?
Loathes not thy gentle soul such foul disgrace,
Nor starts with horror from a charge so base?
Sure 'twere a task more grateful and benign,
And well-earn'd praise and pleasure would be thine,
If thy soft hand, each healing herb that knows,
With pious ministry his wounds should close:
Then would his frame its wonted health resume,
And his pale cheek regain its rosy bloom,
Beneath thy forming hand fresh charms acquire,
And thine own gift rekindle thy desire.
Then in his fame, his triumphs, wouldst thou share,
His deeds of valour, and his virtues rare:
His warm embrace thy constant love would bless,
And prosp'rous nuptials crown thy happiness.
Then to fair Italy's delightful plains,
Where Valour dwells, and true Religion reigns,
A happy bride would fond Herminia go;
Thee, far and wide, the pointed hand would show,
On thee each Latin maid and matron gaze,
Thy fortune envy, and proclaim thy praise."
Thus, senseless Fair! o'er airy bliss she broods,
As Fancy revels, or as Hope deludes.

Yet how to gain her wish, and how depart,
A thousand schemes perplex her dubious heart:
For watchful guards surround the palace gate,
Mount ev'ry wall, at ev'ry entrance wait,
Nor dare for reasons slight the gates unbar
Amid the perils of th' impending war.
Oft 'twas Herminia's sweet delight to share
The soothing converse of the warrior Fair.
With her till ev'ning's close she loved to stay,
With her till blushing morn restored the day;
And when the parting gleams of light were fled,
They sank to slumber in one common bed.
To her Herminia all her soul made known,
No selfish secret knew, save love alone:
This tyrant secret of her breast she kept;
And if her friend o'erheard her when she wept,
From other cause she feigned her tears to flow,
Her own hard lot the source of ample woe.
So close a tie their tender friendship bound,
That access uncontroll'd the Princess found;
Absent, at home, the martial damsel still
Left each apartment pervious to her will.
There, pensive and forlorn, she one day strayed,
While council's cares employed the warlike maid,
And paused, revolving in her anxious mind
The cherished scheme her soul had long design'd.
While various plans her wav'ring breast divide,
Perchance the vest and armour she espied
Of great Clorinda; "Happy, happy maid!"
(Thus deeply sighing, to herself she said)
"Nor yet I envy, like our giddy race,
The female honours of her form or face:

No robe, with sweeping train, her steps impedes,
No envious cell withholds from daring deeds;
Unblam'd, unquestion'd, privileg'd to roam,
Whene'er she wills, she issues from her home;
In radiant arms her beauteous limbs she decks,
Nor fear her breast can daunt, nor shame perplex.
Ah! why to me has less indulgent Heav'n
A feeble frame, a tim'rous bosom giv'n?
Else might I quit the silken robe, and veil,
For the plumed helmet, and the warrior's mail.
Then nor the winter's ice, nor summer's fire,
Nor rain, nor storm, would curb my heart's desire.
Then unimpeded, clad in armour bright,
Or guided by the Sun, or Moon's pale light,
Free might I go, my purpose known to none,
Where Fancy led, attended or alone.
Not thou, but I, Argantes, first had prov'd
The shock of combat with the Knight belov'd;
And then perhaps the battle's fav'ring chance
Had yielded him a captive to my lance:
And ah! full light, methinks, the yoke must prove,
When Slav'ry's chains are rivetted by Love!
Then might the bonds around my captive thrown
Have made more light the burden of my own.
Or if my Fate had will'd, his conqu'ring dart
Had pierced this breast, and tore my bleeding heart;
Then had his pointed steel at least been found
Of pow'r to heal fierce Love's severer wound,
And with my hapless life compelled to cease,
My frame, my sorrows then had sunk to peace.
Perchance my conqu'ror too had mourned my doom,
And honoured my pale relics with a tomb;

Had graced with some few drops a virgin's bier,
Nor deem'd his glory tarnish'd by a tear.
" In vain, ye idle thoughts, in vain ye rise!
The bliss ye seek, my feeble strength denies.
Then must I, sighing, weeping, here remain,
Confounded with the vulgar female train?
Forbid it Love!* and thou, my heart, be bold;
Why shall not arms Herminia's limbs infold?
My frame, though weak, may yet for one short hour
Find for th' unwonted load, unwonted power.
Yes, it shall be; new strength shall Love impart,
Love, that with courage arms the coward's heart:
The tim'rous stags, when mighty Love inspires,
Fierce battle wage, and glow with warlike fires,
Yet mine no wish the shock of arms to meet;
I frame a simple, innocent, deceit,
Hid by Clorinda's arms and borrow'd guise,
To quit the Town, secure from prying eyes;
Nor they who guard the lofty gates, would dare
Resist the mandates of the martial Fair.
Much have I mused, nor other means I see;
This glimpse of hope alone remains for me.
May Love, the patron of each female wile,
And fav'ring Fortune, aid my harmless guile!
And while Clorinda on the king attends,
The hour is prosp'rous to my destin'd ends."
Resolv'd, and urg'd by Love's resistless pow'r,
She wastes not in delay the precious hour;
With hands that trembled, to her own abode
She hastens to convey the glitt'ring load;
Nor hard the task, for with respect inspir'd,
All, at the royal Dame's approach, retir'd.

* See note 61.

Night too the aid of shelt'ring darkness lends,
Darkness, that theft or love alike befriends.
And soon more thick Night's deep'ning shadows rise;
No twinkling star relieves the sable skies.
One faithful Squire, of loyalty approv'd,
And of her female train, one maid belov'd
She called in secret, and to them alone
The secret of her rash resolve made known;
In part made known; her purposed flight explained,
But the rash step excused with reasons feign'd.
The trusty Squire, with eager zeal inspir'd,
In haste provided what their need requir'd.
Meanwhile the robe that flowed her form around,
Its floating folds, and train that swept the ground,
The royal Dame stripp'd off; in plain array
She tripp'd along, so nimble, light and gay,
With unbelieving wonder had ye seen
The metamorphose of the lovely Queen:
Her fav'rite maid alone beside her stands,
And aids her mistress with unskilful hands.
With the rude steel's ungrateful load she prest
Her golden hair, soft neck, and swelling breast;
Her arm, unequal to a task so great,
Gives way beneath the buckler's massy weight;
Glitt'ring in burnish'd steel the damsel stood,
Her sex, her nature, and herself subdu'd.
Love stood delighted by; the wanton child
Ey'd the mask'd Beauty, and in mischief smil'd;
'Twas thus he smil'd, when Hercules of yore
Resigned his manhood, and the distaff bore.
Scarce can her limbs th' unequal weight sustain;
Her feet move slowly, and she steps with pain;

She leans, confiding, on her faithful maid,
Who walks before, and lends her useful aid:
But from inspiring hope new spirits rise,
And love fresh vigour to her limbs supplies.
She urges on; the spot they reach with speed
Where waits the squire; they mount the ready steed;
Disguised they go, still studious to pursue
Secluded paths, and ways remote from view:
Yet soldiers oft they pass, and through the night
Descry the gleam of armour flashing bright;
But all obsequious from their path recede,
Free passage yield, nor venture to impede,
For well they recognize the snow-white vest,
And the dread emblem of Clorinda's crest.
Encourag'd thus, her painful doubts decrease;
Nor yet secure she went, nor yet her terrors cease;
Detected at the last, she yet may fail;
She shudders at her rashness, and turns pale.
But now, arrived before the portals barr'd,
She checks her fears, and thus deludes the guard:
"Clorinda comes," she cried; "unbar the gate,
On errand of high import to the state,
Sent by the King, I go." Her tones complete
The feign'd resemblance, and assist the cheat.
For who would dream, all armed and mounted there
To see another female, soft and fair?
The watch, deceived, the bold command obey'd;
Quick with her faithful comrades springs the maid
Through the wide gate; long, devious paths they find,
And safely through the crooked vallies wind.
They reached a deep and solitary place;
And here Herminia check'd her courser's pace:

She judg'd the first and greatest danger o'er,
And hindrance or detection feared no more.
Yet now another doubt the Fair distrest,
Which first had scarce found access to her breast;
To pass within the Camp, more hard appear'd,
Than her impetuous Love before had fear'd.
She saw 'twere vain at random thus to go,
And seek in martial garb a warlike foe:
Nor wished, ere to the spot desired she came,
To tell her sex, her station, or her name,
But safe from imputation, scorn, or slight,
A sudden visitant, surprise her Knight.
She paus'd; and grown more cautious and less bold,
Thus to her faithful Squire her wishes told:
"My friend, thy mistress of thy aid has need,
A trusty Envoy thou my steps precede;
Haste thee where lies encamp'd the Christian force,
And straight to Tancred's tent direct thy course;
Tell him a Lady comes with friendly hands
To heal his recent wounds, and peace demands:
Peace—for within my breast Love's tumults burn,
So may my pains abate, his health return:
By firm reliance on his candour borne,
She fears no insult, no unmanly scorn.
Thus speak; if more he urges thee to say,
Feign ignorance, and come with speed away."
The Princess spake; as if with wings indued,
The faithful Squire his rapid way pursued;
And well he sped; within th' intrenchment's bound
The dext'rous menial free admission found;
Soon Tancred's tent he gain'd; the astonished Knight
Receiv'd his message with unfeign'd delight.

ick he returns, and while in Tancred's soul
housand dubious thoughts successive roll,
irs back the welcome message to the Fair,
at safe and private entrance waits her there.
t nought her keen impatience could assuage;
:h ling'ring moment seemed an hour, an age;
: counts his steps; "Now," fondly she would say,
le gains the Camp—he enters—comes away."
: thinks her Squire, nor thinks without alarm,
is light of foot is grown, of zeal less warm:
itless at length, she climbs a neighb'ring height,
iere the white tents first struck her joyful sight.
l Night, in star embroidered vest arrayed,
it o'er the slumb'ring world her silent shade;
fleeting cloud disturb'd her tranquil reign;
: moon, slow rising through the azure plain,
r lawn and hill her silver lustre threw,
l changed to living pearls the orbed dew.
passion's mazes lost, th' enamour'd Dame
ve pensive utt'rance to her ill-starr'd flame,
le the mute plains her secret sorrows know,
l called on Silence to attest her wo.
:n gazing on the distant Camp, she cries,
' Ye Latin tents, fair are ye in my eyes!
: passing gales that from ye blow, impart
ransient comfort to my bleeding heart!
may relenting Heav'n reserve for me,
d in its wrath, a kinder destiny,
'tis in you alone my woes must cease;
in the midst of arms I look for peace.
:eive me then! and grant me there to prove
: pity, promised by assuring Love;

That soothing pity which I found before,
A captive, from the hero I adore.
Nor one vain wish I cherish, to regain,
My kingly honours and my rich domain;
All earthly glories freely I resign;
Far other wish, far other hopes are mine!
Though stripp'd of these, abundant bliss 'twould gi
Within your lov'd abode a slave to live!"
Ah! little, while she spake, the Fair divin'd
Th' unkindly lot her frowning fates design'd!
As on the height she stood, with quiv'ring play
Danc'd on her polished arms the lunar ray;
The steel, the snowy vest that deck'd her frame,
Wide o'er the fields reflect the silv'ry flame;
The burnished tiger, blazing on her crest,
Clorinda's self, in pomp of war confest.
An armed troop (so will'd her adverse fate)
Not far remov'd, in secret ambush wait;
Two Latin brothers o'er the nightly band,
Alcander, Polifernes, held command;
Their charge, to bar the intercepted course
Of sheep and oxen to the Pagan force:
And when the dext'rous Squire his passage found,
Through paths remote with rapid step he wound.
Young Polifernes, who had seen expire
Beneath Clorinda's arm his honour'd sire,
Soon as her arms he sees, her vestment fair,
Doubts not his parent's murderer is there:
With words of wrath he fires his ambush'd train,
To all his rising fury gives the rein,
And cries aloud, "Tis now thy turn to die,"
Then hurl'd his lance; the lance past idly by.

As when an hind, o'erspent with thirst and heat,
To well-known waters guides her weary feet,
Where from some rock translucent springs distil,
Or winds through wood-fring'd banks the murm'ring rill;
There, while she hopes her panting sides to lave
In the pure freshness of the crystal wave,
Taste the cool shade, and catch th' inspiring breeze,
If chance th' advancing hounds she hears or sees,
To instant flight her startled steps she turns,
Forgets the heat that melts, the thirst that burns:
The fair-one thus, with love's fierce thirst oppreat,
Love, ever fiercest in the softest breast,
While now she hoped the wished relief to find,
And in sweet converse soothe her wounded mind,
Soon as the sounds of war surprise her ear,
The shout, the loud-breath'd threat, the whizzing spear,
Her fond desires, her airy dreams are gone;
Dead to herself, alive to fear alone,
To sudden flight she spurs her springing steed,
Shakes the loose reins, and urges all his speed.
  Away Herminia flies; with thund'ring sound
And winged feet, her courser spurns the ground.
Nor stays her maid behind; the hostile crew,
With their hot leader at their head, pursue.
Soon from the camp the trusty menial came,
Charg'd with the welcome message to the dame.
He too, in doubt, pursues the flying train;
Affrighted and dispersed, they scour the plain.
  The wiser brother, whose attentive eye
The false Clorinda fail'd not to descry,
Forbore to follow in her flight the maid,
But at his post more distant, cautious, staid,

Then sent a message, that no fleecy prey,
No herd was intercepted in its way,
But that Clorinda, seiz'd with sudden dread,
Before his brother's chasing squadron fled;
Nor likelihood there seem'd, that she, who stands
In lofty station, and the rest commands,
Should issue forth alone, at dead of night,
For trivial enterprise, or reason slight.
He waits till Godfrey shall announce his will,
Himself prepared each mandate to fulfil.
Soon all the camp th' important tidings knew,
And through th' Italian quarter first they flew:
Brave Tancred, whom the message first receiv'd,
Had filled with thoughtful doubt, alarm'd and griev'd,
Exclaims, "Perchance the damsel came to me;
Endanger'd for my sake her life may be."
So thought the knight, nor other care he knows;
His arms around his limbs in part he throws,
Part naked leaves; then vaulting on his horse,
Takes quickly from the camp his silent course,
And where th' imprinted footsteps meet his eyes,
Pursues, and o'er the field like light'ning flies.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Herminia, unable to govern her horse, is carried away to a shepherd's cottage on the banks of the Jordan, where she determines to take up her abode for a time, and employs herself in pastoral occupations. Tancred, having lost himself in pursuit of Herminia, is conducted by a treacherous guide to a castle belonging to Armida, built on an island in the Dead Sea. His combat with Rambaldo, one of the christian knights who had followed Armida, and been persuaded by her to embrace Mahometanism. He is entrapped into the castle, and confined in a solitary cell. The time appointed for the renewal of his combat with Argantes being expired, the latter sends a fresh defiance to the camp. Tancred being absent, no christian knight dares accept the challenge. Godfrey, indignant at their cowardice, determines himself to supply Tancred's place, but is prevented by Raymond, who insists on fighting the Pagan champion, in spite of his age, and severely reproaches the rest for their backwardness. Numbers now offer themselves, and it is determined that a champion shall be chosen by lot. The lot falls upon Raymond. His prayer to the Almighty, who sends his guardian angel to his protection. Combat between Raymond and Argantes. Belzebub, seeing the pagan in danger, assumes the shape of Clorinda, and encourages Horaddin, a celebrated archer, to aim an arrow at Raymond. The latter is wounded. Godfrey seeing the compact violated, and alarmed for Raymond's life, immediately charges the Pagans who are on the point of being defeated, when Belzebub raises a storm, which driving in the face of the Christians, causes confusion among them. Clorinda seizes the opportunity, returns to the charge, and the Christians are driven back to their entrenchments with great loss.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VII.

BENEATH an aged wood's embower'd shade*
Herminia's courser bore the flying maid.
No more the reins obey'd her trembling hand;
Her quiv'ring soul suspended seem'd to stand
'Twixt life and death: meanwhile th' ungovern'd horse
Through such untrodden mazes urged his course
As baffled all pursuit; the hostile train
Forbore to follow, for pursuit was vain.
As hounds successless through the live-long day,
Panting and faint retrace their weary way,
If o'er the plains with fruitless toil pursued
Their game finds shelter in the covert wood,

* *Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrose piante &c.* The verses of Tasso are sung in Italy, as those of Homer were in ancient Greece. The beginning of this Canto is the favourite passage of the gondoliers of Venice.

So from the chace the Christian horsemen turn;
With shame they redden, and with rage they burn.
On flies the fair, nor once reverts her eye
To see if still the dreaded foe is nigh;
Through the long night, the coming day, she ran;
No guide she follow'd and she knew no plan;
Nought in her flight she sees, and nought she hears,
Save her own piteous sighs, her falling tears.
But when his steeds, their round diurnal run,
From his bright car unyok'd the golden Sun
And bathed his splendors in the western wave,
She reached a spot which Jordan's waters lave,
Pellucid stream! there from her steed she throws
Her weary members and invokes repose.
No food she sought; she fed upon her woe,
Her only sustenance the tears that flow.
But Sleep, that still to man with cares oppress
Gives peace, and sweet forgetfulness, and rest,
A respite to her sense, her sorrow, brings
And wafts Oblivion from his downy wings.
Yet did not Love, relentless tyrant, cease,
But with sad dreams disturb'd her transient peace.
She slept, till carolling from many a spray,
The feather'd warblers hailed the rising day,
Till glow'd the peopled air with life restor'd,
And trees and floods a deeper murmur pour'd.
As Zephyr, comrade of the morning hours,
Curled the smooth stream, and kiss'd the shrinki
The damsel wakes: she opes her languid eyes;
A shepherd's solitary home she spies;
'Mid the loud hum, an human voice she hears,
That wakes again her sorrows and her tears,

But while forebodings sad her bosom fill,
A sound disturbed her musings, loud and shrill,
As if a pipe its simple music flung,
Answ'ring the cheerful shepherds as they sung.
Slow tow'rds the welcome sound she guides her feet,
And saw, reclining on a grassy seat,
A gray-hair'd sire, that osier baskets wove:
The friendly foliage spread its shade above;
His grazing flocks beside him tripp'd along,
And three blithe striplings trill'd their rustic song.
All mute they stood with wonder and with awe,
When first th' unwonted gleam of arms they saw;
But soon the maid their doubts mistrustful cheers,
Salutes with kindness, and removes their fears,
Shows her fair hair her gently-beaming eyes:
"Ye happy race, belov'd of Heav'n," she cries,
"Secure from harm, your useful toils pursue;
No danger do these arms portend to you;
To peace like yours they scorn to offer wrong,
Your quiet labours, and your tuneful song.
"Father," she thus proceeds, "while wide and far
Burns with destructive rage the flame of war,
How in your quiet shed remain ye here,
Nor lawless bands, nor plund'ring inroads fear?"
"Son," he replied, "in this secluded scene,
Unoutrag'd and unharm'd have ever been
My home, my flocks; nor did the din of arms
E'er shake our lowly cot with rude alarms.
Thanks be to Heaven, that guards, content and free,
The shepherd, blest in his humility.
As bursts the lightning on the mountain's brow,
While smiles the humble vale in peace below,

So foreign war its blasting vengeance brings
To sceptred grandeur and the thrones of kings.
Me, my neglected poverty secures;
Force rarely enters but where gold allures.
But though the world my humble lot depeise,
Yet precious is the jewel in my eyes,
Nor does my peaceful breast one spark infold
Of mad ambition, or the lust of gold.
At the clear brook my modest cup I fill,
Nor fear lest poison taint the crystal rill;
My little garden and my flocks afford
Unpurchas'd dainties to my frugal board;
Who lives to Nature and her dictates true,
Is soon contented, for her wants are few,
Yon shepherds are my sons; nor I maintain
The useless burden of the menial train.
Thus in this lone abode I pass my day,
And mark the fawns, the kids, that round me play,
Watch sporting in the stream the scaly fry,
Or birds expand their plumage to the sky
"Time was, when glow'd my breast with other fires;
In early youth, misled by vain desires,
I too disdained the shepherd's simple toil,
And discontented fled my native soil.
In Cairo* long I found a busy home.
Plac'd 'mong th'attendants of the Monarch's dome,
And though the gardens were my humble care,
The news of courtly vices reached me there.

* *In Memfi.* In speaking of the metropolis of Egypt, Tasso uses Memphis and Cairo indiscriminately. There seems little doubt that the situation of the ancient Memphis may be fixed at *Gizeh*, directly opposite the old Cairo.

Yet long seduced by Hope's enchanting smile,
I liv'd unblest, and plied my thankless toil.
But when at last my youth's gay prime was o'er,
My spirits humbled, and my hopes no more,
This lowly life once more my thoughts engrost,
And sighing for the peace that I had lost,
I bade the Court adieu, and here remain
Contented in my native woods again."
While thus he spake, intent Herminia hung
On the sweet music of the shepherd's tongue.
In part, his sage discourse compos'd to rest
The stormy tumult raging in her breast:
At last, long pond'ring in her secret mind,
To wait in this lone spot the Fair design'd,
Till alter'd Fortune, or some greater Pow'r
Should mark for her return a brighter hour.
"Thrice happy man," at length she thus replied,
"Thou who frail Fortune's frowns thyself hast tried,
Unless to thee alone indulgent Heav'n
This envied lot, this blissful state has giv'n,
Let pity for my sorrows move thy breast;
Receive a stranger in thy peaceful nest;
In part perchance, these shades, this calm abode,
May ease my bosom of its cruel load:
And didst thou long for gems, or shining ore,
Toys, which the vulgar cherish and adore,
To me belong abundant treasures still,
To recompense thy care, and glut thy will."
Then while her eyes, that beam'd with beauty, pour
Of sorrow's lovely drops a crystal show'r,
She told her tale; and griev'd such woes to hear,
The pitying shepherd answer'd tear with tear:

To heal her pain with soothing words he strove,
And show'd a father's care, a father's love.
Then to his aged wife her steps he led,
The partner of his life, his home, his bed.
Soon in coarse weeds the royal Fair was drest;
Coarse was the veil her shining locks that prest;
Yet all her movements, all her looks declare
No low-born tenant of the woods is there:
Her rustic vestments strove in vain to hide
Her in-born grandeur, and her noble pride;
'Mid her rude toils th' observant eye might see
The latent circumstance of majesty.
She guides her flocks to pasture on the plain,
And drives at ev'ning to their fold again,
Then presses from their teats the snowy stream,
And churns with whiter hands the curdling cream.
Oft when her woolly charge, o'ercome with heat,
Sought in the friendly shade a cool retreat,
On some tall beech she carv'd her lover's name,
Or made the laurel witness to her flame.
A thousand trees amid the conscious grove
Bore the sad annals of her hapless love,
And as her own recorded woes she read,
Her sorrows liv'd anew, and tears again were shed.
"Ye trees," she cried, in mournful tones and slow,
"Preserve the record of Herminia's wo.
So, if in future days some constant maid,
Or tender lover seek your soothing shade,
May soft compassion in their bosoms rise,
To read the story of my destinies;
Then shall they say, 'Too harsh did Fortune prove,
And ill was Faith so pure repaid by Love.'

And ah! perchance, if Heav'n vouchsafe to hear
Man's earnest orisons with gracious ear,
He, who unmov'd beholds my hapless doom,
May seek the silence of this sylvan gloom,
To the lone spot may guide his pensive eye,
Where mix'd with kindred earth my relics lie,
And some few sighs, some pitying tears assign,
A tardy recompense for griefs like mine!
Then, if remorseless wo my life opprest,
In death at least my spirit may be blest,
And my cold dust those envied joys obtain,
Which here my tortur'd bosom seeks in vain."
Thus to th' insensate trunks her woes she told,
While from her eyes the streaming torrents roll'd.
Tancred meanwhile, by baffling Fortune led,
Far from the Fair his devious footsteps sped.
He, as th' imprinted track he still pursued,
Reach'd in his rapid course th' adjoining wood;
But, thick with tangled boughs, the grove profound
Pour'd such impenetrable darkness round,
His eye no more the recent steps could trace;
Onward he moves with hesitating pace,
And ev'ry moment lends an anxious ear
The sound of arms or trampling steeds to hear;
And if perchance the wakeful breeze of night
Disturbs the Sylvan boughs with movement slight,
If bird, or beast, the sylvan foliage shakes,
Still to the rustling sound his way he takes.
At length he clears the wood; the Moon's pale ray
Directs his steps, through many an unknown way,
Tow'rd a loud noise upon his ears that broke;
And soon arriving where the sound awoke,

He saw from fissur'd rocks a streamlet pour
Of crystal waters its abundant store,
Which soon, expanding as they flow'd, were seen
To wind their noisy track through banks of green.
He paus'd, he rais'd his voice's loudest tone,
But Echo answer'd to his voice alone.
At length he saw, with crimson light o'erspread,
The welcome Morning lift her placid head.
He sigh'd, and rail'd at Heav'n in angry strain,
That cross'd his will, and mock'd his efforts vain;
But swears that rich atonement shall be paid,
If harm or insult reach the much-lov'd maid.
At length he fix'd, though dubious of the track,
To his own tents to speed his journey back,
For shortly now must dawn th' appointed day,
When Egypt's knight would claim th' unfinish'd fray.
While doubtful he proceeds, there struck his ear
The sound of hoofs, advancing still more near;
An horseman issuing from a vale he spies;
He seem'd a courier by his mien and guise;
A whip he shook, an horn beside him hung,
In Europe's mode across his shoulders slung.
Him the brave Knight address'd, and ask'd the way
To where encamp'd the Christian armies lay.
He in Italian: "To the Camp is bent
My course, by Boemond on high message sent."
The Knight a ready credence gave, deceiv'd;
The courier from his kinsman he believ'd.
They came to where a stagnant lake and dead
Its wide expanse of tainted waters spread;
Amidst, environ'd by th' unwholesome flood,
And tow'ring high in air, a castle stood.

'Twas now the hour when with declining light,
The Sun darts headlong to the cave of Night.
Soon to his horn his breath the courier lends;
Soon, from the walls let down, a bridge descends.
"If Latin thou, here till the dawning day,"
The courier said, "securely may'st thou stay.
Late to Cosenza's Earl, a Captain brave,
The chance of war this Pagan fortress gave."
The warrior ey'd the spot; to human pow'r
Impregnable appear'd the frowning tow'r,
By art, by nature fenc'd; he doubts awhile
That in a place so strong some hidden guile
May wait th' incautious; but to risks inur'd,
He show'd no signs of terror, well assur'd,
Where'er or choice or fate his steps might lead,
His arm could aid him in the hour of need.
Yet as his pledge the combat to renew
Forbade all fresh adventures to pursue,
Awhile he pauses, when the spot they gain
Where rests the vaulted draw-bridge on the plain,
Dubious to follow, though the treach'rous guide
Again his urgent invitation plied.
Sudden upon the bridge a Knight was seen
In armour clad, of fierce and angry mien;
A naked falchion in his hand he shook,
And thus in loud and threat'ning accents spoke;
"Oh! thou, who to Armida's realms art come,
Or by thy choice conducted, or thy doom,
Thine arms lay down; no flight remains for thee;
Chains are thy lot, and hopeless slavery.
Enter within the spell-protected wall,
And learn the rigid doom prescrib'd to all:

Ne'er must thou hope the cheerful Heav'ns to view,
Though rolling years their ceaseless course renew,
Though age creep on, and change thy whit'ning hair,
Unless, the champion of her cause, thou swear
Eternal war and hatred to proclaim
'Gainst those who war for Jesus' hated name."
The speaker Tancred ey'd with earnest view:
Soon Gascon Rambald's voice and arms he knew;
He, blinded follower of th' Enchantress maid,
Forswore his God, an impious renegade,
And sole among the Faithful, lent his sword,
The foul defender of her rites abhorr'd.
Deep blush'd, with shame and holy anger dyed,
The Prince's cheek: "Base felon," he replied,
"Tancred am I, who still my falchion draw
For Christ, the Saviour, and his heav'n-born law;
Fill'd with his grace, his foes in many a field,
As thou shalt quickly learn. I taught to yield;
For Heav'n I war; nor hard the task shall be
To deal its vengeance on a wretch like thee."
Aghast the traitor stood; that glorious name
Appall'd the bosom which was dead to shame.
From his wan cheek the fading colour flies;
"Unhappy thou, (with courage feign'd he cries,)
That soon must die! here all thy vaunted force
Shall fail, here lie thy mutilated corse,
And I, unless my wonted pow'r be fled,
Send to the Christian Chief thy gory head."
The Pagan spake; and as the waning light
Of day receded, and obscur'd the sight,
Such num'rous lamps flam'd sudden on the view,
That all illum'd the kindling æther grew:

A blaze of light involv'd the lofty tow'r,
As in some theatre at midnight hour,
When the gay scenes their mimic pomp display,
And floods of splendor emulate the day;
While undiscover'd sate th' Enchantress-Queen,
And from on high survey'd the passing scene.
  Meanwhile the lofty hero, undismay'd,
Prepar'd for fight, and drew his shining blade,
And as on foot the hostile Knight he found,
From his tir'd horse leapt nimbly to the ground.
In front his spacious shield Rambaldo spread;
Clos'd was the casque that arm'd his perjur'd head;
Bare in his hand his waving falchion shone;
In act to strike, the renegade rush'd on.
To meet the war indignant Tancred came,
With voice of terror, and with eye of flame.
The guarded foe in wheeling circles goes
With cautious steps, and aims pretended blows;
The Prince, though spent and tir'd, advances near,
And with his rival closes, dead to fear;
Still as the wary fencer backward drew,
He strain'd his utmost vigour to pursue,
And prest th' assault, and in the traitor's face
His weapon drove; at ev'ry vital place
He aim'd; with blows high-sounding threats he vents,
And panic terror ev'ry wound augments.
On ev'ry side the Gascon strove to wheel,
To 'scape the vengeance of the hero's steel;
With sword or shield he hopes to baffle still
His valour's heat, and render vain his skill:
Yet not so swift the nimble Pagan moves,
But swifter still his matchless rival proves.

Already were his helm, his buckler, bor'd,
And many a gash his blood-stain'd harness gor'd;
Each time brave Tancred's arm its stroke renew'd,
The iron vengeance drank apostate blood.
Fear seiz'd his frame, and in his breast by turns
Shame, anger, love, revenge, or conscience burns.
Resolv'd at length, as rage, despair, incite,
To prove at once the utmost chance of fight,
He cast his shield away; with either hand
Furious he grasp'd his yet unsullied brand,
Rush'd on his foe, and dealt so fierce a stroke,
The strongest mail had yielded to the shock;
The Prince's thigh the trenchant weapon found,
Inflicting, where it fell, a painful wound.
Then on his head a second blow he swung;
Like a shrill bell the brazen helmet rung;
The casque it clove not; yet the noble foe
Shrunk back, and stagger'd with the furious blow.
Deep burn'd the Prince's cheek with gen'rous ire;
His teeth that gnash, the sparks of living fire
That through the gratings of his visor roll,
Attest th' ungovern'd fury of his soul.
O'erwhelm'd, appall'd, the renegade no more
The terrors of his dreadful aspect bore;
He hears the hissing sword, and seems to feel
Within his veins, his heart, the grinding steel.
He shuns the blow, which spends its force in vain
And smites the pillars that the bridge sustain:
Flash the thick sparks, the marble fragments start,
And icy fear congeals the traitor's heart:
He rushes to the bridge, and quits the strife,
For flight alone affords him hopes of life.

Tancred pursu'd with unabated heat,
Now brush'd his neck, now prest upon his feet,
When witchcraft's sudden aid the rebel found;
Each blazing torch, each glimm'ring star was drown'd,
And to the desolate and rayless night
Sudden the clouded Moon refus'd her light.
The baffled victor, 'mid the deepen'd shades
Where magic gloom the gloom of Nature aids,
Pursu'd no more; before, behind, around,
'Twas midnight all; his feet at random found
Uncertain way; a gate he reach'd at last
Darkling, and enter'd heedless; as he past,
Instant the hinges grated on his ear;
Inclos'd he stood in prison, lone and drear.
As in Comacchio's bay, where wide expands
Th' admitted Ocean o'er the swampy lands,
If some incautious fish the billows shuns,
And for retreat to quiet waters runs,
The marshy prison, fast secur'd behind,
Locks up the finny captive, self-confin'd;
For the vast pool, contriv'd with wond'rous art,
Freely admits, nor suffers to depart;
So Tancred there, such secret skill secur'd
The wond'rous prison where he stood immur'd,
Found entrance free, but strictest search in vain
Explor'd a pass to let him loose again.
To shake the gate with nervous arm he tried;
The gate, secure, his utmost strength defied;
And soon his ears receiv'd this startling cry;
"Armida's captive, vainly dost thou try
Escape from this lone prison to procure;
Thee shall this dark and tomb-like cell immure;

For me, though bow'd beneath the weight of years,
I feel no weakness, and I know no fears.
From martial toil and risk let others flee;
Enfeebling Age is no excuse for me.
Oh! that to me might youthful strength belong,
Like ye, who trembling stand, a coward throng,
Whom neither shame inspires, nor rage pervades
'Gainst the proud foe that threatens and upbraids!
Or as myself in valour's pride once stood,—
All Germany combin'd my prowess view'd
At Conrad's court, when Leopold confest
My conqu'ring arm, that pierc'd his haughty breast.
And from so great a foe the spoils to bear,
Was sure a deed more glorious and more fair,
Than here, alone, unarm'd, to chase along
Collected numbers of yon dastard throng.
Did still that vigour in my arm reside,
Already had I quell'd yon boaster's pride.
Nor yet has age each germ of worth supprest,
Nor froze the valiant heart that fills my breast;
And breathless if I lie on yonder plain,
No easy conquest shall the victor gain.
My arms, my arms! this day shall cast a blaze
Of reflex glory o'er my former days."
So spake the gray-hair'd sage: his words inspire
New life to torpid valor's slumb'ring fire;
They who before were mute, benumb'd with fear,
Now flush'd with valor, prompt and bold appear;
None dubious or aloof were seen to stand,
And some with eager voice the task demand;
Foremost were Baldwin, Stephen, Chiefs of fame,
Rogero, Gernier, Guelph's illustrious name,

Yet heedless he, nor by their weight opprest,
In the rich arms his giant members drest.
His fav'rite sword he girded to his side,
A sword of keenest edge, of temper tried.
As when, high-flaming through the parched air,
A blood-red comet shakes his horrid hair,
And threatens to despairing man below
Disease and battle, pestilence and wo;
States see their doom portended by his rays,
And purple tyrants tremble as they gaze;
So shone Argantes arm'd, a living fire,
And roll'd his blood-shot eye-balls, drunk with ire.
In ev'ry gesture deadly horrors breathe;
Death sate enthron'd his with'ring scowl beneath.
There liv'd no mortal breast, though proud and high,
But cow'r'd beneath the terrors of his eye.
With horrid shout he wav'd his falchion bare,
And smote with empty rage the yielding air.
"Ere long yon robber of the West, whose pride
Has dar'd to match himself with me," he cried,
"Low on the plain his gory form shall spread,
And dust defile the honours of his head.
And though his boasted God his aid should lend,
This hand, while yet he lives, his arms shall rend,
And heedless of his last, his dying pray'r,
Shall give his carcass to the dogs to tear."
As when the stings of jealousy and love
Some mighty bull to furious frenzy move,
Loud roars the savage Lord, and with his roar
Augments his rage, though terrible before;
Against the wounded trunks his horns he whets,
And with his impotent and idle threats

He seems the winds impassive to provoke;
Wide flies, dispers'd by many a trampling stroke,
The yellow sand; his bellowings heard afar,
His hated rival call to mortal war:
So into rage self-lash'd, the dreadful Chief
The herald call'd, and gave his orders brief:
" Go to the Camp with haste, and there invite
The Christian champion to the deadly fight."
This said, he waits for none, but mounts his steed;
His captive at his side th' attendants lead.
He sallies forth, and with impetuous force
Drives down th' inclining hill his goaded horse.
He gives his bugle breath; th' appalling sound
Shook far and wide the startled air around,
Of pow'r, like Heav'n's own thunder, to impart
Alarm to many an ear, and many an heart.
Already gather'd in the tent of state
The Princes of the Christian army wait:
The herald there denounc'd the battle's call
To Tancred first, nor him alone, but all.
Godfrey, with dubious and suspended mind,
Around his slow and heavy eyes inclin'd,
Yet none, though anxiously he look'd, descries
Prepar'd to venture in such dread emprize.
The pride and flow'r of all his host were gone;
No news of gallant Tancred yet were known;
Far off was Boemond, and the youth of might,
The youth to whom the bravest yield in fight,
Who slew the proud Gernando, far remov'd
An exile's lot in distant regions prov'd:
And added to the ten whom Fortune nam'd,
The boldest of his warriors, and most fam'd,

With either Guido, Pyrrhus stood; 'twas he
Who earn'd renown by blameless treachery,
And Antioch's captur'd tow'rs to Boemond gave;*
Then Ev'rard, Ridolf,† and Rosmondo brave
With rivalry of zeal the combat claim;
That from Hibernia, this from Scotia came,
The third, the sea-girt rocks of Britain bore,
Lands which the Ocean severs from our shore;
Gildippe, Edward, equal valour prove,
Renown'd examples of connubial love.
But hoary Raymond far o'er all the rest
The noble ardour of his soul exprest:
Already, save his temper'd helm alone,
Impatient of delay, in arms he shone.
To him thus Godfrey: "Thou above all praise,
Bright mirror of the deeds of ancient days,
Thy great example may our army see,
And learn to purchase true renown from thee.
With union unsurpass'd, in thee combine
Skill, honour, discipline, and worth divine.
Oh! could I now, amid this num'rous host,
But ten, of youthful prime, thine equals boast,
Soon should proud Babel in the dust be laid,
And stretching o'er the world its ample shade,
The banner'd Cross catch ev'ry breeze that flies
Or in the Indian or the Polar skies.

* *Ridolfo.*—Tasso is here guilty of a small oversight. Ridolf, or Rudolph (one of the Adventurers) was one of the ten on whom the lot fell to accompany Armida.

Of the thirteen who offered themselves on this occasion to supply the place of Tancred, nine are enumerated among the Adventurers in the first Canto.

† See note 62.

But check thy warmth, and let thy wisdom shine
In nobler deeds, more meet for age like thine.
Permit that Fortune's choice for once be tried;
An urn shall hold the lots, and chance decide.
So be that God the Judge, whose sov'reign will
Fortune and Fate, his ministers, fulfil."

He said; the Earl, tenacious of his claim,
Still with the rest inscrib'd his gallant name.
Each written lot the great Commander took,
And in his own bright helmet tost and shook;
Then, as his hand the mingled chances drew,
The name of Thoulouse' Earl first met his view.
The welcome lot was hail'd with loud acclaim;
The choice of Fortune none presum'd to blame.
Bright shone his face, his nerves new vigour strung,
And all his kindling frame again was young.
The serpent thus, when vernal gales renew
His freshen'd youth, all beautiful to view
Rears his proud crest, and shows his colours gay,
The golden glories flashing to the day.
But Godfrey most extoll'd the warrior old,
Cheer'd in high strain, and victory foretold;
Then from his side his own bright sword he took,
And as the gift he proffer'd, thus he spoke:

"Behold the sword, which in th' embattled field
The Saxon rebel's hand* was wont to wield;
His arms I won, victorious in the fray,
And forc'd his guilt-polluted life away.
Accept the gift, ne'er us'd by me in vain;
With thee successful may it still remain."

Meanwhile the Pagan Champion fierce and proud,
Impatient grew, and threat'ning cried aloud;

* See note 63

"Unconquer'd warriors! Europe's flow'r and boast!
One man alone defies your vaunted host!
Why comes not Tancred now, that Chief of pride,
If in his valour he can still confide?
In bed perchance he wastes the fleeting hour,
That Night again may screen him from my pow'r.
Fears he? then come another; come in force,
Come all your trooping squadrons, foot and horse,
Since not one man, 'mong all your num'rous band
Dares meet my single prowess, hand to hand.
Lo! there the Tomb, and open lies the road;
What? are you backward to adore your God?
Shall then no vows be paid? no pray'rs be pour'd?
Or does some greater deed demand your sword?"

Thus did th' insulting Pagan, bold and vain,
With taunts opprobrious lash the Christian train.
But Raymond most his words inflam'd; no more
Such scorn, such shame, his noble spirit bore;
He felt his bosom swell with valour new,
Which whetted by his anger, fiercer grew:
He vaults on Aquiline, th' unrivall'd horse,
Nam'd from his matchless swiftness in the course:
On Tagus' banks was born the gen'rous steed,
Where oft the mothers of the warrior breed,
When Spring, the season of renew'd desire,
Fills ev'ry throbbing vein with nature's fire,
With open mouths the tepid breeze inhale,
And drink conception from the genial gale,
Then quick'ning with the viewless seeds, supply,
(Strange to relate!) th' unearthly progeny!
Saw ye, where skims the sand the wond'rous horse,
Nor leaves a trace behind him of his course?

Or to the right, the left, with nimble heels,
In mazy rings of narrowest compass, wheels?
Well might ye deem the matchless courser born
Of lightest gales that fan the wing of morn.
Such was the steed the gallant Earl bestrode;
And onward to the combat as he rode,
He rais'd his eyes to Heav'n, and thus addrest his God;
"Thou, who in Terebinthus' vale didst guide
Unskilful arms to tame Goliath's pride,
That he, the scourge of Israel's chosen bands,
Fell dead, the victim of a stripling's hands;
Let now the great example be renew'd,
And die yon Infidel, by me subdued;
Let feeble age pride's impious boasting quell,
As once beneath a boy's weak arm it fell."
Thus pray'd the Earl; th' entreaties of the just,
Whom Faith inspires, who build on God their trust,
Wafted by Hope, to Heav'n's own mansions rise,
As flame ascends by Nature to the skies.
His pray'rs were welcom'd by th' All-seeing Mind,
Who to an Angel straight the task assign'd
To guard the pious Chief, and safe from harms
Protect him from the Pagan's impious arms.
The Son of Light, to whose high charge was giv'n
The care of Raymond by the Lord of Heav'n,
When first, emerging to this world of strife,
He enter'd on the pilgrimage of life,
Once more commission'd by his King's command
To shield him with his tutelary hand,
Ascends the lofty citadel, where lie
The weapons of the armies of the sky.
There stood the spear, whose point the serpent quell'd
That first against th' Omnipotent rebell'd;

There stood the arrows of immortal frame,
Whose wings are thunder, and whose barbs are flame;
And those; which oft, by mortals undescried,
Through the moist air's infected regions ride,
And famine, pestilence, and death, bestow,
The dismal catalogue of human wo:
And there the trident, whose tremendous stroke
Appalls frail mortals, when the sudden shock
Tumbles proud cities down, in ruin hurl'd,
And rocks the deep foundations of the world.
And there, on high above the rest uprais'd,
A shield of ever-living diamond blaz'd;
Its spacious orb might ev'ry realm contain
Between the Caspian and th' Atlantic main;
This, pois'd by strength divine, protection brings
To holy cities, and to righteous Kings;
This now the Seraph grasp'd with potent hand,
And close to Raymond took, unseen, his stand.
  Meantime the walls and battlements along,
Of anxious gazers swarm'd a various throng;
And by the King's command, the warlike maid
Led forth her train; but on the hill she stay'd,
Nor farther pass'd; oppos'd, in order stand
A marshall'd squadron of the Christian band,
And, unencumber'd, open for the fray,
A wide expanse 'twixt either army lay.
  Argantes look'd, nor Tancred could descry;
An unknown champion met his wond'ring eye.
The Earl advanc'd: "He, whom thou seek'st," he said,
"Thank thou thy fav'ring stars, is elsewhere sped.
Yet boast not, nor rejoice; prepar'd am I
The vaunted prowess of thine arm to try.

I claim then to supply the absent Knight,
Or the third champion I accept the fight."
A smile of scorn relax'd the Satrap's brow;
Thus he replied: "Where then is Tancred now?
He threatens Heav'n with arms, and then he flies,
And for his safety on his feet relies!
But to the world's deep centre had he fled,
Or hid in Ocean's caves his trembling head,
Nor earth nor sea should shelter his alarm,
Nor save him from the vengeance of my arm."
"Thou ly'st," the Earl return'd, "to say that he,
Thy better, braver far, should fly from thee."
Deep groan'd with inward rage th' Egyptian Knight;
"Be thou his substitute; commence the fight,"
He cried, "And show how well thine arms maintain
The rash presumption of thy boasting strain."
This said, they spurr'd their steeds, and each addrest
His pointed weapon at his rival's crest;
Where gallant Raymond aim'd, his foe he strook,
Yet faltered not the Saracen, nor shook.
But great Argantes ran in vain the course,
(Unusual fault) and idly spent his force:
The heav'nly guard turn'd off the threaten'd blow,
And screen'd the favour'd Christian from his foe.
He curs'd the spear, unfaithful to its stroke,
And, mutt'ring, in a thousand shivers broke,
And hurl'd it far away, then swiftly drew
His glitt'ring falchion, and at Raymond flew;
Full at the Earl he drove his furious horse,
As when a ram, collecting all his force,
Brings low his head, and rushes on his blow;
But fearful of the shock, the Christian foe

Wheel'd to the right his nimble steed in haste,
And smote the Pagan's front, and onward past.
Then turn'd the baffled Saracen anew;
But to the right again the Christian flew,
Again he smote his helm—an idle task—
For adamantine was the temper'd casque.
Tir'd of the distant war, th' Egyptian Knight
Once more press'd on, intent on closer fight;
But Raymond, fearful lest a mass so great
Should whelm himself, his horse, beneath its weight,
Retreats, then turns again with active bound,
Renews th' assault, and prances round and round,
Moulds with light rein the flying courser's speed,
Nor one false step escapes the matchless steed.
As when the leader of some martial pow'r
Invests a citadel's embattled tow'r,
That compass'd round with wide morasses stands,
Or crests an hill, which o'er the level lands
Looks scornful down; a thousand arts he tries,
Each road, each pass, surveys with watchful eyes;
So watched the Earl; and as his efforts fail
To pierce the temper'd helm or plated mail,
He tries if chance the jointures may afford
A readier passage to his biting sword.
Already is the Pagan's harness hew'd,
Already streams through many a wound his blood,
Nor Raymond yet the hostile force confest,
Nor e'en a plume was gone that deck'd his crest.
Then uncontroll'd Argantes' fury rose;
He wastes his rage, and deals his random blows;
Yet nor his courage, nor his spirit tires,
But from each vain attempt, new strength acquires.

At length the raging Saracen addrest
A well-aim'd stroke, more prosp'rous than the rest;
Thund'ring it fell; no more, thou gallant steed,
Avail'd thy efforts; vain thine utmost speed,—
But that thy Lord obtain'd in that dread hour
The great protection of superior pow'r;
The watchful Angel stretch'd his arm unseen,
And on the diamond shield receiv'd the weapon keen.
The sword broke short; the perishable frame
Of mortal weapons, forg'd in earthly flame,
Bears not the temper pure of heav'nly hands;
The scattered fragments glitter'd on the sands.
Th' Egyptian warrior scarce could trust his eye,
As from his hand he saw the falchion fly,
Amaz'd that to his rival should belong
Such wond'rous arms, impenetrably strong,
Yet still assur'd 'twas Raymond's shield that broke
The brittle blade, and render'd vain his stroke.
The same belief did virtuous Raymond prove;
Nor knew himself befriended from above.
But when his foe disarm'd the hero view'd,
Doubtful awhile with wav'ring thoughts he stood;
Cheap are the laurels, mean the praise, he knows,
That crowns a triumph o'er defenceless foes;
He thought to say, "Another falchion take,"
But new reflections in his breast awake,
That, should he fall, dishonour may attend
The cause of Jesus, which his arms defend:
Nor worthless victory he wished to claim,
Nor risk the glory of the Christian name.
But while he paused, to gen'rous honour true,
Full in his face the fierce Circassian threw

The broken weapon's hilt, then onward drove,
And with his lighter foe to grapple strove.
Launch'd from a dext'rous arm, th' unusual blow
Sore bruis'd the visage of the Gallic foe;
But undismay'd, unmov'd, he wheels afar,
Spurs his fleet horse, avoids the closer war,
And wounds the hand, stretch'd out its prey to clasp,
Like Vulture's pounce, or tiger's deadly grasp.
Now this way, that way, nimbly does he ride,
Careering round and round, on ev'ry side,
And at each turn, whene'er he comes or goes,
His baffled rival feels his well-aim'd blows.
Whate'er of skill or vigour he possest,
What'er of rage or scorn inspir'd his breast,
All now against Argantes he combines,
And Heav'n his cause assists, and fav'ring Fortune joins.
Yet fearless still resists th' Egyptian Knight,
Safe in his temper'd arms, his native might:
So fares some ship, by winds and billows borne,
Her masts, her steerage gone, her canvas torn;
Yet her proud sides of living oak compos'd,
Fenc'd with stout ribs, with firmest texture clos'd,
She rears undamag'd, nor despairs to brave
The boist'rous fury of the rushing wave.
Such risk, Argantes, now thy case display'd,
When Belzebub arous'd him to thine aid.
A cloud he took, and, wond'rous to behold,
In human form the fleeting vapour roll'd;
Clorinda's stately figure he assign'd;
Like hers its costly garb, its armour shin'd,
Like hers, its gait, deportment, look, appear'd,
Like hers though void of mind, its voice was heard.

The shadowy semblance to Horaddin sped,
Fam'd for the archer's skill, and flatt'ring said,
" Renown'd Horaddin, thou whose matchless art
Speeds with unerring aim the feather'd dart,
Vast were the loss, should yonder champion brave,
Judæa's guardian, find an early grave;
Should war's proud spoils, from great Argantes torn,
Grace a vile Christian, and our foes adorn.
Behold the time thy noble art to try,
And in yon Christian's blood thine arrows dye.
What deathless honour from the deed shall spring!
To match the high desert, our grateful king
Reward commensurate shall freely pay."
He heard with greedy ears, nor made delay,
('Twas lucre's welcome sound his soul inspir'd)
But eager to fulfil the task requir'd,
A chosen arrow from his quiver drew,
Join'd to the bow, and bent the stubborn yew;
The tough string twangs; the arrow leaps; it flies
On rapid wing, and sounds along the skies.
It reached its aim, and easy passage found
Where join'd the clasping belt his waist around:
It pierc'd the cuirass, graz'd the skin, and stood
Quiv'ring, its iron point just ting'd with blood:
The heavn'ly guardian check'd its wonted force,
Touch'd as it past, and stayed its deadly course.
The startled warrior from his armour tore
The feather'd wood; he saw it stain'd with gore,
And in proud tone reproached the Pagan knight,
That thus infring'd the compact of the fight.
But Bouillon's watchful prince, who still intent,
His thoughts, his eye-sight, on his champion bent,
Observed the broken faith and deeply griev'd;
That mortal was the wound, his fears believ'd:

With looks of anger and with glowing tongue,
He fired his legions to avenge the wrong.
Soon were the visors low'r'd of all the train,
Couch'd was each lance, and loosened ev'ry rein;
Quicker than quickest eye its glance can dart,
From ev'ry side the bounding squadrons start:
Space disappears,—vast clouds of dust arise,
Mount in thick volumes and obscure the skies.
They meet—loud clangors stun the deafened ears
From broken shields, struck helms, and shiver'd spears.
Here breathless coursers press the bloody plain,
Or scour the field at large, their riders slain.
There falls a prostrate warrior, robb'd of breath,
With anguish sighs, or breathes the groan of death.
Dire was the fight, and still, as closer drew
The mingling combatants, more fierce it grew.
Impatient to partake the keen assault,
Light in the midst did fierce Argantes vault,
A mace of iron from a soldier took,
And o'er his head with force tremendous shook,
Burst with resistless sway the trampled throng,
And mow'd whole squadrons as he drove along.
Raymond alone his vengeful thoughts engag'd,
Raymond he sought, 'gainst Raymond only rag'd;
A wolf he seem'd, that long estrang'd from food,
Springs furious to assuage his thirst in blood.
To stay his fury and his path oppose,
Of noble youths a gallant band arose:
Thither Ormanno, Balnavilla came,
Guido, and either Gerard's honour'd name:*

* *E duo Gehrardi.* The poet here commits another oversight. One of the Gerards had accompanied Armida.

Nor yet Argantes stay'd his fatal course,
But rose more mighty 'gainst th' opposing force;
So from confinement bursts the smother'd fire,
And vain resistance scorns and spreads destruction dire.
Beneath his arm his death Ormanno found;
Disabled Guido moura'd a ghastly wound;
Low on the ground was Balnavilla spread,
Mingled with heaps of dying and of dead.
Again a gath'ring crowd around him joins;
Again a ring of arms and men confines.
While thus the fight with ballanc'd issue glows
Betwixt Argantes and an host of foes,
To his brave brother Godfrey gave command
To join the war: "Advance thy Boulogne band;
Where on their left the combat burns, incline,
And charge in flank the troops of Palestine."
Quick he obey'd; his rushing squadron's shock
The stagger'd foes o'erwhelm'd; their battle broke;
Weak seem the sons of Asia, nor withstand
Th' impetuous charge of Europe's firmer band,
Their files are scatter'd, and their standards strew'd,
And horse and horseman swell the tide of blood.
Nor less upon the right their ranks gave way;
None save Argantes there maintain'd the fray.
By panic terror driven, with loosen'd rein
Precipitately fled his yielding train:
Yet still he fac'd alone, and firmly stood;
Not he, who with an hundred arms endu'd,
Possest with each right hand the power to wield
A two-edg'd falchion, with each left a shield.

More wond'rous deeds of valour might display,
Than show'd Argantes in that well-fought day:
His single strength th' united onset bears
Of swords, of maces, and of bristled spears;
He seem'd to stand, with unassisted force,
The shock of ev'ry man, and ev'ry horse;
Now here, now there, he fac'd the rushing foes,
Regardless, though beneath unnumber'd blows
His limbs were bruis'd, his armour pierc'd and bor'd,
And blood and sweat in mingling torrents pour'd.
At length, so thick the press, the shock so strong,
They force him in the sweeping tide along.
He turns his back upon the torrent's sway,
Whose mighty impulse hurries him away;
But yet his looks, his soul's unalter'd tone,
If from man's deeds his secret soul be known,
Of fear or base alarm, no token give;
No hasty step denotes the fugitive;
Still in his eyes their wonted terror glares,
Still with his threat'ning voice his foes he dares;
He strives incessant, but he vainly strives
To stay his bands, whom headlong panic drives;
Nor all the efforts of th' unwearied Knight
Could regulate the tumult of their flight:
Fear knows no rule, obeys no guiding hand,
Is deaf to pray'r, nor listens to command.
  Godfrey, who sees that Fortune now combines
To aid his cause and favour his designs,
Pursues his prosp'rous course, and joyful sends
Repeated succours to his conqu'ring friends.
But that the day, by Heaven's Eternal doom
Forewritten and foreknown, not yet was come,

That hour the Faithful their reward had found,
And full success their glorious labour crown'd.
But lo! the' infernal Fiends, who knew full well
That hung on that dread fight, the reign of Hell,
Instant (for Heav'n awhile their plots allow'd,)
The air condens'd, and in a misty shroud
Involv'd; they summon forth the wint'ry blasts;
A gloomy veil the face of Heav'n o'ercasts,
Snatching the Sun's propitious light away;
Hell's borrow'd horrors darken all the day;
The vivid lightning's intermittent flash
Fires the thick gloom; the pealing thunders crash;
Torrents of beating hail, and mingled rain
Drown the rich pastures, and o'erflow the plain.
The shatter'd trees their sylvan honours shed;
Nor bows the oak alone his stubborn head,
But groaning, tott'ring to the whirlwind's shock,
The cliffs all tremble, and the mountains rock.
Full in the Christians' face, with force combined,
Rush'd the fierce storm, the hail, the rain, the wind;
A sudden terror check'd their conqu'ring course,
Unstrung their nerves, and paralys'd their force.
Nought they discern, and 'mid the trembling band,
But few collected round their banners stand.
Clorinda marked the change; with dext'rous haste
The fav'ring turn of Fortune she embrac'd;
Spurring her horse, "On, valiant friends," she cried;
"See, Heav'n and Justice combat on our side;
Uninjur'd by the elements we stand,
Our eyes they mar not, nor impede our hand,
While shrinks the foe with terror and alarm,
His vision baffled, and unnerv'd his arm."

Thus to the charge she fir'd her Pagan crew,
Then turn'd her back upon the storm that blew,
Rushed with impetuous fury on the foes,
And held in scorn their unavailing blows.
Then too his powerful aid Argantes brings,
And on his conqu'rors, hot for vengeance, springs.
The trembling Franks give way; at once to shun
The tempest and the sword combin'd they run;
At once upon their flying legions fell
The arms of mortals, and the wrath of Hell.
Fast flows their blood, and mixed with streaming rain
Rolls purple torrents o'er the delug'd plain.
There, 'mid the vulgar heaps that strew'd the ground,
Their doom, brave Pyrrhus and Ridolfo found;
That fell a victim to th' Egyptian lord,
This gave new laurels to Clorinda's sword.
  Thus from the field the flying Franks withdrew;
The bands of Syria and of Hell pursue.
Alone serene amid the mixed alarms
Of pealing thunder and of clashing arms,
Braving the elements', the battle's storm,
Undaunted Godfrey show'd his princely form;
With angry words his recreant Peers he chides,
And round the murd'rous field indignant rides,
Then curbing at the gate his stately horse,
Secure within the trench collects his force.
Against Argantes twice with lifted spear
Fearless he rode, and check'd his mad career;
Twice, where most thick the swarming Pagans poured,
Charged their deep ranks, and plied his deathful sword;
At length despairing and constrained to yield,
Reluctant to the foe he quits the field.

Then tir'd with slaughter, turn'd the Pagan train;
Within their Camp the trembling Franks remain.
Nor yet they breathed in peace; the tempest dread
Poured its unsated vengeance on their head.
The lighted torches, and each blazing fire,
Quenched by the humid element, expire;
Fierce blows the blast, the firm-fixed tents it tears,
The stakes uproots, the sheltered canvas bears
Wide o'er the fields; enhanced by terrors cries,
The rain, the wind, the thunder of the skies,
All join, in dissonance concordant hurl'd,
And the dire harmony astounds the world.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

A Danish warrior arrives at the Christian Camp, and informs Godfrey of the death of Sweno, Prince of Denmark, who, with a body of two thousand auxiliaries, was surprised by the Arabs in the night on the confines of Palestine, and put to the sword with all his followers, the narrator alone escaping the general slaughter. He further adds, that he had received supernatural orders to deliver the sword of the deceased Prince into the hands of Rinaldo, by whom it was decreed that his death should be revenged. A foraging party brings advice that they had found the armour and dead body of Rinaldo. The Fury, Alecto, appears in a dream to Argillan, formerly a leader of Italian banditti; tells him that Rinaldo's death had been accomplished by the machinations of Godfrey, and stimulates him to rebellion. He convenes the Italian troops and delivers an inflammatory harangue. The Camp is in open mutiny Godfrey's address to Heaven. He quells the mutiny and causes Argillan to be seized and thrown into prison.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VIII.

No more the horrors of the storm prevail;
Mute the loud din, and hushed was every gale;
The deep-toned thunders slept, the darkness ceased,
And issuing from the chambers of the East,
Rose the gay Morn, all glorious to behold,
Her head with roses decked, her feet with gold.
But they, the foes of Nature and of man,
At whose abhorr'd behest the storm began,
Ceas'd not. Astagoras the silence broke,
And to his comrade foul, Alecto, spoke:
Lo! where yon horseman speeds his eager way,
Nor can our arts prevent him, or delay.
He late with life escaped the Monarch's hands,
By whose great aid Hell's sinking empire stands.
Soon to the Christian armies will he tell
What dire defeat his valiant Lord befell,

With all his slaughtered train; these tidings known,
Perchance they may recal Bertholdo's son:
What issue on that feared event depends,
Thou know'st: such chance to thwart, and gain our ends,
'Twere fit we exercise each new resource
Of hidden stratagem, or open force.
Then hasten to the tents; throw Discord's brands
Amid the Italian, Swiss, and English bands;
Rouse strife and hate; fierce let the tumult burn,
Till civil broils the madden'd Camp o'erturn.
The task, so worthy thee, will well redeem
Thy promise, plighted to our King supreme."
Thus spake the Fiend; his words though few, suffice
To rouse his comrade to the foul emprize.
  Meanwhile th' advancing horseman urged his course
To where their mounds enclosed the Christian force:
  " Ye warriors," he exclaimed, " in grace afford
" Admission to the presence of your Lord."
  A ready entrance soon the stranger found,
And crowds, to hear his errand, thronged around.
He bowed his head, he kissed the hand rever'd,
Which haughty Babel's tott'ring kingdom feared;
  " Prince," he began, " whose name so wide has flown,
That Ocean, and the stars of Heaven alone
Confine thy glory, gladly would I bear
More bright, more joyful tidings to thine ear."
  He paused, and deep-drawn sighs his words pursued:
Recov'ring soon, his tale he thus renewed:
  " Sweno, the Danish Monarch's cherished heir,
His kingdom's glory, and his people's care,
The pride and comfort of his closing age,
Beneath thy guidance longed the war to wage,

Companion of th' illustrious youths who draw
The sword for Jesus, and his righteous law.
Not all the pleasures sceptred pow'r can yield,
Not all the dangers of the tented field,
Nor pious fondness for his aged sire,
Chang'd his resolve or quench'd his generous fire:
A noble emulation filled his heart
To learn from thee the warrior's painful art:
Compunctions too he felt of manly shame,
That dull Obscurity should cloud his name;
For great Rinaldo's praise had reached his ears,
A name illustrious e'en in boyhood's years.
But far o'er all, with holy zeal inspired,
To win an heav'nly crown his soul desired.
" All obstacles he burst, nor brooked delay:
A chosen band th' associates of his way,
He shaped his course to Thrace's distant lands,
Where mistress of the East, Byzantium stands,
Daughter and rival of imperial Rome:
The Grecian Cæsar in his royal dome
Welcom'd the gallant youth: At length there came
A messenger, commission'd in thy name;
The news he bore how Antioch's stately tow'rs
Had yielded to the conqu'ring Christian pow'rs;
How fail'd the might of Persia's vanquish'd Lord,
Who to the siege such countless armies pour'd,
That for the great attempt he seemed to drain
Of half her turban'd sons, his vast domain.
Much of thy mighty deeds in war he told,
Much of the prowess of thy Captains bold,
Till to Rinaldo's great exploits he came;
At large he dwell'd upon the hero's name,

Detailed the gallant stripling's early fight,
His laurels won, his deeds unmatched in fight.
He told at length that Europe's banded powers,
Besieg'd, with strength combined, yon holy towers,
And urged the royal youth to haste, and share
This last and noblest trophy of the war.
His words young Sweno's goaded bosom fill
With new desire; he thought that time stood still,
So keen his wish, so burned his zeal renewed,
To dye his virgin sword in Pagan blood:
He thought thy warriors' dangers, and their fame,
Reflected silent censures on his name,
And shrunk disdainful from th' imagin'd blame.
Though some would check his warmth, or wake his fears,
Their pray'rs he heeds not, nor their counsel hears,
He dreads no peril, or he dreads alone
To lose his portion of thy bright renown,
Thy glorious dangers; this alone distrest
His heart; he saw not, or he scorn'd, the rest.
Himself, inflexible, his fortune sped,
Fortune, who him an eager vot'ry led,
Us in th' attractive vortex forced along;
So keen the martial impulse and so strong,
Scarce would he wait, impatient of delay,
Till morn's returning beam renewed the day.
Still through the nearest, shortest paths we moved,
For such the Chief, whose will was ours, approv'd.
With fearless march we shunned no hostile soil,
No pass scarce pervious to severest toil:
Now food, the staff of kindly Nature, failed,
Now open foes, now ambushed bands assailed.

But still our way successful we pursued,
O'ercame each hardship, and each foe subdued;
Fears now disturb no more, nor doubts oppress:
High beat our hearts, presumptuous from success;
Still nearer to our destin'd goal we drew:
At length the wish'd for soil salutes our view:
Close on Judæa's bounds our tents were placed,
When lo! the breathless scouts report in haste,
That banners in the air were seen to float;
That the loud clang of arms, the trumpet's note,
Had struck their ear; sure signals, that declare
Th' approach of hostile squadrons, big with war.
Our princely Leader heard the news unmoved;
No change his voice, his features, colour, proved,
Though in his troop, dishearten'd by the tale,
Full many a soldier's alter'd cheek grew pale.
"'My valiant friends!' he cried, 'we soon shall own
The victor's laurel, or the martyr's crown.
Oh! that the first might bless my fond desires!
And yet to martyrdom my soul aspires,
For greater there the praise, and brighter shine
Th' unfading splendors of that wreath divine.
This plain, my friends, a spacious shrine shall be,
Sacred to never-dying Memory:
Here shall be shown, for many an age to come,
Our well-earn'd trophies, or our nobler tomb.'
"He said and with a leader's prudent mind
The guards dispos'd, to each his task assign'd;
He bade his watchful troop, in armour drest,
Lie, prompt for fight, and snatch an hasty rest;
Himself, a bright example, while he slept,
His helmet and his pond'rous cuirass kept.

At length, when midnight's solemn hour arose,
The sacred nurse of silence and repose,
Burst on our slumb'ring ears a barb'rous cry,
That rent the caves of Earth, the vaulted sky;
'To arms, to arms!' a sudden clamour rang;
To arms before the rest young Sweno sprang;
His eyes shot light'ning; valour's purest flame
Burn'd in his cheek, and fir'd his kindling frame.
On rush'd the foes; our little band we found
With serried men and arms encles'd around;
On ev'ry side the steely forest spread,
A cloud of arrows canopied our head.
Dire were the odds; for ev'ry Christian name,
Twice ten assailing misbelievers came.
Unnumber'd wounds were dealt amid the gloom,
And many a Pagan met his timeless doom:
But none amid the darkness could descry
Who fell disabled, or who fell to die;
Spreading her sable curtain o'er the field,
At once our loss our valour night conceal'd.
And yet high tow'ring o'er the mingled band,
Distinct and manifest did Sweno stand;
All, through the darkness of the midnight hour
Could mark the wonders of his matchless pow'r.
Of dead where'er he moves, a mountain grows;
Beneath his feet a lake of crimson flows;
Launch'd from his eyes, shot terror and alarm,
And death triumphant rode upon his arm.
Thus with unslacken'd rage the combat glow'd;
Till through the skies the blushing morning rode.
But when receding night withdrew the gloom
That hid the battle's horrors in its womb,

That gift so fondly wished, all-cheering light,
Gave to our shrinking eyes a mournful sight:
No more our gallant countrymen we found;
Their lifeless corses strew'd the reeking ground.
Late, twice a thousand warriors form'd our train;
Now scarce a hundred of the band remain.
Perchance the soul-distracting scene imprest
Some secret sorrow on my master's breast;
Yet no unmanly sign of fear he gave,
But loud exclaim'd, 'Behold, our comrades brave
Have 'scap'd the shades of Hell, the Stygian flood,
And track'd their way to Heav'n with righteous blood:
And doubt we to pursue the glorious path?'
"He said; his visage, warm with holy wrath,
Declar'd his inward heart, that swell'd, elate
With the glad prospect of approaching fate.
Still onward 'gainst the barb'rous throng he prest,
Still to the storm oppos'd his gen'rous breast:
Not steel alone, but adamantine mail
Beneath the fury of his arm might fail;
Fast as it fell, the ground with blood o'erflow'd,
And one continuous wound his mangled body show'd.
'Twas life no more, 'twas virtue's subtler flame
Sustain'd the god-like youth's unconquer'd frame:
Wounded, he wounds; his arm no respite knows,
But stronger from each hurt, and livelier grows.
At length, to match his force, a Chief appear'd
Who o'er the rest his lofty stature rear'd:
Him, undismay'd, the gallant Prince engag'd;
Long, hand to hand, the stubborn fight they wag'd,
But aiding numbers join'd th' unequal fray,
And crush'd beneath their weight, o'ermatch'd, great Sweno lay.

The hero fell, and from his native band
Found no protecting, nor avenging hand.
You I attest, for ye can best record,
Ye holy relics of my martyr'd Lord,
And blood so nobly shed! that in the strife
I shunn'd no risk, but prodigal of life,
If Heaven's high will had then adjudg'd my doom,
I labour'd with my deeds to earn my tomb!
Alone with life amid my comrades slain
Prostrate I lay; I seem'd not to retain
Life's animating spark; nor can I tell
What, when the fight was done, the foe befel.
In deadly trance my swooning sense had flown,
My pow'rs of sight, of speech, of breath, were gone.
But when at last my eyes their office found,
It seem'd that Night's dim shadows reign'd around,
And faintly flash'd on my reviving sight
An intermittent gleam of feeble light.
My half-extinguish'd faculties no more
Retain'd perception's or discernment's pow'r;
I saw, as when half drown'd in sleep's repose
The languid eyes alternate ope and close:
And the chill air inflam'd the wounds I bore,
Which glow'd with throbbing anguish, more and more,
As to the nightly blast expos'd I lay,
The skies my canopy, my couch the clay.
Meanwhile the twinkling light advanc'd more near;
And a soft whisper stole upon my ear.
Approaching still it rested at my side;
To raise my weak and aching sight I tried;
Two forms I saw, in long loose vests array'd;
Each in his hand a lighted torch display'd;

And thus they spake: 'Son, place in Him thy trust,
Who still regards the pious and the just
With pitying eye, and with his saving grace
Prevents the pray'rs of Man's offending race.'
"Thus spake the stranger, and with hands outspread,
Implor'd Heaven's benediction on my head.
Then from his lips, in accents soft and low,
Words indistinct, of mystic import, flow;
And soon, 'Arise!' he whisper'd: from the ground
I sprang, insensible of pain or wound;
Some hidden pow'r (strange miracle!) indued
My faint and fault'ring limbs with strength renew'd.
Stupid I gaz'd, all lost in mute surprize,
Nor trust my failing sense, my swimming eyes,
Till thus again the rev'rend hermit cried:
'What doubts unconfident thy breast divide,
Oh! thou of little faith? thine eyes behold
Two sinners, like thyself, of mortal mould;
Servants of Christ are we, and far have fled
From the vain world; to all its pleasures dead,
We here pursue to Heav'n our thorny road,
And make in solitude our peace with God.
He, whose commands the universe pervade,
Sends me, his meanest servant, to thine aid;
For His unfathom'd wisdom oft prefers,
For mightiest ends, unworthy ministers.
He wills not that the form, which once could boast
A soul so fair, neglected, trampled, lost,
Confounded with the vulgar dust should lie;
That form, which, cloth'd with immortality,
Must rise again in glory, and rejoin
Th' eternal particle of breath divine.

To his great name shall rise a noble tomb,
Worthy his valiant deeds, his glorious doom,
And men unborn, through many a future year,
Shall point to Sweno's honour'd sepulchre.
But to the spangled Heavens direct thy sight,
And mark yon star, pre-eminently bright;
Those friendly beams their guidance shall supply,
To where thy master's noble relics lie.'

"Straight from the beauteous star, whose vivid flame
Shone like the Sun, a sloping ray there came,
Which o'er the field its lambent splendor roll'd,
(So some fine pencil marks its lines with gold)
And o'er the corse such floods of lustre threw,
That ev'ry wound stood manifest to view.
Though many an horrid gash his form disguis'd,
Full well the lifeless Prince I recogniz'd;
Not prone he lay; but, as he ever strove
To fix his living thoughts on things above,
So upward still in death his eyes were bent,
As if on heav'nly cares alone intent.
Still in his better hand, fast clench'd, and strain'd
In Death's convulsive grasp, his sword remain'd;
His left upon his breast was seen to lie,
In attitude of meek humility,
And sign of penitence submissive show'd,
As he would ask forgiveness of his God.

"While o'er the much lov'd corse I bend, and pour
O'er ev'ry gaping wound a pious show'r,
And yet my tears avail'd not to bestow
Ease to my heart, or respite to my wo,
The holy sage unclos'd the warrior's hand,
And from its grasp drew forth the blood-stain'd brand.

'Thou know'st this blade,' he cried, 'still crimson'd o'er,
From hilt to point, with unbelieving gore;
Nor can the arm'ries of the world afford,
To grace an hero's hand, a nobler sword.
Hence Heav'n decreed, that, should war's chance divide
This trusty servant from its master's side,
It lie not, lost and useless, on the sand,
But fill again some brave and skilful hand,
Which, wielding it with undiminish'd force,
Might longer far pursue bright Glory's course,
And wreak, as Fate requires, the vengeance due
On the proud Infidel that Sweno slew.
'Twas Solyman that slew the Danish lord;
And Solyman must die by Sweno's sword.
Then haste to where, encamp'd on holy ground,
The Christian hosts fair Sion's walls surround;
No need to fear the dangers that withstand
Thy lonely progress through a hostile land,
For He, whose will I charge thee to obey,
Shall guide thy footsteps through the rugged way.
He bids the voice his pow'r preserv'd, record
The noble ardour of thy gallant Lord,
His lively Faith, his valour unsubdu'd,
His deeds unrivall'd which thine eye-sight view'd,
That others, warm'd, like him, with zeal divine,
May wear upon their arms their Saviour's sign,
Nor present days alone his deeds admire,
But future ages catch the rival fire.
'Yet learn to whom, amid the Christian throng,
Must this esteem'd inheritance belong:
Rinaldo he, to whom the bravest yield
The prize of valour in the martial field.

To him thou shalt present the noble brand;
Tell him that Heav'n and Earth alike demand
The vengeful retribution from his hand.'
" While thus upon his lips intent I hung,
A second miracle before me sprung:
Lo! from the op'ning ground was seen to rise
An arching sepulchre, of stately size,
And round the Prince's breathless relics close;
Nor know I by what art, what pow'r, it rose.
There, in brief characters engrav'd, were read
The name, the merits of the mighty dead.
Wrapt in profound astonishment I stood,
Now with insatiate eyes th' inscription view'd,
And now the structure fair intently scann'd,
The labour of no sublunary hand.
' Here, 'mong his faithful friends,' the sage resum'd,
The hero's mortal dust shall lie entomb'd,
While in the mansions of the blest, they prove
Delightful interchange of heav'nly love.
' But sorrow's dictates now have been obey'd;
Enough thy pious duties hast thou paid:
Nature and Night invite mankind to rest:
Then seek with me my cell, a welcome guest,
Till rising Morning with her new-born ray
Shall wake and guide thee on thy destin'd way.'
" This said, through rugged paths the way he show'd;
Scarce could my fainting limbs sustain their load;
O'er craggy hills and hollow dells was wound
Our desert way, till, journeying on, we found,
Where from a rock's steep side, thick shagg'd with wood,
Remote from man a hollow cavern stood.
With his disciple here the hermit dwell'd;
'Mid wolves and bears a safe abode he held,

And knew, and fear'd no harm; his strong defence
A spotless heart, and holy innocence;
For arms like these more sure protection yield,
Than iron breast-plate, or than seven-fold shield.
"For Nature's wants an homely board was spread;
Refreshing slumbers bless'd my lowly bed.
But when the morn, with gold and purple bright,
Shot through the Orient skies her early light,
Each wakeful hermit rose to matin pray'r;
With grateful heart I join'd the righteous pair,
Then, eager their injunctions to obey,
Hither I sped with haste my lonely way."
Here ceas'd the Teuton bold; the pious Chief
Thus meekly answer'd: "Tidings full of grief
Thy lips relate, and all our Camp must know
Severe discomfort at the tale of woe,
Since friends so brave, in one short fleeting hour,
Fell, a sad prey to Fate's resistless pow'r.
As shines the transient meteor of the skies,
Thy royal master gleam'd on mortal eyes;
Or like the flashing lightning he has shown
His momentary glories, and is gone.
But wherefore grieve? such fate is happier far
Than proudest trophies of successful war,
Than prostrate provinces, or treasur'd gold;
Nor could the Roman Capitol of old,
Though rich in all the blazonry of Fame,
Produce the records of a nobler name.
They, in the star-pav'd temple of the skies,
Are crown'd with amaranth that never dies;
There, to the gaze of Heav'n's appalling host,
Each warrior shows his wounds, a glorious boast!

"But thou, who, by thy Maker's grace, alive
For future toils and cares dost still survive,
Be thankful for the triumphs that befel
Thy friends, who dy'd so nobly, liv'd so well!
Let brighter thoughts thy sorrowing heart employ,
And let thy brow's dark gloom give place to joy.
And since thou seek'st Bertholdo's valiant son,
Know, he a wand'rer from the Camp is gone;
And till some tidings of his fate we gain,
To trace his dubious steps, were labour vain."
As thus their mutual converse they pursue,
The love of great Rinaldo woke anew
In ev'ry breast: "Alas! on Pagan ground
Wanders afar," they cried, "the youth renown'd!"
Then ev'ry tongue is eager to proclaim
His deeds of valour, and his warlike fame;
Each to the wond'ring Dane with zeal displays
The glowing picture of his well earn'd praise.
While thus the hero's memory impress
A trace of sorrow on each soften'd breast,
A troop returning homewards was descried,
That scour'd the plains for forage, far and wide.
These drove before them to the Camp along
Of beeves and bleating flocks, a num'rous throng,
With scantier stores of provender, to feed
The wasting vigour of the gen'rous steed.
Some dismal tokens too the squadron brought
With sad forebodings of misfortune fraught,
The mantle which of late Rinaldo wore,
And his rich armour, hack'd, and stain'd with gore.
Quick through the Camp (for who such news can hide?)
Ambiguous rumours spread on ev'ry side.

Soon as the sad reports the vulgar knew,
They throng'd the melancholy spoils to view:
They see his pond'rous arms: their mighty size
And gleamy splendour, well they recognize:
There did the royal bird his form display,
Whose eye undazzled mocks the blaze of day,
Trusts not their plumes, but soaring to the sky,
Proves in the mid-day Sun, his high-born progeny.
They still had seen, 'mid glorious war's alarms,
Alone, or in the van, those honour'd arms,
Which now with sorrow and with rage they view'd
Rent with dishonest wounds, and foul with blood.
While through th' excited Camp Fame's whisp'ring breath
Spread various rumours of the hero's death,
Him, who to forage led the plund'ring band,
Sage Godfrey call'd, the valiant Aliprand;
None more than he to Truth sincere inclin'd;
Candid his tongue, and lib'ral was his mind:
And thus the anxious Prince inquir'd: "Explain,
Whence did thy troop those blood-stain'd arms obtain?
Know no reserve; whate'er befel, reveal,
Nor aught of good or ill from me conceal."
"On Gaza's confines," Aliprand replied,
"Far as a mounted messenger may ride
In two long days, a narrow vale expands;
Far from the road, 'twixt closing heights it stands:
There, rolling rapid from a neighb'ring hill,
Winds 'mid o'erarching trees a limpid rill:
A wood, high-tow'ring, spreads its shade around,
And thick-set bushes clog the tangled ground:
Few spots are seen, more suited to prepare
The lurking ambush, and the wiles of war.

Here, while for herds we watch'd whom chance might lead
To crop the herbage of the water'd mead,
A lifeless warrior's pallid form we view'd,
Stretch'd on the grass; the grass was red with blood;
My startled soldiers with amaze and awe
The costly arms and fam'd devices saw,
Which well, though stain'd with clotted gore, they knew:
Myself, to trace the features, nearer drew;
An headless trunk I saw; behind, before,
The marks of many a deadly gash it bore;
Its better hand was gone; hard by, was laid
An empty helm, where Jove's proud bird display'd
His silver wings. Around, my watchful eye
I turn'd, some casual passenger to spy;
At last a lonely peasant met my sight;
Alarm'd, he turn'd his steps to hasty flight,
But soon o'ertaken by our following band,
He gave this full reply to our demand:—
That on the day preceding, he descried
A crowd of warriors from the forest ride;
One 'mid the band an head, dissever'd, bore,
Held by the yellow locks, that dripp'd with gore:
Of youthful prime it seem'd, nor yet appear'd
To shade its tender chin, the sprouting beard:
Soon, in a silken pouch, that loosely hung
Down from his saddle-bow, the head he slung.
Himself lay hid; but by their garb he knew
That to our troops belong'd the soldier-crew.
"The corse I stripp'd, nor grief alone exprest;
Some sad suspicions woke within my breast.
Hither the arms I brought, and orders gave
To honour the maim'd relics with a grave.

By all his faithful friends enclos'd around,
He with firm step the mad assemblage found,
That thought to vindicate Rinaldo's cause;
His soul no fear disturbs, no tumult awes;
Unmov'd he pass'd, nor heeds the mix'd alarms
Of threat'ning voices, and of clanging arms;
His manly frame the glitt'ring cuirass bore,
And costlier than was wont the vest he wore;
Unarm'd his hands; his head, his visage bare;
And heav'nly radiance beam'd majestic there.
Wav'd in his hand his sceptre's golden flame;
With arms like these alone he trusts to tame
Rebellion's sons: in such imposing guise
He brav'd the scorn of wild sedition's eyes,
And thus began; no mortal accents broke
Imperious from his lips as thus he spoke:
"What sounds of idle menace do I hear?
What din of rebel arms insults mine ear?
Who stirr'd these tumults? is it thus ye show
The love, the rev'rence, that to me ye owe?
That harsh suspicions, charges false ye raise,
And honour Godfrey's slanderers with your praise.
Ye wait perchance to see your Prince descend
From his high state; to see me cringe, and bend
To mean excuse, and with submission base,
Crouch tamely to a rebel populace?
The earth whose limits echo with my name,
Shall ne'er bear record to so foul a shame.
This peaceful sceptre be my safe defence,
And deeds well known, and truth, and innocence.
For once let Justice drop her sword, and give
Her place to Mercy, Heav'n's prerogative.

Close at his side [illegible] y stood,
And with te[illegible] visions [illegible]'d his blood;
A maim'd and headless [illegible] the Fiend appear'd;
Shorn of its hand, her better arm she rear'd,
And in her left the ble[illegible] full sustain'd;
Death's ghastly paleness o[illegible] the features reign'd,
Yet breath'd the skull, and [illegible]oke; and as it spoke,
Blood follow'd, [illegible], and sobs convulsive [illegible]

"Fly, A[illegible] streaks the sky,
These fata[illegible], their impious leader fly;
Who shall protect my friends from Godfrey's hate,
Godfrey, the author of my cruel fate?
You, by base envy stung, he seeks to join
In one sad doom, one common lot, with mine.
But if thy breast be fill'd with gen'rous pride,
If in thine own brave arm thou dar'st confide,
Fly not; be murder's just atonement paid,
And let his blood appease my restless shade.
Myself, auxiliar, at thy side will stand,
Supply with wrath thy breast, with arms thine hand.

'Twas thus the Fury spake; her words of fire
With rage increas'd the rebel's breast inspire;
He burst from sleep; around, his eyes he turn'd
That swell'd with venom, and with anger burn'd;
He grasps his ready arms; he hastes along,
And summons to debate th' Italian throng;
There he convok'd them, where, suspended high,
The brave Rinaldo's armour met their eye,
And thus, with haughty voice and threatning mien
His plots divulg'd, and vented all his spleen;

"Shall then a race, in barb'rous climates born,
That mock at plighted faith, and reason scorn,

A race, of gold, of blood insatiate still,
Curb with tight reign, and govern us at will?
For sev'n long years their unresisted yoke
Has crush'd our necks, our noble spirit broke;
Our wrongs shall rouse, for many an age to come,
The wrath of Italy, the scorn of Rome.
Nor shall I here the well-known tale relate,
How Tancred's arms subdu'd Cilicia's state;
Yet this by fraudful arts the Frank obtain'd,
And perfidy enjoys what valour gain'd.
Nor need I say that when rude war demands
Undaunted hearts, firm souls, and active hands,
We foremost still, and undismay'd, are wont
To brave, with sword and fire, the battle's front;
But when the hour arrives, all danger o'er,
To share the laurels, and divide the store,
They then, with arrogance unblushing, claim
The lands, the gold, the triumphs, and the fame.
Time was, when such reflections might engage
Your deepest thoughts, and sharpen all your rage;
But not on these my tongue shall now delay;
Before a mightier crime they fade away.
Slain by their hands, the great Rinaldo lies;
All heav'nly laws, all human, they despise;
And yet has Heav'n no vengeful token sent,
No rolling thunders shakes the firmament,
Nor gapes the Earth indignant, to entomb
The blood-polluted murd'rers in her womb!
And died he unreveng'd? our nation's boast,
Shield of the Faith, and champion of our host?
Yes, unreveng'd he lies; his bones remain
Unburied, and unhonour'd, on the plain.

And ask ye by whose arm the deed was done?
To whom then is the murd'rer foul unknown?
Say, which among our band need now be told
That Godfrey's and that Baldwin's breasts infold
Keen hate and envy of the Latin name?
But why with lengthen'd speech your rage inflame?
By Heav'n I swear, and ye, my friends, believe,
For who, when Heav'n bears witness, dares deceive?
I saw, when Night's dim shades the world engrost,
His mangled, wand'ring, melancholy ghost:
Heart-rending sight, and dreadful to behold!
What coming ills, what treachery, it foretold!
Plainly I saw; no vision of the night
Beguil'd my sense; where'er I turn my sight,
He haunts me still; with wild and hurried stride,
I see e'en now the hideous phantom glide.
Say then, for us what future course remains?
Shall that unrighteous hand, which murder stains,
O'er our tame spirits still exert its sway?
Or shall we take to distant lands our way?
Those happy lands which fair Euphrates laves,
And rolls abundance from his yellow waves,
Where richest harvests bless the ploughman's toil,
And towns and cities crown the peopled soil?
For us those harvests smile, those cities tow'r;
Their sons, unwarlike, court our conqu'ring pow'r;
Then joyful let us seize th' inviting prey,
Nor with the hated Franks divide our sway.
Yes, thither speed we, and if such your will,
Lie unreveng'd our lov'd Rinaldo still:
Though, did your breasts that gen'rous ardour know
Whose deaden'd tide now rolls, methinks, too slow,

Ere yet we part, this pois'nous serpent base
That blasts the flow'r and glory of our race,
Should yield to just revenge his forfeit breath,
And warn surviving tyrants by his death.
Yes if ye dared exert your inborn fire,
If all your valour's rights ye dared require,
This arm the tyrant's hated breast should tear,
And stab the embryo treason nestling there."
'Twas thus the madman spake and dragg'd along
In the full tide of rage, the list'ning throng
"To arms!" the madman shouts: the wild alarms
Each high-soul'd youth repeats; the camp resounds,
"To arms!"
Alecto whirls around her sparkling brand,
And fire and poison deals with lavish hand.
Blind thirst of blood, and hate, and madd'ning ire,
Spread wide, and as they spread, new force acquire.
Still swells the deadly pest, and creeps along,
Nor stays confin'd th' Italian tents among,
But gliding on, and strength'ning still, expands
Amid the British and Helvetian bands.
Nor were the foreign tribes to anger mov'd
By the sole mem'ry of the youth belov'd;
Again remember'd wrongs their thoughts engage,
And add fresh fuel to their new-born rage:
Each long-forgotten quarrel liv'd anew,
Each slumb'ring broil awoke, and fiercer grew:
All with loud taunts the tyrant Franks accus'd;
In haughty threats their hatred, wide diffus'd,
Explodes, by reason's whispers check'd in vain,
And scorns control, and frets, and boils amain.
Thus in some cauldron's hollow compass pent,
When flame excites the wa'try element,

As first the pow'rs of heat their work begin,
Hisses the bubbling mass, and smokes within,
But rising soon, and self-contain'd no more,
It mocks the vessel's edge, and foams, and rushes o'er.
The few whom Reason and whom Truth still sway'd,
To curb the heated throng in vain essay'd;
Nor royal William in the camp was found,
Nor Tancred, nor Camillo, names renown'd;
Each chief was absent, that exalted stood
In pow'r's pre-eminence, or pride of blood.
With haste precipitant and clamours loud
Rush blindly on to arms, the furious crowd;
Already from the trumpet's brazen throat
Sounds, in repeated blasts, Sedition's note.
Meanwhile swift messengers the tidings bear,
And bid the pious Chief for arms prepare.
In haste, and fully arm'd, before the rest
To guard his noble brother Baldwin prest.
Their charges foul th' astonish'd Chieftain hears;
Secure in conscious innocence, he rears
His eyes, his heart, to Heav'n's eternal throne
For still his hopes reposed on God alone:
"Thou Lord, who know'st my heart, with grace indued
To shrink abhorrent from my subject's blood,
Remove the veil, th' insensate crowd that blinds,
And calm the passions that inflame their minds:
Let my pure soul, which thou alone canst see,
Be clear to mortals as 'tis clear to thee."
He ceas'd; infus'd by Heav'n, new vigour ran
Through all his veins, and made him more than man,
Played in each glowing feature, fir'd his eye;
'Twas valour's noblest flame, exalted high,
And hope, sublim'd to loftiest energy.

Your merits, well approv'd in former time,
Now plead for pardon; and excuse your crime:
Some favour too your erring zeal shall prove
For great Rinaldo, whom ye justly love.
On Argillan alone the sword shall fall,
His blood atoning for the guilt of all,
Who, led by vain surmise, your giddy throng
Deceiv'd, and in the vortex forc'd along."
  Awful, majestic, thus the hero spoke;
His voice was thunder, light'ning was his look.
Confounded and amaz'd th' arch-rebel stood,
Quell'd by a frown, and by a glance subdued.
The mob, that late, in hot sedition's pride,
Loud pour'd their vaunting threats, and law defied,
So prompt to seize as rage supplied their hand,
The spear, the falchion, or the blazing brand,
With downcast looks the dread commandment hear;
By conscious shame o'erwhelmed, and mute with fear,
Their leader, Argillan, secur'd and bound,
Though with their threat'ning arms encompass'd round
They tamely see. So fares some lion proud,
That tost his mane of late, and roaring loud,
Fill'd ev'ry list'ning heart with silent fears:
If chance the form he spies, or voice he hears
Of him, who first succeeded to control
The native fierceness of his haughty soul,
Again his lofty spirit, tam'd and broke,
Submissive crouches to th' ignoble yoke;
He dreads the well-known threat; the harsh command,
And cow'ring shrinks beneath his master's hand;
Vain now his fangs, his mane's erected pride,
Vain are his claws, where strength and death reside;

Forgetful of the arms that Nature gave,
The lordly savage sinks into a slave.
'Twas then, so rumour's voice relates, was seen,
With threat'ning gesture and terrific mien,
A winged warrior, of immortal line;
Close to the pious Chief the form divine
His station took, a Seraph arm'd, and spread
His tutelary shield o'er Godfrey's head.
His thund'ring hand a naked falchion fill'd,
Whence purple gore, yet smoking fresh, distill'd;
'Twas Retribution's blood, perchance, that flow'd
From realms and cities, enemies to God,
When by repeated wrongs to vengeance driv'n,
Scourg'd their offending sons, reluctant Heav'n.
The tumult thus appeased, the contrite crew
Aside, with one accord, their weapons threw,
And with rebellion's arms, at once devest
The vengeful passions that disturb'd their breast.
Again his tent the pious Chieftain sought,
His mighty mind involv'd in anxious thought;
New plans he fram'd, resolving to assail,
Ere the third day's declining light should fail,
The sacred town: the timbers to survey
Of late cut down, he took his instant way:
Now chang'd to vast and fearful engines stood,
Shap'd by the artist's hands, the solid wood.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

History of Solyman, the Turkish Sultan. He is instigated by Alecto, who assumes the disguise of an old servant, to fall on the Christian camp at midnight at the head of his Arabs. His address to his soldiers. He assaults the camp. Latinus and his five sons slain by Solyman. Godfrey hastens to oppose the assailants, and sends Guelpho to meet Argantes and Clorinda, who, on a preconcerted signal, had made a sally at the head of the besieged. The Almighty sends down the Archangel Michael to drive back the Daemons to Hell. Clorinda distinguishes herself in the battle. During the confusion, Argillan escapes from his prison, and hastens to the scene of action. His exploits. He kills Lesbino, a page of the Sultan. Is himself slain by Solyman. While the conflict is yet doubtful, a band of fifty knights, the same who had followed Armida, unexpectedly appear in the field, and decide it in favour of the Christians. Aladine, who had left the city to survey the battle, calls off his troops. They are pursued by the Christians to the town with great slaughter. Distress of Solyman.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IX.

But the dire Fiend of darkness, who beheld
Each stormy passion hushed, the tumult quell'd,
Still bent to strive, inflexible in ill,
'Gainst Fate's decrees, and Heav'n's eterna
Departs; where'er she moves, the Sun grows pale,
The blasted flow'rs, the with'ring herbage fail;
On rapid wing the hideous Mischief goes,
To waken other furies, other woes.
By her foul comrades' guileful arts, she knew
The best and bravest of the Latin crew,
Rinaldo, Tancred, were remov'd afar,
And many an hero more renown'd in war.
"Why longer wait?" the Fury thus began:
"Invoke we now the hosts of Solyman:
Now be the chance of midnight battle tried;
While half-extinguished broils the camp divide,

An easy conquest o'er their weakened pow'rs,
If right my hopes presage, shall soon be ours."
This said, on ceaseless wing her course she held
To where, 'mid wand'ring hordes the warrior dwell'd.
Than he, not one a prouder spirit show'd,
Of all the millions that disowned their God,
Nor prouder would there be, should Earth renew,
To war again on Heav'n, the giant crew.
King of the Turks was he,* and ruled of late
In regal Nice, the populous and great;
Thence to the confines of the Greek domain,
He stretched the limits of his ample reign,
O'er the rich plains where Sangar's waters stray,
And where Mæander winds his mazy way,
Where once the Mysians, Phrygians, Lydians dwelled,
And where Bithynia's, Pontus' monarchs held
Their antique sway But when the Christian hosts
Waked the fierce war on Asia's faithless coasts,
His vanquished realm, his throne o'erturned he viewed;
Himself in open conflict twice subdued,
Still undismayed his fortunes tried in vain;
Till forc'd at last to quit his native reign,
A fugitive forlorn, his last resort,
He sought th' Egyptian Monarch's friendly court.
The royal host an eager welcome gave,
O'erjoy'd a Chief so skilful and so brave
His great and valued succour should combine,
To aid his arms, and speed his great design:
To guard Judæa's threatened realm he sought,
And thwart the champions who for Jesus fought;

* *Questi fu Re de' Turchi.* See Canto I.

But, cautious, ere he ventured to proclaim
War undisguised against the Christian name,
He bade his guest secure with gifts and bribes
(Himself the gold supplied) th' Arabian tribes.
Thus, while from Asia and the Moorish coasts
He gathered to the war his subject hosts,
The Turkish Sultan to his standards drew
Arabia's scattered sons, a lawless crew,
In modern days still famous, as of old,
For love of plunder, and for thrist of gold.
Thus made their Chief, and scouring wide and far
Judæa's lands, he wag'd a plundering war,
And barred all pass, or regress, o'er the plain
Betwixt the Latin armies and the main.
Still his remembered wrongs his soul engrost,
His native land subdued, his kidgdom lost,
And schemes of high ambition, he revolved,
Though wav'ring in suspense, and unresolved.
To him Alecto came; the gait, the look,
The features of decrepid age she took;
Furrowed with wrinkles deep her face she showed:
Slow in her veins the vital current flowed;
Smooth was her chin and shaven, but appeared,
Shading her upper lip, the curling beard;
Beneath her knees her robe, descending low,
Fell to her feet; she grasp'd the bended bow,
The well-stored quiver o'er her back was slung,
The crooked scimetar beside her hung.
"Still shall we scour," she cried, "these desart lands,
Inhospitable waste of barren sands,
Where nought is found to recompense our toil,
Nor glory can our arms acquire, nor spoil?

Godfrey meanwhile, with all his banded powers,
Urges the storm of war 'gainst Sion's towers.
Before his vast machines the wall gives way;
And hence, ere long, if still we make delay,
Our eyes may see the rolling smoke aspire,
And all the mighty fortress sink in fire.
And shall great Solyman his force employ
The helpless peasants' cottage to destroy?
To ravage herds and flocks, a worthless prize?
Are these thy trophies, and thy victories?
Thus wilt thou vindicate thy lost domain,
Thine injuries revenge, thy throne regain?
Dare nobly then; thine own great self resume,
Fall on the Christians in the midnight gloom,
And hurl their barb'rous Leader to the grave;
Thine own Arsapes trust, thy faithful slave,
Still wont to thee his counsel's aid to bring,
A wand'ring exile, or a sceptred King.
" The Christian holds in scorn, secure and proud,
Thine Arab bands, a naked, tim'rous crowd;
Nor dreams, a race averse from warlike toil,
Still bent on rapine, and alert for spoil,
Who place their safety, not in arms, but flight,
Should dare the dangers of an equal fight.
But 'gainst a Camp, in ease and slumber lost,
Thy courage shall inflame th' unmanly host,
Thy lofty soul their heartless ranks inspire,
And breathe through all the mass electric fire."
'Twas thus she spake, in accents that impart
Her own fierce furies to the warrior's heart,
Then mingled with the breezes of the sky.
Th' undaunted warrior raised his hand on high,
" Whoe'er thou art," he cried, " whose strange e

Excites to rage unknown my goaded soul,
For thou, methinks, canst own no mortal birth,
Though clad in likeness of the sons of earth,
Be thou my guide; I own thy power divine;
Where'er thou call'st, I follow, wholly thine.
Where now the smooth and level plain is spread,
Shall grow beneath my arm an hill of dead;
In rivers blood shall flow; do thou afford
Thy present aid, and guide my vengeful sword."
This said, he mustered soon his barb'rous crowd,
With exhortations forcible and loud
To the rude throng unwonted courage gave,
Spurr'd their slow hearts, and made e'en cowards brave.
Impatient burned for war th' incited crew;
Alecto's self th' inspiring trumpet blew,
Herself exulting from the staff unroll'd,
High waving to the gale, the banner's fold:
Soon moved the Camp; such rapid course they held,
That e'en the wings of Fame their speed excelled.
Fierce in the midst Alecto strode along,
But midway she forsook the marching throng,
And alt'ring soon her vestments and her look,
A courier's semblance, charged with news, she took,
And at the hour when fades th' ambiguous light,
And doubtful stands the world 'twixt day and night,
Entered thy walls, Jerusalem! in haste
Athwart the sad and anxious crowds she past,
And to the King announced the welcome force
That bent to his relief its rapid course,
Told all the numbers of the advancing power,
The assault they purpos'd and the destin'd hour.
But darkness now her veil of horror spread;
Tinged was the gloom with vapours fiery red;

No pearly drops the freshened ground bedewed,
But thick-distilling showers of tepid blood.
Strange portents filled the sky; with hideous din
Rushed howling through the gloom, the imps of sin
Th' infernal Monarch from his dreary coast
Sent every fiend sandcoat'd, and every yelling ghost,
And poured, exulting, from Night's deepest womb,
O'er the sad world, his own Tartarean gloom.

Such terrors reigned, as on destruction bent,
Swift towards the hostile Camp the Sultan went.
But when the sable-restored Night had driv'n
Her ebon car through half the vault of Heaven,
Scarce did a mile's short interval remain,
From where securely slept the Christian train.
Here, first with food refreshed, the warrior prond
Goads to the keen assault his savage crewd:

"Behold," he cried, "where yon encampment stands
The refuge of those formidable bands,
For rapine, than for valour, more renown'd;
For, like the insatiate Oceans gulfs profound,
The tents ye see, with plunder gorg'd, entomb
Half Asia's pillaged riches in their womb.
These now await your grasp, the gift of Fate;
How small the danger, and the prize how great!
Their steeds, which purple and which gold adorn,
Their costly armour, from its owners torn,
No longer shall defend the hated crew;
Inviting Fortune offers all to you!
No more the same unconquered band they boast,
That quelled the might of Persia's warlike host,
And humbled to the dust proud Nice's towers;
Destroying Time has withered half their powers,

In long and various wars consumed and slain;
And unimpaired did still their force remain,
Helpless, unarmed, and unprepared they lie,
Immersed in slumber's dull security.
Soon is he crushed, whom sleep's strong chains enslave;
From sleep, one step conducts us to the grave.
On, on, my valiant friends! the track pursue
Which through their sleeping ranks myself will hew:
My sword a pattern to the rest shall be;
Let every arm its lesson take from me;
This day the tott'ring reign of Christ shall bend;
This day shall Asia's sorrows find an end;
This day your country's cause shall freedom crown,
And victory and glory be your own."
The vengeful Monarch thus, in lofty strain,
To deeds of desp'rate valour fired his train,
Then marched in silence on. The dubious light
Soon showed the wakeful sentries to his sight;
This all at once his eager hope o'erthrows
Of seizing by surprise his wary foes.
The sentries, panic-struck, for safety fly,
Soon as the advancing numbers they descry:
Their shout of fear the foremost guard alarms
Who grasp for quick defence their ready arms.
Their march no more concealed, the Arab crew
With one consent their barb'rous metal blew;
Ascending to the sky, the brazen clang,
Mixed with the trampling hoofs, and neigh of coursers, rang:
Bellowed the hills, the hollow vales around;
The caves of Earth reverberate the sound.
Her torch that beamed afar, Alecto raised,
(With Phlegethon's own fires the flambeau blazed)

Gives to the distant town the appointed sign
Watched from the heights,—then bids the battle join.*
Before the rest the impetuous Sultan flew,
And reached the guard, a wild, disordered crew;
So swift he sped, that with less furious sweep
Escapes the whirlwind from the cavern'd steep:
The mountain flood, that quick-descending flows,
Uprooting trees and dwellings as it goes;
The sulph'rous bolt, that with no earthly power
Hurls headlong to the ground the smould'ring tower;
The earthquake, offspring of volcanic fire,
Were but faint emblems of his mightier ire.
True was his sword to every well-aimed blow;
Where'er it lights, it smites some luckless foe;
Where'er it smites it takes a life away;
More of his matchless prowess might I say,
But Truth would Falsehood's varnished semblance wear;
Insensible to pain, as dead to fear,
The hero feels not, or disdains to feel
The keen infliction of the hostile steel,
Though rings his helm with many a steely clash,
And from the impinging metals lightnings flash.
But when his arm, unaided and alone,
The foremost Christian squadrons had o'erthrown,
On came his Arabs, as a deluge strong
Swelled by an hundred torrents pours along.
Then fled with loosened reins the Latin foe;
Mixed with the fugitives the conqu'rors go,
And undistinguished pass the intrenchment's mound;
Confusion, terror, ruin, reign around,
And strife and slaughter, blood and death abound.
A tow'ring helm the furious Sultan wore,
Which on its crest a volum'd dragon bore:

* See note 64.

Reared on his paws the burnished monster stands,
Arches his lengthened neck, his wings expands,
And twines his forky tail in many a fold;
Darting afar, his triple tongue is rolled;
All wet with livid foam his jaws appear;
Methinks his terror-breathing hiss we hear;
He seems to breathe, to move: and fiercer grows
His heightened horror, as the combat glows:
'Tis then he flaps his wings, he rises higher,
All kindles into life, and vomits smoke and fire.
As the black Genius of the troubled deep,
When howling storms the face of Ocean sweep,
Glares on some tempest-beaten vessel's crew,
Shown by the lightning's flash, and blasts their shrinking view;
Such and so dreadful through the uncertain light
Shone the dread Sultan on the Christians' sight.
Some, trembling, turn their coward steps, and fly:
Some to their trusty steel their hands apply:
Night's awful gloom confounds confusion more,
Adds deeper thunder to the battle's roar,
O'er all the scene tumultuous horror deals,
And aggravates the danger it conceals.
Foremost among the brave, Latinus stood,
Who drew his breath by Tyber's yellow flood;
No martial toil his nervous strength could tame,
Nor age's frost repress his valour's flame.
Close at his honour'd side, where'er he mov'd,
Five gallant boys attend their sire belov'd;
Ere yet full-grown, their limbs in steel were drest;
Their tender brows the pond'rous helm oppprest;
Rous'd by th' example of their gen'rous sire,
They thirst for blood, and whet their mutual ire.

"Turn we," he cried, "where yonder madman goes,
Insulting proudly o'er his flying foes;
But though thus fierce he lords it o'er the rest,
Let no vain terrors chill your noble breast;
Worthless the palm, and mean the praise we claim,
Unless some danger past exalt our fame."
So the fierce mother of the lion race,
Though yet their necks no pendent honours grace,
Though Nature yet the fatal claws denies,
Nor with destruction's pow'rs their fangs supplies,
In early youth inures her royal brood
To scenes of spoil, of danger, and of blood;
To seek their prey she guides their steps along,
Sharp'ning their rage against the hunter throng
That chase the weaker tribes, and dare profane
The lone recesses of her sylvan reign.
Forward at once the filial squadron spring,
And close incautious round the warrior-King.
One will, one spirit, and one movement rears
Against the foe, six long protended spears.
But bolder than the rest, the first-born son
Forsakes his lance, and thoughtless rushes on,
And strives in closer combat with his sword
To pierce the courser of the mighty Lord.
But as some sea-beat rock, whose giant form
Tow'rs o'er the flood exposed to ev'ry storm,
Braves, in its strength secure, and rooted fast,
The scorn of angry Heaven, the lightning, and the blast;
So firmly stood the Sultan in his pride,
Rear'd his tall front, and sword and spear defied:
On him who struck his steed, his sword he sped,
And 'twixt the eye-brows clove the parted head.

To aid his brother, Aramantes strove,
Urg'd by the ardour of fraternal love,
And stretch'd his arm to prop the youth o'erthrown;
But vainly was the pious fondness shown,
Which in his brother's fate involv'd his own.
Full on his arm descends the Pagan sword,
The member lops away, then stabs its lord.
At once they fell; there fainting, bleeding, lay,
And breath'd, in-mingled sighs, their lives away.
Sabino's spear, who, skirmishing from far,
His foe molested with more distant war,
He cut away, then with tremendous force
O'erturn'd the rider underneath his horse:
Th' incumbent steed the prostrate youth oppress,
Then, trampling, forc'd the spirit from his breast.
The struggling soul reluctant fled away,
Forc'd in its prime to quit the cheerful day,
The hopes, the joys, the graces, that adorn
The gilded hours of youth's ambitious morn.
Lorenzo, Pico, yet alive remain'd;
These at one birth their joyful father gain'd,
A two-fold treasure; young alike, and fair,
No sign distinctive marked the lovely pair,
And oft the fond similitude would cheat
Their parents' doting eyes with error sweet.
But what, though at their birth by Nature join'd?
A diff'rence sad in death the Turk assign'd:
One in his breast receiv'd the fatal thrust;
One, of his head depriv'd, an hideous bust,
Fell prone; the skull roll'd gasping in the dust.
The wretched father, father now no more,
(Ah! cruel fate, that in one moment tore

From a fond parent's arms, five blooming boys!)
At once beholds the source of all his joys,
The hopes of all his race, extinct and gone,
And in their fate untimely, sees his own,
Strange would it seem, that in such mighty wo,
Nature should still the pow'r, the will, bestow
To breathe, to move, the combat to maintain;
Perchance that piteous sight, his offspring slain,
He saw not; Night conceal'd it from his eye,
In mercy to a father's agony.
Fix'd and resolv'd to perish in the strife,
Success would hateful prove, if curs'd with life:
He thirsts not for the murd'rer's life alone,
He holds at nought, he longs to lose, his own;
His anguish'd soul two rival wishes fill,
Desire to perish, and desire to kill.
"Is then my arm so worthless in thine eyes,"
Thus to his hated foe aloud he cries,
"That vain are all its efforts, to engage
'Gainst this weak frame, thy vengeance, and thy rage?"
He dealt, as thus he said, a furious stroke;
The plated mail, the jointed steel it broke,
And to the Sultan's side its passage found;
The purple gore came smoking from the wound.
Rous'd by the cry, and smarting with the blow,
Full on th' assailant sprang the cruel foe,
His sev'nfold shield he burst, his corslet bor'd,
And in his bowels sheath'd the deadly sword.
Unblest Latinus, sinking into death,
Sobb'd deep, and heav'd with pain his lab'ring breath;
In copious streams the spouting life-blood gush'd,
And through the mouth, the wound, alternate rush'd.

Like some majestic tree, that long has stood
The pride of Apennine's primæval wood,
And mock'd the storm; if chance some ruder blast
Uproot its venerable form at last,
It scatters, as it falls, destruction round,
And tumbles half the forest to the ground:
'Twas so he fell; with fury uncontroll'd,
Grasping the neighb'ring warriors in his hold,
All to the earth at once in ruin vast he roll'd.
Well did such end a life so brave become,
That gen'ral havoc should attend its doom.
While death's fell work the Sultan thus pursued,
Quenching his vengeance, long supprest, with blood,
His Arabs from their Chief th' infection caught,
And 'mong the foe dire scenes of carnage wrought.
In heaps the Christian warriors strew'd the plain:
'Twas then, by thee was English Henry slain,
Redoubted Dragut! and beneath thy hand
Bavarian Holifernes bit the sand.
Gilbert, and Philip, Ariadeno slew,
Who first their breath on Rhine's green margin drew;
Albazar's mace Ernesto's doom supplied;
Beneath Algazel's sword, Engerland died:
But who shall ev'ry form of death relate?
Who name the vulgar crowds that met their fate?
Rous'd by the clamour of th' incipient fray,
Great Godfrey woke; he makes no vain delay;
Already is he arm'd; a squadron strong
Already joins their Chief; they march along.
But when, succeeding to the barb'rous roar,
The noisy tumult, gath'ring more and more,
Continued on his ear, he soon surmis'd
That the wild Arabs had his camp surpris'd.

Well knew the Chieftain that their roving band
With predatory inroads scour'd the land;
But little dream'd so loose a mob would dare
Insult him in his tents with equal war.
But onward as he past, the clash of arms
Struck from behind his ear with fresh alarms;
There too he hears barbaric howlings rise,
And shouts, redoubled, echo to the skies.
There did Clorinda to the conflict guide
The Syrian bands, Argantes at her side.
To Guelpho then, the noble and the brave,
The Chieftain turn'd, and thus his orders gave:
"Hark! what new noise of battle, rolling down,
Swells from the hill, and thickens from the town!
There must thy skill and valour, Guelph, restrain
Th' impetuous onset of the sallying train:
Speed then away, that quarter to defend;
Half of my squadron shall thy steps attend,
While with the remnant, on the adverse side
Myself will haste to stem the battle's tide."
Their sep'rate tasks arrang'd, each Captain sped,
On diverse tracks by equal Fortune led;
Guelph tow'rds the town, the Sov'reign leader goes
Where unresisted fight th' Arabian foes.
Increasing, as his onward course he held,
His squadron still collected numbers swell'd,
Till, with an army in his train, he found
Where the fierce Turk spread death and terror round.
So, first descending from his native hill,
Scarce does the Po, a scanty streamlet, fill
His narrow banks; but farther from his source,
Still, as he flows, he multiplies his force.

Lifts o'er his broken bounds his horned head,
And far and wide his branching waters spread.
Arriv'd at last where Adria's waters roll,
With pow'r resistless rushing to his goal,
He sweeps victorious o'er the delug'd plain,
And carries war, not tribute, to the main.
Godfrey, when first he met his flying crowd,
Sprang forth, and threat'ning thus exclaim'd aloud;
"What fear has seiz'd your souls, ye coward race?
What? fly my legions from a foe so base?
But mark at least, who drives you thus along;
A rabble vile, a despicable throng,
Who shrink from honourable fight, nor dare
To meet with manly front the shock of war.
Back, back; the fires that in your eye-balls glow,
Will quell the courage of so mean a foe."
He spurr'd his steed as thus he spake, and turn'd
To where round Solyman the combat burn'd.
'Mid clouds of dust, 'mid thousand deaths he rode,
'Mid arms that lighten'd, and 'mid blood that flow'd;
Bursting with sword and spear their firm array,
Through closest ranks he mow'd his headlong way,
O'erturn'd on ev'ry side with furious force
Arm'd men and arms, the horseman and the horse.
'Mid carnage deeply pil'd his courser sped,
Vaulting at ev'ry step o'er heaps of dead.
Th' advancing war th' intrepid Sultan spied,
Nor shunn'd the storm, nor turn'd one step aside:
To meet his foe with lifted sword he came;
What mighty rivals in the fields of fame
From Earth's remotest bounds did Fortune bring!
How great a Captain, and how great a King!

With force well-match'd, in one small spot, engage
Cool, dauntless valour here, there desp'rate rage,
The Asian world the prize. But who can tell
With what resistless sway their falchions fell?
How strong; how rapid, was each deadly blow;
How vast the prowess of each mighty foe?
Great deeds and dreadful mark'd the well-fought field,
But Night's invidious veil those deeds conceal'd,
Worthy the brightest ray of Solar fire,
That all mankind might view them, and admire.
  But now the Christians, from example bold,
Backward again the thund'ring battle roll'd:
Soon of their best-arm'd troops a chosen band
Around the murder-dealing Sultan stand:
Alike the Faithful and the Pagan train
Dyed with their streaming blood the thirsty plain;
By turns confounded in the battle's tide,
The conquer'd and the conqu'rors slew and died.
As when with equal strength and rage rush forth
The sweeping South-wind and the wint'ry North,
In stubborn contest mix'd, each vainly tries
To wrest the empire of the seas, or skies;
Waves rush on waves, with deaf'ning clangor driv'n,
And join with hollow crash, the clouds of Heav'n;
So now, confounded in the stubborn fray,
Nor these one step retir'd, nor those gave way;
Their closing bucklers meet with horrid shock,
Swords clash with swords, with helmets helmets lock.
  Nor on the adverse side the hosts engage
With ranks less close, with less unyielding rage.
Unnumber'd swarms of Hell's black angels there
People th' immeasurable fields of air,

And to the Pagan bands such force bestow,
None thinks of flight, none shrinks before the foe.
The torch of Hell Argantes' breast inspires;
Already heated with its native fires.
He too had put the foremost guards to flight,
And with one bound o'erleap'd the rampart's height,
Fill'd the deep fosse with wounded and with slain,
And smooth'd a ready passage for his train.
His train the footsteps of their Chief pursued,
And soon dyed red the foremost tents with blood.
Clorinda at his side with equal pace
Prest close, disdainful of a second place.
Already the desponding Christians fled,
When noble Guelpho, and the band he led,
Arriv'd; he drove the flying squadrons back,
And stood himself th' assailant's fierce attack.
The battle thus with equal fury glow'd,
And here and there alike the bloody torrents flow'd.
Meanwhile th' Eternal Ruler of the skies
On the dread conflict turn'd his watchful eyes.
Above Creation's narrow bounds, an height
That mocks vain Reason in her proudest flight,
Reason, that quits not this frail world of dust!
Resides th' All-Wise, All-Bounteous, and All-Just,
And of each beauteous part th' enliv'ning soul,
At will creates, adorns, directs the whole.
There, on Eternity's majestic throne
The Godhead sits, unbounded and alone,
A triple light, concentrated in one.
Fate at his feet, and plastic Nature stand;
Time, Place, and Motion wait his high command;

And She, the Goddess, whose inconstant will,
Capricious arbitress of good and ill,
Proud states and realms by turns erects, o'erthows,
And Gold, the sov'reign joy, withdraws, bestows;
Like smoke and dust that to the winds are hurl'd,
She mocks the glories of this nether world,
And sporting with her victim, Man, below,
Confounds our triumphs, and derides our wo.
'Tis thus he reigns; such glories round him blaze,
The purest, worthiest, tremble while they gaze:
Unnumber'd Spirits throng their King around,
All happy, though with bliss unequal crown'd:
Their harps, their voice, th' Angelic choirs employ,
And Heav'n is vocal with the sounds of joy.
  Michael, the leader of the Hosts divine,
Whose beamy arms with living diamond shine,
He thus address'd: "Lo! where yon hated band,
The imps of Hell, array'd in battle stand
Against my fav'rites; from the Stygian gloom,
To blast the quiet of the world, they come.
Go, in my name command the impious throng
To leave war's toils to whom war's toils belong,
Nor with their look and tread abhorr'd, defile
The fields of æther pure, Earth's verdant soil.
Seek they again their own allotted reign,
The darksome regions of despair and pain,
Where Night eternal wraps the dreary coast;
There on themselves, on souls for ever lost,
Be all their rage, their hate, their vengeance prov'd;
Such is my high command, and such my will unmov'd."
  Submissive bowing to the King of Kings,
The bright Arch-Angel spread his gilded wings,

Which, mov'd by heav'nly instinct, far exceed
Imagination in its utmost speed.
He past the shining realms, whose fiery bounds
An ever-living blaze of light surrounds,
Where live the blest whose joys shall still endure
When time shall cease: the sphere of crystal pure
He saw, in never-ceasing cycle roll'd,
Gemm'd with ten thousand thousand stars of gold.
He saw, with diff'ring forms and aspects, move
The frigid Saturn, and the brighter Jove,
And all, that with unerring swiftness trace
Their pathless journey through the realms of space,
For that some mightier pow'r some heav'nly soul,
Bids each fair planet in its orbit roll.
Thence from the confines of immortal day
To our frail world he urg'd his rapid way;
He came to where the rains, the thunders rise,
Where, changing still, the world revives and dies,
Where ceaseless war the elements maintain,
And from their own destruction live again.
He scatter'd with his many-colour'd plumes
The dense expansion of primæval glooms;
His visage, radiant with celestial light,
Gilded the black profundity of Night;
So on the sullen clouds, that sparkle bright,
Their vivid hues the glitt'ring sun-beams pour,
The gay appendage of a summer show'r:
So bright, so swift, a falling star is seen,
Earthward descending through the deep serene.
Arriving now where Hell's dark Fiends inspire
The Pagan legions with no mortal fire,
Poising his wings in air, his course he stay'd,
And shook his dreadful spear, and proudly said:

"Forget ye then with what dire force are hurl'd
The thunders of the Monarch of the World?
Your stubborn pride, ye race perverse of Hell,
Nor scorn can tame, nor bitt'rest torments quell.
'Tis fix'd that to the Cross, in triumph spread,
Yon tow'rs releas'd shall bow their grateful head,
And Sion wide expand her lofty gates:
Then why, ye Fiends condemn'd, resist the Fates?
And why, by impotent perverseness driv'n,
Provoke anew the slumb'ring wrath of Heav'n?
Go, ye accursed, to your realms below,
Th' abode of death, of torture, and of wo;
There in your own intestine wars engage,
There be your triumphs, there exert your rage,
And all your arts of cruelty employ
On damned spirits, lost to light and joy,
'Mid endless shrieks, and teeth that gnash with pain,
The scourge that rattles, and he clanking chain."
Th' Arch-Angel spake; and urging them along,
Smote with his spear divine th' unwilling throng.
They quit with many a groan of deep despair,
The golden stars, the realms of æther fair,
And Hell-ward speed their flight, to wreak anew
T eir sharpen'd malice on the sinful crew.
Less numerous far, the birds, a clam'rous train,
Wing their aerial journey o'er the main,
To seek more genial Suns, and warmer skies:
Nor, withered by the first keen frosts that rise,
So thick with sapless leaves the ground is strew'd,
When blust'ring autumn shakes the yellow wood.
The world, delivered from the crew abhorr'd,
Resumes its wonted smiles, and Nature blooms restored.

Yet not the less did fury uncontrolled
Inflame the spirit of Argantes bold,
Though in his soul Alecto breathed no more,
Nor Hell's envenomed scourge his bosom tore:
Where closest stood the Christian ranks arrayed,
The furious Satrap plied his cruel blade,
Mowed, with resistless arm, the mean, the great,
And whelm'd the high, the low, in undistinguished fate.
Nor far removed her way Clorinda hews,
Nor less with mangled limbs the ground she strews.
At Belingier her thund'ring steel she guides:
Where in the breast the spark of life resides,
It lodged, and pierced his heart; so strong, so just,
Her skilful hand bestowed the mortal thrust,
That issuing at his back the weapon stood;
Out rushed the spirit with the rushing blood.
She turned, and through Albino's navel drove
Her sword, and Gallo's face in sunder clove.
Gernier's right hand struck off, her vengeance felt,
Atoning for the blow it lately dealt:
Grasping its falchion still, the severed hand,
Lay half-alive, and quiv'ring, on the sand;
So from a mangled serpent lopped away,
The tail still vibrates with convulsive play,
And struggling, writhing, labours to regain
Its kindred body; but it strives in vain.
Thus maimed, the heroine left the bleeding Knight,
And tow'rd Achilles turned with matchless might;
Him 'twixt the nape and neck her weapon smote;
The nerves it parted, and it cleft the throat;
Already rolled upon the ground the head,
Already was the face with dust o'erspread,

Ere fell the trunk; the trunk its seat retained,
(An hideous sight!) till free and unrestrained,
The startled courser, prancing round and round,
Tumbled the useless burden to the ground.
While thus Clorinda, fierce in battle prest,
And lashed and gored, the legions of the West,
In equal numbers slain, her Pagan band
Confest the prowess of Gildippe's hand.
The same bold spirit glowed in either dame,
The same their valour, as their sex the same;
To prove their mutual strength, their fates deny;
Beneath a greater foe must either die.
Each heroine urged along her furious course,
Charging with rival strength, th' opposing force,
Yet each to pierce the crowded battle failed:
But Guelpho then the Pagan Fair assailed;
Approaching, at her side he launched a blow;
The warm blood spouted from the beauteous foe.
She with her sword a cruel answer made,
And lodged betwixt his ribs the trenchant blade.
The Chief, his stroke repeating, missed his aim,
For in his way by chance Osmida came;
Him, Syrian born, the erring weapon found,
And on his face imprest a ghastly wound.
But now th' advancing troops that Guelpho led,
In haste to aid their noble leader sped;
Nor less in crowds th' auxiliar Pagans pour,
And the blind tumult thickens more and more.
Meanwhile, high mounted in her car of flame,
Triumphant from the East the purple morning came.
While through the Camp the wild confusion ran,
Burst from his prison-bonds fierce Argillan.

With thoughtless speed around his limbs he threw
Such arms, as chance first offered to his view,
Then hasted to partake the martial fray,
And wash with glorious deeds his guilt away.
As from his stall some high-fed courser springs,
Where late confined, he graced the pomp of Kings
In courtly tournament, or banner'd war;
To seek the well-known streams he bounds afar,
Where once at ease he cropp'd the flow'ry groves,
Or reign'd the hero of his pamper'd loves.
His mane luxuriant o er his shoulders sports,
He tosses high his neck, he foams, he snorts,
His rampant neighings fill the air around;
Beneath his trampling hoofs the plains resound:
His glowing frame takes fire, and smokes along the
ground.
So sprang fierce Argillan; he lifted high
His dauntless front; like lightning flashed his eye;
So light his airy bound, so swift he sped,
Scarce was the dust imprinted by his tread.
And soon arriving where the battle blaz'd,
He rushed amid the thickest foes, and rais'd
His voice aloud, as one whose soul, prepar'd
For all extremes, their utmost fury dar'd;
" Dregs of the earth," he cried, " ye Arabs base,
Whence comes such valour in your coward race?
Unus'd are ye the helm, the shield to bear,
Or on your breast the pond'rous cuirass wear;
Backward in fight, but matchless in the course,
Ye trust for safety to your nimble horse.
Your feats of arms Night's fav'ring gloom attend;
Night is your shield, and darkness is your friend.

But these are gone; and who shall aid ye now?
Arms now ye need, and valour's fearless brow."
As vaunting thus he spake, Algazel's throat
With arm so strong the furious warrior smote,
That, while he framed reply, the gliding sword
Cut through the jaws, and stopped the rising word.
Thick darkness clouds his eyes; with deadly thrill
Darts sudden through his bones an icy chill;
With rage the Infidel resigns his breath,
And bites the hated ground, convuls'd in death.
To Saladin his death-wound next he gave,
And Agricalt, and Muleasses brave:
At Aldiazil, standing near, he flew,
And smote him in the side, and cleft him through:
Then plung'd his sword in Ariadeno's breast,
And with reviling taunts his scorn exprest.
The dying Arab to his words of pride,
Raising his languid eye-balls, thus replied;
"Soon shalt thou cease, proud boaster to presume,
Nor long shalt live to triumph in my doom;
Thou at my side must shortly press the sand,
Thy death inflicted by a mightier hand."
On his stern brow a bitter smile arose;
"Let Heav'n above," he cried, "my doom dispose;
Meanwhile 'tis thine to perish; lie thou there,
A banquet to the dogs, and fowls of air."
Then as he lay, he prest him with his heel;
The spirit followed, as he tugg'd the steel.
The Sultan's page, amid the light-arm'd crew
Who tossed the javelin, or the bow who drew,
A beauteous stripling, rode; no beard display'd
Upon his youthful chin, its early shade.

Down his fair cheeks, that bloomed with rosy hues,
The tepid moisture roll'd its pearly dews:
The gathered dust adorn'd his clust'ring hair,
And sweet was anger in a face so fair.
Milk-white his steed; the purest snows that shine
On the high top of cloud-capt Appenine,
Match'd not the whiteness of that courser's frame,
Nor winged whirlwind, nor impetuous flame
Surpassed his speed, when straining in the course,
Or wheels, or bounds, or vaults the light-heel'd horse.
Grasp'd in the midst, a barbed dart he swung;
Loose at his side his crooked sabre hung;
Shone with barbaric pomp his vesture's fold,
Of finest purple wrought, and tissued gold,
While Glory, fatal but alluring toy,
Played round the bosom of the lovely boy,
While here and there the parted ranks he drove,
And none to stay his bloodless progress strove,
Stern Argillan observ'd the youth's advance,
And marked his time, and with protended lance,
Struck his fleet courser lifeless to the plain,
Then o'er the stripling, ere he rose again,
Stood threat'ning; at his face, whose suppliant tone
Invok'd the aid of Pity's arms alone,
Th' unfeeling victor drove his lifted brand,
To mar the fairest work of Nature's hand.
As if with sense endued, the shrinking sword
Seemed more alive to mercy than its Lord;
Flat on its side it fell;—in vain! the foe
With the keen point redeemed the failing blow.
His royal master, who not far remote
Against the might of valiant Godfrey fought,
Soon as his fav'rite's danger struck his sight,
Spurr'd his hot courser from th' unfinish'd fight.

An open road through serried squadrons made,
And to revenge arriv'd, though not to aid.
Stretch'd on the ground, ah! sad, ill-fated hour!
He saw, a lovely, but a wither'd flow'r,
His own, his best-belov'd Lesbino lie!
So fair, so languid, droop'd his fading eye,
His neck, declining with such piteous air,
Fell fainting on his back, and rested there;
So pale he seem'd, while Death's fix'd glare beneath,
So soft did soul-subduing Pity breathe,
That he, the proud, the mighty, learn'd to feel,
Whose heart was adamant, whose nerves were steel!
Down his hard cheeks the streaming tear-drops ran;
What? could'st thou weep, relentless Solyman,
Who with dry eyes, with heart unmov'd as stone,
Hadst seen thy hosts subdued, thy realm o'erthrown?
But when the hostile sword he saw, bedew'd
And smoking with the hapless stripling's blood,
His pity soon gave way; his tears retire,
And in its fulness wak'd his dreadful ire.
At Argillan with lifted sword he darts,
The high-rais'd shield, the yielding helm he parts;
Through head, and throat, the weapon drove along;
The blow did honour to an arm so strong.
Nor yet content, dismounting from his horse,
He wag'd fresh battle 'gainst th' unbreathing corse:
So, wounded from afar, and furious grown,
The snarling mastiff bites th' unconscious stone:
Oh! solace vain of anger and of hate,
To rage against the dust inanimate!
Meanwhile the Leader of the Latin train
Nor spent his rage, nor dealt his blows in vain.

A thousand Turks a goodly troop compos'd;
In firm array the martial phalanx clos'd;
Their arms, the helm, the breast-plate, and the shield;
Old in the dangers of the bloody field,
Of courage unsubdued, they knew to bear
Each toil, each risk, each varying chance of war.
The remnant of the Sultan's native host,
On him, through wild Arabia, 'twas their boast,
The faithful servants of their Lord, to wait,
Attend his wand'rings, and partake his fate.
These hardy sons of discipline oppose
The fiercest onsets of the Christian foes.
On these great Bouillon's Prince his prowess tried:
Grim Corcut's face he smote, and Rustan's side,
Lopp'd Selim's head, and with successive sway,
Struck from Rossano, either arm away.
Nor these alone, but of the vet'ran crew
He wounded many more, and many slew.
While thus the Captain smites the Pagan bands,
And all their force conjoin'd himself withstands;
While hope as yet unquench'd the Syrians show,
Nor find in Fortune a decided foe,
Behold, advancing swiftly from afar,
A cloud of dust was seen, that teem'd with war.
Quick darting from its womb, with sudden awe,
A flash of arms the startled Pagans saw.
There fifty warriors rode, a chosen band,
Who flaming in a silver field expand
The purple Cross: were mine an hundred tongues,
An hundred mouths, an iron voice and lungs,
Yet gifted thus, th' attempt were vain to tell
What numbers by their first sharp onset fell.

Th' unwarlike Arab sinks; the Turk in vain
Resists and fights; he fights but to be slain.
Scouring the field with rapid strides appear
Horror, and massacre, and strife, and fear;
Death stalks in all his various shapes around;
A lake of blood inundates all the ground.
Presaging high success, the Syrian Lord
Already from the City's gate had pour'd,
Heading a num'rous band, and from an height
Survey'd the subject plain, the dubious fight.
But when he witness'd that his main array
Shrunk from the foe, defeated in the fray,
He sounds the signal of retreat, and sends
An urgent message to his valiant friends,
The great Clorinda, and th' Egyptian Knight,
To quit betimes the inauspicious fight;
But the fierce pair refuses to retire,
Drunk with the fumes of slaughter, mad with ire.
At length they yield, reluctant; still they tried
The fear-struck throng's tumultuous steps to guide,
Their broken ranks to join, their haste restrain;
But who the blind, disorder'd mob can rein?
Or who the soul of cowardice command?
Panic and Flight possess the trembling band;
One casts his shield away, and one his sword,
For hindrance, not defence, their arms afford.

A narrow vale, with steep and rugged sides,
The City from the Christian Camp divides,
Which verging from the West, obliquely bends,
And tow'rd the South its narrow length extends.
Hither they fly, and as they thunder down,
Thick clouds of dust roll gath'ring tow'rd the town.

Disorder'd down the steep descent they sped;
Their keen pursuers smote them as they fled.
At length the adverse eminence they gain,
And join the Syrian King's advancing train:
Then noble Guelpho deem'd it vain to try
The rocky bank, precipitous and high,
And to unequal risk expose his band;
To stay the hot pursuit he gives command.
The Syrian too collects with equal care
The shatter'd remnant of unprosp'rous war.
Meanwhile the Sultan, in that slaught'rous hour,
What man may do, had done, and Nature grants no more.
He streams with sweat and blood; with toil oppprest,
Thick pantings shake his sides, and heave his breast.
His strong arm droops beneath the pond'rous shield;
With slow and languid hand his sword is wheel'd;
Its edge can only bruise, and tir'd with blows
No more a falchion's rightful use it shows.
While such his case, in hesitating mood,
Perplex'd and unresolv'd, awhile he stood,
Doubtful, himself to speed the fatal blow,
And thus prevent the triumph of the foe,
Or, still surviving from th' ill-omen'd strife,
Preserve for future deeds his valiant life.
At length, "I yield," he cried, "to Fate alone;
My flight shall grace the conquest Fate has won.
Then let th' insulting foe behold me fly,
And view my exile with disdainful eye:
Nor long, nor unreveng'd shall be his scorn;
Soon shall he witness my unhop'd return,
Again to spread alarm and death around,
His peace to mar, his tott'ring realm confound.

My wrongs forever shall my soul engage;
And co-eternal be my mighty rage.*
When Death's resistless hand has laid me low,
Still will I rise again, a fiercer foe;
My fleshless sprite shall burst th' eternal gloom,
And my great vengeance live beyond the tomb."

* See note 65.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO X.

So from the murd'rous field the Sultan hied,
Though gorg'd with slaughter, yet unsatisfied.
From clouds of sounding darts that round him flew,
From spears, and swords, and death he slow withdrew;
So will'd his Fate: through desert paths and lone
He journey'd, unregarded and unknown,
New projects fram'd, and varying plans revolv'd,
In thought's wild tempest tost, and unresolv'd.
At length he fixes to direct his course
Where Egypt's King collects his mighty force;
With him to join his arms, and boldly dare
Once more the renovated chance of war.
Decided thus, he makes no vain delay,
But on the spot, impatient, takes his way;
The track well known, he needs no aiding hand
To guide his steps to Gaza's arid strand.
Though smarting with his recent wounds, and sore,
Though scarce his drooping limbs their burden bore,
Not once his pond'rous arms aside he throws,
But through the day moves on, and scorns repose.
At length when Night her dusky shadows deals,
Night, that the varying hues of nature steals,
And to the world a sable vesture lends,
From his tired horse the unconquer'd Chief descends,
Binds up his wounds, and from the palms that shoot
Their heads aloft, he shakes the scanty fruit.
His strength restored, upon the naked field
He sank, his head reclining on his shield,
To ease his languid frame, with toils oppress,
And his vexed thoughts suspend awhile in rest.
But raging still with keener smart he found
The sleepless anguish of each throbbing wound;

Then, Prince, disdain not, if sharp words inspire
Thy valiant bosom with augmented fire.
This very hour, if rightly I surmise,
To Egypt's King thy destined journey lies:
But (or my wonted divinations fail)
Thy journey and thy pains shall nought avail;
Already he collects his numerous train;
Soon will his armies march, though thou remain.
No meet occasion waits thee there, to show
Thy wonted prowess 'gainst our common foe;
But if thou dar'st my guiding hand obey,
Within yon straightened fortress take thy way;
Myself by day an entrance will supply;
No need thy sword to draw nor force to try.
To strive 'gainst hostile arms and want combin'd,
Thy glory shall exalt, delight thy mind;
There guard Judæa's land, till Egypt's crew
Relieve thy labours, and the war renew."

While thus the old man spake, his voice, his eyes,
The royal Turk observed with fixed surprise,
And urged by unknown instinct, laid aside
His stern demeanour, and his kingly pride,
And thus he answered: "Father, I obey,
And joyful follow where thou lead'st the way.
That counsel to embrace is still my boast,
Which valour most pervades, and glory most."

The sire approv'd, and as the nightly chill
Wak'd in the Sultan's wounds a keener thrill,
Infus'd an healing juice, which straight bestow'd
Recruited strength, and sooth'd the pain that glow'd.
But now the Sun through Eastern portals borne,
Tipp'd with pure gold the roses of the morn;

" 'Tis time to part," he cried; "the rising day
Lends his bright beams to guide us on our way,
The beams that summon man to toils renew'd."
He said: not far remov'd a chariot stood;
The stranger sprang upon the seat in haste;
Close at his side the Nicene King he placed,
Shook the loose reins, and with no mortal force
Lash'd to its utmost speed each straining horse.
So swift they fly, that on the dusty plains
Nor track of wheels, nor print of hoofs remains;
The panting coursers foam, and smoke, and blow,
And their champ'd bits are white with frothy snow.
Strange marvels will I tell; in gath'ring clouds
The air, condens'd, their rapid progress shrouds,
And veils th' enchanted chariot as it flies;
The rolling mist no human eye descries,
Nor, by the force of mural engines thrown,
Might pierce its viewless mass th' impetuous stone;
While by the pair within were clearly seen,
Around, the cloud, beyond, the sky serene.
The warrior arch'd his eye-brows with amaze,
Wrinkled his front, and eyed with stupid gaze
The cloud, the car, which, as with flight endued.
Delay'd by no restraint, its course pursued.
His eye-lids wide, his features fix'd with awe,
Betok'ning deep surprise, the stranger saw,
Recall'd his captive thoughts, and silence broke:
Rous'd from his trance at last, the Sultan spoke;
" Oh thou, whoe'er thou art, whose power can bend
Nature's fixed laws to aid thy purpos'd end,
Who know'st all secrets, and without control
Piercest the deep recesses of the soul,

If known to thee the dark events that lie
Hid in the bosom of futurity,
Say, when shall Asia's stormy troubles cease?
In ruin must they terminate, or peace?
But first thy name declare, and say, whence springs
The skill, the pow'r, to work such mighty things?
For while surprise and awe my sense enchain,
All else my charmed ears would hear in vain."
The old man smiled: "With ease," he cried, "in part
I gratify the wishes of thy heart.
Ismeno am I call'd; and Syria's race,
For that mysterious arts I love to trace,
On me a Sorcerer's high name bestow;
But that all future things my skill should know,
And the dark web of Destiny unfold,
Too lofty were the thought, the wish too bold;
Nor have the Pow'rs that rule the world assign'd
Such envied privilege to humankind.
Whate'er of strength, of wisdom Heaven bestows,
Let each employ to face this world of woes:
Oft his own doom the wise, the brave creates,
Arrests frail Fortune's frown, and thwarts his fates.
Easy to that right hand the task shall be
To shake the power of Europe's Chivalry:
Nor think to guard alone yon regal tow'rs,
Now close blockaded by the Western pow'rs;
For sword, for fire, thy constant soul prepare
And ev'ry fierce extremity of war.
Then boldly dare, and suffer; give full scope
To thy brave heart; myself am big with hope.
And further, for thy soul's content, be told,
What dimly, through a mist, mine eyes behold.

I see, or seem to see, ere yon bright sphere
Shall oft renew the never-ceasing year,
A glorious chief, who o'er fair Egypt's land
Shall stretch the sceptre of his wide command,
And grace with splendid deeds our Asian shore;*
The arts of peace I pass in silence o'er,
The thousand virtues that his name adorn,
Now faintly on my clouded vision borne.
Let this suffice; not in the field alone
The Christian tribes his conqu'ring arms shall own,
But, in the mortal war, their realm unjust,
Uprooted from its base, shall sink in dust,
While guarded by the sea alone, remain
Cooped in a narrow wall their shatter'd train.
The great avenger from thy blood shall spring."
The wizard ceased; and thus the Turkish King:
"Thrice happy Chief, on whom such honours wait."
By turns he envies, glories in his fate,
Then thus resumes: "Let Heaven decide our doom;
With smiles or terrors armed, let Fortune come,
No power is hers to thwart th' unbending will;
Great and unconquer'd shall she find me still.
First shall the moon, displac'd, her orbit change,
First shall the heavenly fires eccentric range,
Ere from bright honour's path one step I turn!"
With gen'rous fire his flashing features burn,
As thus he said,—Meanwhile the car drew nigh
To where the white pavilions tower'd on high.

* *Uom che l' Asia ornerà.* Saladin, the great opponent of our first Richard. He recovered Jerusalem from Guy of Lusignan, the eighth in succession to Godfrey, and husband of Sybilla, his collateral descendant.

What scenes were there of horror and dismay!
What num'rous shapes did hideous Death display!
A sudden swoon o'ershades the Sultan's eyes;
O'er all his features clouds of sorrow rise;
Objects of scorn, of insult, and disdain,
He sees his dreaded ensigns strew the plain.
Exulting o'er the field the Christians moved,
And of the friends whom most, alive, he loved,
Trampled the faces pale, the gory breasts,
And with proud taunts the arms, the costly vests,
Tore from th' unburied corses as they lay:
Some form with holier zeal the long array,
And with the last funereal honours grace
The breathless relics of their kindred race;
While some prepared the blazing pyre, and fed
With heaps of Arab and of Turkish dead.
Sighed from his deepest soul the Nicene Lord,
Sprang from the car, and drew his shining sword;
But with reproofs the wizard old restrain'd
His thoughtless steps; his headstrong ardour rein'd,
Again upon the car the warrior plac'd,
And to the distant hill his journey trac'd.
Onward they fly, till far behind them stands
The wide encampment of the Christian bands.
Then from the car dismount the silent pair:
The fading chariot vanished into air.
Forward on foot their hasty way they sped,
While round them still the ambient vapour spread
Its friendly cov'ring; to the left they bent
Their course, adown a valley's steep descent,
Till soon they came where Sion's hill sublime
Turns its broad back upon the Western clime.

Here stopp'd the hoary Sorcerer, and eyed,
With searching glance the mountain's fissur'd side:
A cavern, in the rock's hard entrails made
In days long past, its gaping mouth display'd,
But now disused, the grass, the briars that grew,
Hid its obstructed entrance from the view.
Clearing each obstacle, with body bent,
Slow through the narrow pass Ismeno went;
One hand stretch'd out the uneasy passage tried,
And one, held backward, was the Sultan's guide.
"What way is this," th' indignant Monarch said,
"That, like a nightly thief, thou bid'st me tread?
Had'st thou allow'd, my own unfailing sword
Had found a worthier entrance for its lord."
Ismeno then: "No shame is thine to trace
The blind recesses of this secret place,
And tread the path a monarch trod before,
Herod the great, in arms renown'd of yore.
This pass he hollowed, when he sought to awe
His stiff-neck'd subjects with more rigid law;
Thus from the royal tower, Antonia nam'd,
(Named from a friend belov'd, and hero fam'd,)
He found a ready way, unseen by all,
Within the ancient Temple's hallow'd wall;
Thus from the town could take, unseen, his course,
Or introduce at will a foreign force.
This dark and solitary road is known,
Of all mankind that live, to me alone.
Thee by this pass I purpose now to bring,
Where now, assembled round the Syrian King.
The wisest and the bravest of the land,
The pillars of his realm, in council stand.

For he, perchance, by late defeats cast down,
Shrinks more than need requires, from Fortune's frown.
Timely thou com'st; in silence then attend,
And when 'tis meet, thy fearless counsel lend."
Obedient to his words, the warrior brave
Block'd with his mighty size the narrow cave;
Where thicker still and thicker gloom was spread,
He followed cautious, as th' Enchanter led,
On ent'ring first, his tow'ring frame he bent;
But the close path dilating as they went,
More easy was th' ascent, and soon they trace
Half the dark windings of the mystic place.
And now a door Ismeno opened wide;
A flight of steps, long since disused, they 'spied,
And quick descended; faintly glimmer'd there,
Admitted through a vent, th' unwholesome air;
A dungeon then, thence rising to the light,
A stately hall with regal splendor bright,
They reach'd; the gloomy monarch there they found;
A crowd of anxious nobles girt him round;
Sceptred his hand, and rich with many a gem
Grac'd his dark brows the glitt'ring diadem.
Hid by the cloud's impenetrable shade,
The scene around the royal Turk survey'd,
And heard the King, who from his throne of gold
First to his list'ning peers his purpose told:
"Ye know, my friends, how fatal to our sway
The sad calamities of yesterday;
Gone are the hopes that fill'd of late our breasts;
On Egypt's arms alone our safety rests;
But when at hand impending dangers rise,
Such distant succour feeble hope supplies.

Here then ye stand, assembled round your King,
That each his counsel's aid may freely bring."
  Half-stifled murmurs on his words ensued,
As creep the whisp'ring breezes through the wood:
But great Argantes rising 'mid the throng
With bold demeanor check'd each mutt'ring tongue:
  "Illustrious King," ('twas thus the Knight replied,
Still unsubdued in courage and in pride)
"Why tempt us thus? and why persist to ask
What all well know? a vain, invidious task!
Needless our voice; yet will I thus make known
My thoughts;—confide we in ourselves alone;
If true it be that Virtue stands unharm'd
'Mid seas of ill, with Virtue be we arm'd;
Her let us call to aid us in the strife,
No longer than she wills, regard our life.
Nor thus I speak, despairing of support,
(A sure resource) from Egypt's pow'rful court;
Such pledge my King has giv'n, such promise made,
'Twere worse than vain to doubt th' expected aid:
But thus I speak, because my soul desires
To see within ourselves more manly fires,
That all, prepar'd alike for either fate,
Each chance of good or ill should boldly wait,
Elate with hope, yet prodigal of breath,
Assur'd of conquest, but despising death."
  Argantes thus, as one whose constant breast
No shade of doubt perplex'd, his thoughts exprest.
Then rising from his seat was Orcan seen;
Imposing dignity was in his mien;
From noblest blood his high descent he trac'd,
And once with martial deeds his name had grac'd;

But late united to a youthful bride,
Blest with a blooming race, his joy and pride,
And soften'd by the father's, husband's name,
He stain'd the lustre of his former fame.
"Sire," he began, "I seek not to reprove
The hardy words that zeal and valour move,
When with electric energy they start,
O'erleaping cooler judgment, from the heart;
If then the brave Circassian has avow'd
Truth undisguis'd, in fervid strain and proud,
This licence let him claim, for with his sword
He fails not to redeem each lofty word.
But thee, who life's protracted course hast run,
And still the praise of sage discretion won,
His wild, o'erflowing ardour to restrain
It well behoves, and curb with wisdom's rein:
'Tis thine to weigh the peril that impends,
'Gainst hope of promis'd aid from distant friends;
Thine ancient walls, thy rampart's new resource,
'Gainst the vast efforts of the hostile force.
But, if my thoughts I freely may impart,
Though strong our town by nature and by art,
Yet strange machines our active foes prepare
Of mighty pow'r, that threat no common war.
Doubtful th' event: the fortune of the field
Grounds, or for fear, or hope alike may yield.
And much I fear, should closer siege prevail,
Our less'ning hoards of sustenance may fail.
Those stores of grain, those herds, which yesterday
Within our close-watch'd fortress found their way
While in the plain the struggling armies fought,
(A welcome aid, surpassing hope or thought!

So vast a town suffice not to maintain,
If long before our walls the foe remain;
And long 'twill be, although the very hour
Themselves have nam'd, should bring th' Egyptian pow'r.
How then, if longer they delay? But grant
Their speed outstrips their promise, and our want:
Is Fortune pledg'd our conqu'ring arms to crown,
To crush the foes, and free our straiten'd town?
With Godfrey must we fight, that dreaded name;
The same his Captains, and his bands the same,
Who oft have forc'd, resistless in the field,
The Persians, Syrians, Arabs, Turks, to yield:
Their prowess and their might thou too canst tell,
Renown'd Argantes, for thou know'st it well!
E'en thou full oft hast urg'd thy quick retreat,
And sought for safety from thy nimble feet.
This too Clorinda knows, and all the best
Of Syria's warriors; I among the rest.
Superior merit then let no man claim
Above his peers; nor I presume to blame
Or this, or that; for all that human pow'r
May do, our arms have done; we can no more.
And further will I speak, nor shrink with fear,
Although the voice of truth he hate to hear,—
Though, threat'ning instant death, his scowling eye
Flash with revenge, or glare with enmity:
Conducted by inevitable doom,
Stamp'd with the seal of Fate the Christians come;
Nor strength of loftiest wall, nor banded force,
Shall stay the torrent of their conqu'ring course.
What now I say (may Heav'n attest each word!)
Zeal for my country dictates, and my Lord.

"How wise the Prince of Tripoli! he knew,
Submitting timely to the victor-crew,
Peace, and her envied blessings to retain,
His states preserve, and unmolested reign;
While the fierce Sultan, obstinate and proud,
Or lifeless lies, or with vile fetters bow'd,
In hateful bondage draws his ling'ring breath,
Or in inglorious exile flies from death;
Spurr'd by his fears, the doughty warrior flies,
Yet still reserv'd for keener miseries;
While, had he ceded part, and tribute paid,
The rest in peace and joy he still had sway'd."
Artful he spake, and labour'd to dispense,
In words oblique involv'd, his covert sense,
Nor dar'd at once his open counsel give
To sue for peace, and in subjection live.
But the stern Sultan, mad with rage, no more
Of coward lips th' insulting language bore.
Th' Enchanter then: "Endures thy soul, dread Lord,
To hear unanswer'd that reproachful word?"
"Against my will conceal'd," the Prince returns,
"I here remain; with wrath my bosom burns,
And righteous scorn." While yet the words he spoke,
The cloud that veil'd them round, asunder broke,
And melted into liquid air away:
Full in the midst, expos'd to open day,
With furious front the Sultan shone confest,
And to th' astonish'd crowd these lofty words addrest:
"Of whom ye speak, the Sultan, lo! is here;
No wand'ring fugitive, no slave of fear!
And this right hand shall serve me to supply
A full refutal of yon dastard's lie.

I, who the Christians' blood in torrents shed,
Who pil'd yon plain with mountains of the dead,
Girt with a wall of foes, not one to give
Support, or succour, I a fugitive?
But mark me; if again yon coward base,
False to his Faith, his country, and his race,
Or any else, his like, should dare propose
Or league, or tame submission to our foes,
That hour (and thou; O King, thy leave afford)
The traitor's blood shall smoke upon my sword.
Sooner, their hate forgot, one common fold
The cruel wolf, the harmless lamb, shall hold;
Sooner the dove receive, a wily guest!
Th' envenom'd serpent in her happy nest,
Than we, combining with the Christian band,
Hold, with divided rule, our fathers' land."
While thus he spake, his better hand he laid
With threat'ning gesture, on his dreaded blade:
With mute amazement, and o'erpow'ring awe,
His words they heard, his face of terror saw.
Then calming the tempestuous rage that burn'd
On his fierce visage, to the King he turn'd,
And courteous thus addrest: "Illustrious King,
Nor weak, nor trivial, is the aid I bring.
Hope then; for Solyman is at thy side."
"With heart-felt transport," Aladine replied,
Advancing from his throne, his guest to greet,
"Thee, my belov'd and honour'd friend, I meet;
Trifling each loss, each sad reverse appears;
Gone are my sorrows past, my future fears:
My tott'ring throne thy prowess shall sustain,
And call my faded fortunes back again,

If Heav'n forbid not." As he spake, he prest
The welcome stranger to his grateful breast.
Their greetings ended, to the Nicene brave
His own high throne; distinction rare, he gave,
And on his left, upon a seat of state,
Himself, and at his side, Ismeno sate:
And while the Sorc'rer's lips at large explain'd
By what strange means the guarded town they gain'd,
With tokens of respect the royal guest
Salutes, Clorinda first, in turn, the rest.
With these Ormusses stood, whose guiding band
Conducted to the town his Arab band:
While at its height the furious combat glow'd,
Forgotten paths and secret ways he trod,
And favour'd by the silent midnight's aid,
Secure within the walls his passage made,
And horned herds, a seasonable store,
And grain abundant to the Pagans bore.
Alone, with front where scorn contemptuous reign'd,
Argantes silent, motionless, remain'd;
So have I seen a lordly lion lie,
Sullen, unmov'd, and roll his glaring eye.
But Orcan ventur'd not his brow to raise,
Nor meet the outrag'd Sultan's angry gaze;
Shrinking within himself, with conscious dread,
Downcast he stood, and hung his coward head.
  Thus did the Syrian King in council stand,
The Sultan, and the Nobles of the land.
  But Godfrey now, th' assailants bold subdued,
Each passage clear'd, each flying band pursued,
Regardful of the valiant dead, had paid
The fun'ral honours to each hero's shade:

Then to the remnant of his martial pow'rs
He bids prepare to storm the sacred tow'rs,
Ere thrice the day should dawn, and 'gainst the town
New modes of war provides, till now unknown.
And as the troop, which in th' eventful hour
Of doubtful vict'ry o'er the Pagan pow'r,
Had turn'd the scale of battle, well he knew,
Of his own friends was form'd, the thoughtless crew,
That from the Camp, by love misled, had stray'd,
The fond adorers of the Syrian maid;
And with the rest brave Tancred, who had lain
Confounded with the amatory train,
Lock'd in the dungeons of th' insidious Fair,
He bids them to his spacious tent repair;
The Hermit Peter, and a chosen band,
The wisest of the host, around him stand.
" Let one among your troop," he said, " relate
The story of your wand'rings, and your fate,
And how your ready succour ye supplied
To turn the wav'ring ebb of battle's tide?"
By shame o'ercome, their blushing heads they hung,
For follies past with keen repentance stung.
At last the British Monarch's honour'd son
His downcast eyes uprais'd, and thus begun;
" We, though the envious urn our lots retain'd,
Yet went in secret, nor content remain'd;
Fallacious Love, (nor be the truth denied,)
And Beauty's soft seduction was our guide.
Through crooked and forgotten paths we prest,
Each love-sick rival jealous of the rest,
While flatt'ring promises, replete with guile,
And now a winning look, and now a smile,

(Too late, alas! the mournful truth I prove!)
Our anger fed, and kept alive our love.
The spot we reach'd, where once the flaky flame,
Dread minister of heav'nly anger came,
T' avenge on Man insulted Nature's cause,
Her rights assert and vindicate her laws.
'Twas once a fruitful soil, a fair domain,
And laughing Plenty crown'd the teeming plain:
Now curst with endless barrenness it stands;
A sulph'rous lake inundates all the lands;
Where'er it flows unwholesome steams exhale,
And dense pollution loads the tainted gale.
In that dead pool, each substance that we throw
Is on the surface buoy'd, nor sinks below;
There swims the human form, nor man alone,
But steel like timber floats, and solid stone.
A castle 'mid the waves is seen to stand;
A narrow bridge unites it to the land.
There we arriv'd, and by some wond'rous skill,
The space within transcendent beauties fill;
Soft blows the breeze, and smiles fair Nature still.
There are the waters pure, the sky serene,
And painted flow'rets deck the meadows green;
There from a myrtle grove a fountain flows,
And spreads its wid'ning surface as it goes;
On the pleas'd ear composing murmurs creep,
From whisp'ring foliage breath'd; enticing Sleep
Stretch'd on the flow'ry herbage lies along;
The feather'd warblers trill their sylvan song.
Art's rarest treasures too I might unfold,
With labour'd marble gay, and rich with gold.
On the cool turf, beneath the thickest shade,
Where the clear streams their sweetest music made,

Was spread, in regal pomp, a splendid board,
With sculptur'd plate in rich profusion stor'd;
Each viand, costly, delicate, and rare,
Each season's boast, each climate's spoil, was there;
All that in Ocean's hidden caves is found,
That Earth can give, or art of man compound.
An hundred blooming maids, a well-train'd band,
To serve the guests, and grace the banquet, stand.
Armida, sov'reign mistress of deceit,
With smiles bewitching, and with accents sweet,
A food of fatal potency prepares;
While, at the banquet plac'd, we drown'd our cares,
Inspir'd with lengthen'd draughts th' expanding soul,
And suck'd Oblivion from the spicy bowl,
Rose sudden from her seat the wily maid:
'Soon to the banquet I return,' she said:
And soon she came, but with an alter'd mien;
Stern anger on her troubled brow was seen;
Each softer grace was gone; her better hand,
With mystic movement shook a slender wand,
Her left a book sustain'd, whose leaves outspread,
In mutter'd tones, and accents low, she read.
Th' Enchantress read; and straight my alt'ring breast
New wishes enter'd, and new thoughts possest;
My faculties of life, of breathing, change;
On new abodes my thoughts instinctive range;
I plunge into the wave, and sport, and swim;
An unknown power contracts each lessening limb;
Close to my side my cleaving arms are join'd;
Shorten'd and shrunk, my tap'ring frame I find;

My skin a scaly armour covers o'er;
A fish's form I take, a man no more.*
An equal power transforms my comrades brave;
With me, they wanton in the silver wave.
As of some foolish dream, confus'd and vain,
The mem'ry of my change I now retain.
At length our rightful forms again we found,
So will'd the Sorc'ress; but in wonder drown'd,
Mute we remain'd; when with a with'ring look
That froze our hearts within us, thus she spoke:
'Christians, by sad experience now are known
The arts I practise, and the pow'r I own.
In prison some, if I command, shall stay,
Nor e'er again behold th' enliv'ning day;
Some fly like birds, or trees shall stand and shoot
Deep in the lap of earth their fibrous root;
Some harden'd into solid rock shall grow,
Or melting into liquid water, flow,
Or like the bestial race, their shaggy visage show.
Yet may ye shun my dreadful vengeance still,
If, unresisting, ye obey my will;
Your Faith forego, embrace the Pagan rite;
For us, for Asia's injur'd nations fight,
And 'gainst the impious Godfrey draw your sword.'
"All spurn'd with scorn the covenant abhorr'd,
Save Rambald; him alone her arts persuade;
We, (for no arms, no valour now could aid)
Immur'd in solitary dungeons lay,
Excluded from the cheerful beams of day.
Fortune to our abode brave Tancred brought;
Him too within her toils the Sorc'ress caught.

See note 65.

Nor long we languish'd in our prison drear;
For, if the rightful tale have reach'd our ear,
A courier from Damascus' Prince there came,
A boon demanding from the Enchantress-dame,
That to great Egypt's King our band should go,
A welcome gift to Christ's invet'rate foe.
With fetters charg'd, unarm'd, an helpless throng,
Watch'd by an hundred guards, we pac'd along,
When lo! (so will'd the Ruler of the skies,
Whose ways are righteous, and whose judgments wise)
The brave Rinaldo, he, who boasts to claim
From each new feat of arms, augmented fame,
Our journey crost; our guards the youth assails,
And plies his dreadful sword that never fails;
He stripp'd their arms, once ours, and pleas'd restor'd
Each welcome burden to its rightful lord.
The youth I saw, and saw him all our band,
His voice we heard, and grasp'd his valiant hand:
False are the rumours through the camp that swarm;
The hero lives, and groundless your alarm.
Thrice has the rising Sun renew'd the day,
Since from our train he took his parting way;
To Antioch's walls his wand'ring course he bent;
A pilgrim was his guide, and ere he went,
He cast aside his armour, hack'd all o'er
With clefts unseemly, and distain'd with gore."

Thus spake the Prince: meanwhile his ardent eyes
The Hermit, Peter, lifted to the skies;
His voice, his colour, were no more the same;
His rev'rend visage beam'd with holy flame,
Pure, warm, sublime; with zeal prophetic fir'd,
And fill'd with rapture, as his God inspir'd,

With Angels he convers'd, and soaring high,
Pierc'd the thick veil of dark futurity:
Distinct to his expanding soul, appears
Th' eternal series of advancing years.
From his fir'd lips no earthly accents roll'd,
As deeds of days to come the prophet told.
Fill'd with unwonted awe, and mute surprise,
All on his glowing features fix'd their eyes;
All on his alter'd voice attentive hung,
While hints mysterious thunder'd from his tongue:
" Rinaldo lives; in all the rest I see
A woman's arts, and cursed Sorcery.
He lives; Heav'n watches o'er the hero's fate;
His manhood's years maturer glories wait.
These deeds, whence Asia learns his honour'd name,
Are but light preludes to his future fame.
In days to come, which plainly now I view,
His arms the impious Cæsar shall subdue,*
And his proud Eagle spread its silver plume
To shade the Church, and guard Eternal Rome,
Which from the savage grasp of lawless pow'r
His hand shall free in danger's urgent hour.
Sons worthy of their sire, his bed shall grace,
And children's children crown his princely race,
With kindred zeal their glorious sire pursue,
His honours rival, and his deeds renew,
Bid rebels yield, and Kings their prowess own,
Protect the hallow'd fanes, the Papal crown.
To guard the innocent, the proud oppress,
The impious punish, and the weak redress,
But these their arts. Thus to Earth's farthest shore,
Thus to the Solar path, shall Este's fair eagle soar.

* See Note 67.

'Tis just that he, who treads the righteous way,
Nor turns him from the paths of light astray,
To Peter's Church its thunders should afford;
Where'er for Christ is drawn th' avenging sword,
There 'mid the first and noblest shall he fly,
And wave his snowy wings triumphantly;
Such pow'r, such virtue rare, indulgent Heav'n
By nature, and by fate's decree, has giv'n.
Hence does the Will Immutable ordain
That the brave youth shall join the Camp again,
Once more recall'd, his matchless prowess show,
Shield of the Cross, and terror of the foe."

With words like these the venerable seer
Dispers'd the sorrow and assuag'd the fear,
Which for Rinaldo's fate had fill'd each breast;
Loudly th' applauding crowd their joy exprest;
Silent alone the pious Godfrey stood,
In thought immers'd, and deep solicitude.

Meanwhile the Night arose, and wide unfurl'd
Her veil of darkness o'er the weary world:
All else, befriended by the silent hour,
Their limbs, their cares, resign to slumber's pow'r;
But wakeful on his couch their Leader lies,
Nor sleep suspends his thoughts, nor seals his eyes.

NOTES.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE 1.—p. 25.

It was the reputation of the Lusiad that first stimulated the ambition, and roused the jealousy of Tasso. He began his Jerusalem when the Lusiad was beginning to be known in the South of Europe, and used to say that Camoens was the only one of his contemporaries that he feared. He forgot Ariosto, whose reputation always equalled, and who to this hour is preferred to him by the greater part of the Italians, though the rest of the world make no difficulty in giving the palm of Italian poetry to Tasso. The concurrent voice of almost three centuries, has stamped the Jerusalem as the third Heroic Poem that ever was dictated by the genius of man. It is true that in England, but in England alone, the third place in the great triumvirate is assigned to our own immortal Milton. National partiality will in part account for this, and in part, the little notoriety which the Jerusalem has obtained in this country. How little the Italian language is understood by the English, is well known. And it has often astonished me, how few people, even of literary habits, have made themselves acquainted with Tasso through the medium of either of the existing translations. But Dryden (who ought to be a competent judge) does not hesitate, in his Preface to the Translation of the Æneid, to place the Jerusalem decidedly before the Paradise Lost. Mr. Addison indeed, who owes no part of his great reputation to his poetical eminence, declares his entire agreement with Boileau, who has asserted that one verse in Virgil, is worth all the tinsel of Tasso. I suspect that Mr. Addison, though he had travelled in Italy, had never read Tasso, at least with any attention; or perhaps the enthusiastic admiration of the ancients, which he had imbibed at Oxford, rendered him indignant at the idea of a modern Italian being placed by the side of Virgil; or the

high estimation in which he held the critical powers of Boileau (which were in fact very superior to his own) made him content to be his servile copyist. Otherwise it would seem strange indeed, that he who could see so many wonderful beauties in Chevy Chase, could find nothing to admire in the Jerusalem Delivered. As to Camoens, whom Tasso so much feared as his rival, he has as much excelled him, as Camoens excelled his rival poets of Spain and Portugal.

NOTE 2.—p. 25.

In many respects the Jerusalem is formed after the model of the Iliad. In both cases, we have the history of a combination of European states against an Asiatic city. But the interest excited by the copy, far exceeds that of the original. Of Troy, except as ennobled by Homer, we know nothing. But Palestine, the cradle and the tomb of the Son of God, is the grandest subject that could possibly occupy an human pen. Every Christian reader takes an interest *in limine*, in the fate of a City of which he has heard and read so much from his earliest years, and which was the theatre of the Redemption of the world. It only required great judgment in the poet, (a judgment which in Tasso is never found wanting) to keep this circumstance constantly in the mind of his readers, lest he should forget that the Crusaders were in fact a knot of brigands, some of them well-meaning, but all of them bigotted and deluded, who inflicted innumerable calamities upon the inhabitants of Asia, with whom they had no concern, for the purpose of depriving them of territories to which they had the same right, as any one of themselves had to his own hereditary dominions.

NOTE 3.—p. 26.

Voltaire, in his remarks on the literary taste of the different nations of Europe, observes of this simile of the infant, that though it is justly approved in Italy, it could not be tolerated in a French Epic poem. "It would appear to us," he adds, "unworthy of the majesty of the Epopee." He certainly ought to know what would be agreeable to the taste of his countrymen. But I should have thought that wherever nature is admired, this simile could not fail to please. This want of true taste for the simple and natural, may be the reason why the French could never boast an Epic poem. Perhaps if the Henriade had possessed a greater abundance of such ornaments, it might not have sunk into the neglect which is at present its fate. And yet its author has the presumption, indirectly, to class it with the four great Epic poems of the world—the Iliad, the Æneid, the Jerusalem, and the Paradise Lost.

A MADAME * * *.

Stances sur les Poets Epiques.

Plein de beautes, et de defauts,
Le vieil Homere a mon estime;

Il est, comme tous ses heros,
Babillard outre, mais sublime.
  Virgile orne mieux sa raison,
A plus d' art, autant d' harmonie;
Mais il s' epuise avec Didon,
Et pate a la fin Lavinie.
  De faux brillans, trop de magie,
Mettent le Tasse un eran plus bas;
Mais que ne tolere-t-on pas
Pour Armide, et pour Herminie?
  Milton, plus sublime qu' eux tous,
A des beautes moins agreables;
Il sembl. chanter pour les fous,
Pour les Anges, et pour les Diables.
  Apres Milton, apres le Tasse,
Parler de moi seroit trop fort,
Et j' attendrai que je sois mort,
Pour apprendre quelle est ma place.
  Vous, en qui tant d' esprit abonde,
Tant de grace, et tant de douceur,
Si ma place est dans votre cœur,
Elle est la premiere du monde.

NOTE 4.—p. 27.

The Jerusalem was published shortly after the battle of Lepanto, where the Crescent received an irreparable blow from the united maritime powers of Europe under Don John of Austria. It was thought that if the Christians had pursued their success, the Turks might have been driven out of Europe, a favourite project with the politicians of those days, but which was rendered abortive, then, and ever since, by the mutual jealousies of the Christian states.

NOTE 5.—p. 27.

A numerous undisciplined army of the Crusaders first passed over from Constantinople into Asia in 1096, under the command of Peter the Hermit. They were immediately destroyed by the armies of Solyman, the Turkish Sultan. Peter returned in confusion to Constantinople, where he was looked upon as a fanatic or a madman. The Princess Anna Comnena, daughter of the Emperor Alexius, who saw him at Constantinople, and whose refined delicacy held the Western Christians in ineffable contempt, says that he was known by the name of *Coucoupetre*. The regular army, under the different Princes who will soon be enumerated, passed over on the 14th of May, 1097. Jerusalem was taken on the 15th of July, 1099. I do not therefore exactly see why Tasso has chosen to occupy his heroes five years instead of two, in their previous contests with the infidels.

NOTE 6.—p. 27.

Nice was at this time the capital of Solyman, the Turkish monarch. The siege of this city was the first exploit of the Latins.

Solyman's kingdom, (called by the Orientals Roum, because it consisted of the principal Asiatic provinces of the Byzantine, or as it long continued to be called, the Roman empire) extended from the Hellespont to the frontiers of Syria, consequently must necessarily be traversed in the way to Jerusalem. The Crusaders would not have taken Nice, but for the assistance of the Greek Emperor Alexius, who was careful, on its reduction, to hoist the Greek flag, which the Crusaders dared not but respect, and to keep for himself the important acquisition.

NOTE 7.—p. 27.

Immediately after the submission of Nice, the Crusaders advanced into Syria, and in the following year laid siege to Antioch, nominally subject to Solyman, but in fact the capital of one of the independent Emirs or princes, amongst whom the vast dominions of the Turkish dynasty of the house of Seljuk had recently been divided. After a siege of seven months, in which the Christians made little progress, it was delivered into the hands of Boemond by the treachery of a Syrian renegade.

NOTE 8.—p. 27.

Kerboga, or Corbagat, or Codbuka, Prince of Mosul, a feudatory of the Persian sultan, who at that time claimed a supremacy over all the Turkish princes, advanced to the relief of Antioch with an immense army, estimated by the different historians at from two to six hundred thousand men. He invested the town after it had been taken possession of by the Christians, and with the usual arrogance of the Moslems, left the besieged no choice but slavery or death. Driven to extremity, they sallied out, and gained a complete victory, dispersing or putting to the sword, what the Princess Anne calls the countless multitudes of the Infidels.

NOTE 10.—p. 29.

These rapidly drawn characters of the principal Christian heroes, are strictly consonant with historic truth. Nothing could exceed the magnanimous piety of Godfrey, in whose mind, says Gibbon, "every human consideration was subservient to the glory of God, and the good of the Crusade." The "cupido ingegno" of his brother Baldwin, was strikingly exemplified in his expedition into Cilicia in conjunction with Tancred, during the interval between the sieges of Nice and Antioch, as related by Tancred himself in the fifth Canto, and in his subsequent expedition to Edessa, a city of Mesopotamia. "He was called to the assistance of a Greek, or Armenian tyrant, who had been suffered, under the Turkish yoke, to reign over the Christians of Edessa. Baldwin accepted the character of his son and champion; but no sooner was he introduced into the city, than he inflamed the people to the massacre of his father, occupied the throne and treasure, extended his conquests over the hills of Armenia and the

plain of Mesopotamia, and founded the first principality of the Franks or Latins, which subsisted fifty-four years beyond the Euphrates." Gibbon, Chap. 58.

NOTE 11.—p. 29.

Tancred was the very mirror of chivalry. After the capture of Antioch, when the Crusaders were labouring under the complicated hardships of famine and disease; when some of the principal leaders of the expedition deserted their post, and returned to Europe; when even Peter the Hermit, the instigator of the Holy war, lost his character for sanctity in the eyes of the multitude, and "endeavoured to escape from the penance of a necessary fast;" when every thing in short gave way beneath the pressure of accumulated difficulties, except the piety of Godfrey, and the ambitious policy of Boemond;—the gallant Tancred declared, in the true heroic spirit, that as long as he retained forty Knights, he would not despair of the conquest of Palestine.

Ναὶ δ', ἐγω Σθενελος τε, μαχησομεθ', ἐισοκε τεκμωρ
Ἰλιε εὑρωμεν' συν γαρ θεῳ εἰληλαθμεν.

Love being an indispensible ingredient in the character of a true Knight, it is judiciously made the reigning passion of Tancred. I presume it, however, to be a mere fiction of the Poet, at least I am not aware of his affection for a Mahometan female being recorded in any of the historical narratives of the times.

NOTE 12.—p. 29.

Boemond was rewarded with the sovereignty of Antioch, for his success in corrupting a Syrian officer to deliver up that city to the Latins. (See Note, Canto VII.) He was not present at the siege of Jerusalem.

NOTE 13.—p. 29.

Rinaldo is the only fictitious personage among the Christian heroes. With all his transcendent valour, his character is, in my opinion, very inferior in interest to that of Tancred. The bravery of the latter is easy and natural; that of the former somewhat over-strained, as will always be the case, when art endeavours to out-do nature. Tancred is an exact copy of the hero as he was; Rinaldo was a creature of the imagination, feigned by the poet to excel the rest of mankind, in order to gratify the weak vanity of his patrons of the house of Este.

NOTE 14.—p. 30.

Michael is supposed to be the first of the Archangels, Gabriel the second, and Raphael the third. It does not appear that the Jews had any notion of the *names* of angels before the Babylonish captivity, during which they seem to have borrowed them

from the Chaldæans or the Persians. The Persians acknowledged thirty-one angels, each of whom had his distinct charge, or office. Raphael, whose name is met with no where but in the book of Tobit, which was written in the time of the Captivity, is thought to have been the guardian angel of the Persian empire. All the other names of the angels, Gabriel, Uriel, Abdiel, &c. are Persian and Babylonian. Philo the Jew says that *all* the names in use among the Jews, ending in *el*, even Israel, are Chaldæan.

NOTE 15.—p. 30.

By representing his hero, at the very first introduction to his readers, as under the immediate protection of Heaven, the poet claims for him all their attention. So Jupiter, in the first Æneid, declares his sentiments in favour of Æneas:

> ——— cum Jupiter aethere summo
> Despiciens mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,
> Litoraque, et latos populos; sic vertice cœli
> Constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis. *Æn.* i. 223.

I must here observe that Tasso has been frequently censured, both in this and other countries, for introducing the angels, and God himself, for the accomplishment of purposes low and inadequate. Cowper somewhere speaks strongly of our poet's absurdities in this respect. I confess that I do not see it in the same light. Some machinery is, or is supposed to be, necessary to an Epic Poem; and to a Christian poet, and one whose subject was so eminently Christian as that of Tasso, only one species of supernatural agency was open. Every page of the Bible informs us of the immediate interference of the Supreme Being in the affairs of men; and though we know that these special marks of grace have long since ceased, yet I see no violent objection to their introduction as a poetical license. We must always keep in mind the importance of the subject, the interest which the Almighty may fairly be supposed to take in the fate of Jerusalem, and his consequent indignation at seeing it in the hands of those who disowned his Son; and supposing, as we have a right to suppose, that the Expedition of the Crusaders was infinitely pleasing to God, there seems no reason why He, who sent his messengers to Lot to warn him to escape from the impending destruction of Sodom, or who commissioned an angel to destroy the armies of Sennacherib, should not have rewarded the signal zeal and piety of Godfrey by a supernatural revelation, and pointed out to him the means necessary for the liberation of the Holy City.

NOTE 16.—p. 34.

Palestine had recently been occupied by the Turks of the house of Seljuk, and it was their exactions, and unheard-of cruelties to the Christian pilgrims, that furnished a pretext for the Holy wars. But before the arrival of the Crusaders, the Turks had been expelled by the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt. See Canto XVII.

NOTE 17.—p. 35.

The Historians of the Crusades are loud in their complaints against the treachery and falsehood of the Greek Emperor. That Prince had solicited from the Western Christians, at the council of Placentia, some succour against the Turks, who were rapidly dismembering his empire. But he little expected or desired the swarms that successively arrived, amounting on the most moderate computation, including idlers, followers of the camp, pilgrims, and women, to not less than three hundred thousand souls—probably a much greater number. All these demanded and found entertainment from the Emperor. They were quartered during a whole winter on the banks of the Bosphorus. Yet when provisions, not easy to be procured for such numbers, were on one occasion supplied with less profusion than suited the appetites of the Latins, Godfrey, though the last to commit an act of violence or injustice, was obliged to listen to the complaints of his Lotharingians, and actually endeavoured to storm the suburbs of Constantinople, which were successfully defended by Alexius in person, till a reconciliation was effected by mutual concessions. The Emperor was of course anxious to be delivered from the presence of guests so troublesome, so rapacious, and so irritable. Early in the ensuing spring he persuaded them to pass over into Asia, and having transported them across the Bosphorus, wisely withdrew his vessels to the other side, lest they should favour him with a second visit. It was by his means that Nice was taken from the Sultan, and he can hardly be blamed for retaining possession of a post, which, when in the hands of his enemies, might almost be said to command his Capital. If in their subsequent operations, he ceased to afford them assistance, and, benefiting perhaps by their successes, applied his thoughts to ameliorating the condition of his subjects in the provinces which the Crusaders re-conquered from the Turks, there is at least no evidence of his having ever betrayed them. All that appears is, that, in order to get rid of them from the neighbourhood of his capital, he made promises which he never performed.

NOTE 18.—p. 37.

It was necessary to the conduct of the Poem, of which Godfrey is the principal hero, that the Poet should be guilty of an historical inaccuracy. It was not till *after* the capture of Jerusalem, that Godfrey was preferred to his high station. During the siege he merely exercised an independent command, in common with all the rest of the princes, but it was chiefly owing to his exertions that the town was taken; and had his advice been sooner followed, many of the misfortunes of the Crusaders would have been avoided. The gratitude and justice of his colleagues then offered him the throne of Jerusalem; but in the city where the Savior of the world had been crowned with thorns, the accomplished hero refused to wear an earthly diadem, and accepted only the title of duke, and defender of the Holy Sepulchre, though he was in reality the founder of the kingdom of Jerusalem; and the royal title and dignity were possessed by his successors of collateral descent for almost an hundred years.

NOTE 19.—p. 39.

Hugh, Count of Vermandois, surnamed the Great, for no better reason than that he was brother to the king of France. For the same reason also his brother chiefs assigned to him the honour of leading the van of the battle. He seems to have been eminently sensible of his own importance. The Princess Anne relates, that his arrival was announced at the Court of Constantinople "by four and twenty knights in golden armour, who commanded the Emperor to revere the General of the Latin Christians, the brother of the King of Kings." (*Gibbon.*) And yet at that time the Isle of France was the only possession that the "King of Kings" could call his own. On his arrival the arrogant prince was imprisoned by the Emperor, as he deserved.

NOTE 20.—p. 39.

Tasso, by a poetical license, supposes Hugh to have fallen in the first Crusade. But in point of fact, during the distress that prevailed in the army after the taking of Antioch, he deserted his post of honour, and went back to France on some frivolous pretext. He returned, however, to retrieve his reputation in the second Crusade, in which he lost his life.

NOTE 21.—p. 39.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, was the eldest son of William the Conqueror, and, as is well known, had been deprived of the British crown by the superior address of his younger brother, William Rufus. This prince, though he does not make a very prominent figure in Tasso's poem, was nevertheless one of the most distinguished of the Christian warriors. It is usual in Heroic poetry, to assign that success to the personal strength and courage of the leaders, which is in fact owing to their conduct and discretion. No event in history could have been chosen, where the exaggerations of poetry are better supported by historical facts, than the Crusades. "Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?" asks the eloquent historian of the Decline and Fall. The same writer, in describing a battle before the gates of Antioch, informs us, that "the sword of Godfrey divided a Turk from the shoulder to the haunch; and one half of the Infidel fell to the ground, while the other was transported by his horse to the city gate. As Robert of Normandy rode against his antagonist: 'I devote thy head,' he piously exclaimed, 'to the dæmons of hell,' and that head was instanly cloven to the breast by the resistless stroke of his descending falchion." These extraordinary instances of strength and valour would seem to be unquestionable, because they are attested both by the Christian and Mahometan annalists, both by friends and enemies. Again, at the battle of Dorylaeum, fought against an immense army under the command of Solyman, when the Christians were every where thrown into confusion, we read that "the fainting fight was sustained by the personal valour, rather than by the military conduct, of Boemond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy." One of the French

Barons was surnamed "the Carpenter," from the efficacious strokes of his ponderous battle-axe. The sword of Godfrey, we are told by Chateaubriand, is still shown at Jerusalem, and is of a weight that defies the strength of ordinary men.

NOTE 22.—p. 39.

Of these two prelates, one was Bishop of Orange, the other of Puy in Auvergne. The latter acted as the Pope's Legate, and excelled both in council and in the field.

NOTE 23.—p 39.

The three brothers, Godfrey, Baldwin, and Eustace were sons of the Count of Boulogne. Godfrey, the eldest, inherited, in right of his mother, the Duchy of Brabant, a fragment of the kingdom of Lotharingia, or Lorraine. He is commonly, but improperly, called Duke of Bouillon, from his lordship of Bouillon in the Ardennes. This lordship he sold, to equip himself for the Holy war, and I have understood that the estate lately conferred on the Duke of Wellington by the King of the Netherlands, once constituted a part of the private possessions of Godfrey. Gibbon says that Eustace was the second brother, and succeeded to the county of Boulogne. Tasso seems to have considered Baldwin as older than Eustace, by assigning to him the command of the "Bolognesi," and also of the hereditary troops of Godfrey after the election of the latter to the supreme command. He also places Eustace among the Adventurers, a band composed entirely of younger brothers, or princes without inheritance, and he calls him in the fifth Canto, "il piu giovin Buglione."

NOTE 24.—p. 40.

This Earl of Chartres was the same person, though Tasso does not specify him as such, with Stephen, Earl of Blois and Tours, and also of Chartres, described among the leaders of the infantry. Stephen was not without literature, and for his eloquence was chosen President of the Council of the Princes. Hence Tasso calls him in the next line, "potente di consiglio." Letters from this prince to his wife, written from the Holy Land, are still extant.

NOTE 25.—p. 40.

Guelpho, Duke of Bavaria, of Carinthia, and of Spoleto, Prince of Sardinia, Marquis of Tuscany and of Verona, was son of Azzo IV. Marquis of Este, being the sixth of the German Guelphs, and first of that name of the house of Este. For a further account of this prince, who was an ancestor of the house of Brunswick, see Canto XVIII. He was not, however, one of the heroes of the first Crusade; but a duke of Bavaria, probably his son, was at the second. Tasso's zeal for the honour of his patrons must have induced him to be guilty of this historical inaccuracy.

NOTE 26.—p. 41.

Early in the fifteenth century, a large district of Holland, now called the Zuyder Zee, sunk down, and its place was supplied by water. Ruins of churches and houses were seen under it in 1643. The city of Dordrecht at the same time became an island, seventy-two large hamlets were swallowed up, and one hundred thousand persons, with their cattle and property, were irreparably lost. It is probably to this awful event that Tasso here alludes.

NOTE 27.—p. 41.

Robert, Count of Flanders, as well as his namesake of Normandy, was greatly distinguished for his personal prowess. He was called the sword and lance of the Christians.

NOTE 28.—p. 41.

I know not what induced the Poet to introduce an English prince as one of his heroes. William Rufus, then on the throne of England, had no legitimate children, nor were there any English troops at the first Crusade, except a few adventurers, who placed themselves under the command of Robert of Normandy.

NOTE 29.—p. 41.

A note to Zotti's edition of Tasso, makes Tancred the nephew of Boemond, son of his sister, and of Roger, Duke of Calabria, whose father was the celebrated Robert Guiscard, the Norman conqueror of Calabria and Apulia. But Gibbon, who is probably more correct, says that he was the son of Emma, sister of Robert Guiscard, and consequently cousin to Boemond, who was son and heir to Robert. The name of Tancred's father was Odo, an Italian Marquis.

NOTE 30.—p. 42.

In the observations on Homer's Catalogue, affixed to Pope's Translation, this digression of Tancred's amour is censured as being ill-placed, and obviously too long for the rest. It is certainly much longer than the rest, whether it be too long, every reader may judge for himself; that it is ill-placed, I do not see.

NOTE 31.—p 45.

That the *Honour* of Lancaster existed before the Conquest, is demonstrated by an agreement (still existing) made between King Stephen and Henry, Duke of Normandy. Soon after the Conquest, three noblemen held the Honour of *Lancaster*, as it was then termed; but Roger of Poiteou is the first person whose name is recorded as the possessor, and he forfeited it for high treason.

The title of Duke of Lancaster was first created by Edward III. in favour of Henry Plantagenet, whose daughter and heiress, Blanche, married John of Gaunt, fourteenth son of Edward III. who was afterwards created Duke of Lancaster on the death of his father-in-law.

I find in Domesday-book, that Count Tosti succeeded Roger of Poictou in the Honour of Lancaster. Rosmond might have been son of Count Tosti. But we know little of the English Knights that accompanied the first Crusade. In Canto V. an Earl of Pembroke is mentioned; and we read in Dugdale, that an Earl of Albemarle and Holderness led the rear guard with Robert, Duke of Normandy, at the battle of Antioch.

NOTE 32.—p. 45.

Almost all the warriors here enumerated, are introduced more or less to the reader's notice in the course of the poem, and all of them are made mention of by the annalists of the Crusades. Otho was of the family of the Visconti, who afterwards obtained the sovereignty of their native city of Milan. In a single combat, he overcame a Saracen warrior, and afterwards wore on his shield the emblem of his conquered enemy, a naked infant issuing from the mouth of a serpent. This continued ever after to be the armorial bearing of the house of Visconti. This Knight makes a figure in Canto VI.

NOTE 33.—p. 46.

This celebrated female, the heiress of the house of Este, commonly known by the name of the Countess Matilda, or the Countess of Italy, and the personal friend of the ambitious Pope Hildebrand, (Gregory VII.) was the real founder of the temporal greatness of the Popes, having devised to them at her death all her possessions, a part of which they secured, and retain at this day. After the death of Gregory VII. she married to her second husband the young prince Guelpho of Bavaria, I suppose, the same person whom Tasso makes one of the Crusaders. But the introduction of imaginary characters causes chronological difficulties.

NOTE 34 —p. 47.

Raymond, Duke of Narbonne, Marquis of Provence, and Count of Thoulouse. He resigned all his possessions to his son in order to devote himself to the service of God, and being the oldest of the princes of the Crusade, his rank, experience, and wisdom gave him great weight in their councils.

NOTE 35.—p. 47.

It does not appear that there was any regular body of Swiss troops in the Holy war. But the poet would have in mind the immemorial custom of the Switzers to hire themselves out to military service.

NOTE 36.—p. 48.

Tasso probably thought it would add to the dignity of his poem to introduce a body of Papal soldiers, of whom however I do not find that there were any at the siege of Jerusalem. The golden standard of St. Peter, we are informed by Gibbon on the authority of the Byzantine historians, was entrusted by Pope Urban II. to Hugh the Great, on his passage through Italy to Constantinople.

I have used the expression "triple diadem" as being in our days synonymous with the Papal tiara, though, in point of fact, it is in this place an anachronism, as at the time of the first Crusade neither the third, nor the second crown had been added to their mitre by the Roman pontiffs. The second was assumed in 1303, by Pope Boniface VIII. during his disputes with Philip the Fair, king of France, in order to show his superiority over earthly kings. The arrogance of the Popes seemed to increase, as their power began to decline, for in a few years, the third was added by John XXII.

I know not whether Lucien Bonaparte be any authority, but he takes the same liberty that I have done in his Poem of Charlemagne.

NOTE 37.—p. 52.

The march of the Latin Christians to Jerusalem is accurately described by Maundrell. All the facts which are stated by the poet to have attended it, are strictly conformable with history. The Emir or Prince of Tripoli was the only one whose territories lay in their line of march, but many others, as the Emirs of Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Cæsarea, purchased their friendship with large contributions.

NOTE 38.—p. 53.

St. George is the patron saint of Genoa, as St. Mark is of Venice, the two great maratime states of those days, both of whom made large profits by furnishing the Crusaders with supplies. It was not however till the third Crusade that any English or French fleets appeared on the coasts of Syria; at least we read in Gibbon, that in that expedition "the French and English preferred the navigation of the Mediterranean to a "march over land." But Robertson says that no English vessel entered the Mediterranean till the middle of the fifteenth century. Tasso has frequently confounded (of course voluntarily, and allowably) the less important events of the subsequent Crusades with that which is the subject of the present poem.

CANTO II.

NOTE 39.—p. 61.

Tasso has been greatly blamed for making so free with enchantment; and certainly magicians, Pagan or Christian (for re-

ligion does not at all stand in his way) are with him as common men. But it should be remembered that when he lived, Sorcery was as firmly believed in as the Gospel. Religion had not then attained the purity which it has since acquired, nor had the meridian sun of knowledge "chased," as in our days, the "scattered rear" of the darkness of the middle ages. With the superstitious people of Italy in particular, magic was, as it were, an article of faith, which it would have been almost a crime to have doubted. Its introduction into his poem would therefore augment, rather than diminish its value in the eyes of his countrymen.

NOTE 40.—p. 61.

It is to be lamented that Tasso should have deformed his poem with the heathen names, Pluto, Alecto, Phlegethon, &c.; but here again the blame must be laid upon the taste of his age; Satan and Pluto were in those days almost synonimous; the heathen and Christian Hells were invariably confounded. Even Milton, grand as he is on this subject, could not resist introducing the five rivers, Styx, Acheron, Cocytus, Phlegethon, and Lethe, into his infernal regions.

NOTE 41.—p. 62.

In this talismanic statue of the Virgin Mary (suggested of course by the Trojan Palladium) I trace the hand of a master less than in almost any other part of the poem, except perhaps the transformation of the Christian Knights into fishes, in the tenth Canto. Something may be allowed to the zeal of a pious catholic (which Tasso was) for the honour of the Queen of Heaven. But, upon the whole, the idea is unworthy of the poet.

NOTE 42.—p. 65.

No part of the Jerusalem has given rise to more discussion than this Episode of Olindo and Sophronia. Though few critics refuse to it a great share of admiration, yet the three following objections are made to it: 1st, That it is introduced too soon. 2d, That it is unconnected with, and has no influence on, the great business of the poem, the two principal actors being heard of no more. 3d, That it is too much ornamented, or too much in the lyric style, to suit an Epic poem. Individually, I add a fourth, arising probably from the third, viz. that I have found it very difficult to translate: And here it may not be inapposite to say a few words on the difficulties of translation in general. Parts of Tasso, and of all the other eminent poets in all languages, have been rendered into English verse with success. But they who thus partially attempt to give the beauties of an author, avoid the greater part of the difficulties, and all the tedium, of translation. They select such passages as either catch their fancy, or suit their particular genius. What they do, they do with ease, or they would not do it at all. "But 'tis one thing" (says Dryden in the Dedication of his Virgil,) "to take pains upon a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the whole weight of an author on my shoul-

ders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth Æneid; for in these I think I have succeeded best." I should say, let them try the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the twelfth, or the nineteenth Canto of the Jerusalem; I will not say that in these I think myself to have succeeded either best or worst, but simply that I found them the most difficult.—To return to the Episode. The first objection, its too early introduction, certainly has weight, though, were there no other, I should hardly think it worth notice. The second, its want of connection, is still more grave. Yet it cannot be said to have *no* influence upon the Poem, for it serves to introduce Clorinda, a most important personage; it introduces her too in a very amiable light, adorned with the softer and more attractive qualities of her sex. Every where else she is an inflexible warrior, "fera agli uomini parve;" here she is a compassionate female. It also displays in lively colours the natural cruelty of Aladine, and the oppression which the Christians experienced under his government. As to the actors appearing no more, had Olindo been again introduced, he must have taken part either for or against the Christians; he must have been either an enemy to his religion, or a rebel to his government. I have somewhere seen it remarked that it might have been an improvement, if Olindo and Sophronia, when tied to the stake, had received a portion of that prophetic inspiration which is so often attributed to persons at the hour of death, not only by poets, but by the vulgar belief (and which Tasso himself assigns to one of his dying warriors on a much less important occasion in Canto IX.) and had foretold the retributive justice that awaited the oppressor of their country and of their Faith. But at present, they are as useless to the affairs of the Christians, as the statue of the Virgin Mary had been to the Infidels.

Of the third objection, the lyrical air of this Episode, Tasso himself was aware, as appears from some of his letters. The other two he disregarded.

For my own part, though I am by no means insensible of its poetical beauties, yet it does not obtain a very high share of my admiration, and upon the whole I certainly wish it out of the Poem. It can at best only be considered as a beautiful excrescence; and coming where it does, it weakens that interest which is so greatly excited by the majesty with which the Poem opens. It looks like a falling off; and I am obliged to regard the Episode in the light of a pretty story, but one which is unworthy both of Tasso and of the Jerusalem.

NOTE 43.—p. 67.

The character of Priam is infinitely interesting. Every reader takes part in his sufferings and his fate, and none can wish that he had been painted in less amiable colours. But the judiciousness of Tasso is universally remarked, in representing the King of Jerusalem in an odious light. Our wishes are invariably on the side of the Christians, and we are never for a moment tempted to recollect the real injustice of their absurd expedition. The Crusades were certainly productive of many beneficial effects to the

cause of civilization, as has been ably proved by the Historian of America: but of the genuine character of the motives that gave birth to them, there cannot be two opinions.

NOTE 44.—p. 78.

The characters of these two Ambassadors are very strongly defined, and eminently descriptive, the one of an Oriental courtier, taken, as they so usually are, from the dregs of the people, and raised to eminence by flattery, dissimulation, and falsehood; the other of a semi-barbarous Mameluke.

At the period of the first Crusade, the Circassian guard, or Mamelukes, had but lately been introduced into Egypt by the impolicy of the Sovereigns, whom they soon afterwards murdered, and have ever since ruled the country with a rod of iron, either in the shape of a Monarchy, or an Oligarchy.

NOTE 45.—p. 82.

Here is another instance where Tasso has mixed the events of the succeeding expeditions to the Holy Land, with those of the first. It was in the third Crusade that the Greek Emperor, Manuel, the successor of Alexius, treated the Latins with every species of treachery and injustice. In direct violation of treaties, he caused the gates of his cities to be barred against them; refused them provisions, or adulterated the bread which he supplied, and "coined base money for the purpose of trading with them. They were stopped, or purposely misled on their march; the governors had private orders to fortify the passes and break down the bridges against them; the stragglers were pillaged and murdered; the soldiers and horses were pierced in the woods by arrows from an invisible hand; the sick were burnt in their beds, &c. &c." Gibbon.

NOTE 46.—p. 88.

Of the Mahometan defenders of Jerusalem, little or nothing is known from history. Clorinda and Argantes, who first make their appearance in this book, are fictitious characters, and Solyman, the Turkish Sultan, who is introduced in Canto IX. is much the same, as that Prince, though an active enemy of the Crusaders, was not in fact at the siege of Jerusalem. It was however a masterpiece of art in Tasso to make them all foreigners, as they excite in us none of that pity which is felt for men who fight for their country, even in an unjust cause. In reading Homer for instance, every body's wishes are on the side of the Trojans, though Justice was on that of their enemies.

CANTO III.

NOTE 47.—p. 95.

Nothing could exceed the devotion of the Crusaders, and, as we learn from their own historians, nothing could exceed their

from the Chaldeans or the Persians. The Persians acknowledged thirty-one angels, each of whom had his distinct charge, or office. Raphael, whose name is met with no where but in the book of Tobit, which was written in the time of the Captivity, is thought to have been the guardian angel of the Persian empire. All the other names of the angels, Gabriel, Uriel, Abdiel, &c. are Persian and Babylonian. Philo the Jew says that *all* the names in me among the Jews, ending in *el*, even Israel, are Chaldean.

NOTE 15.—p. 30.

By representing his hero, at the very first introduction to his readers, as under the immediate protection of Heaven, the poet claims for him all their attention. So Jupiter, in the first Æneid, declares his sentiments in favour of Æneas:

> ——— cum Jupiter aethere summo
> Despiciens mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,
> Litoraque, et latos populos; sic vertice cœli
> Constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis. *Æn.* i. 223.

I must here observe that Tasso has been frequently censured, both in this and other countries, for introducing the angels, and God himself, for the accomplishment of purposes low and inadequate. Cowper somewhere speaks strongly of our poet's absurdities in this respect. I confess that I do not see it in the same light. Some machinery is, or is supposed to be, necessary to an Epic Poem; and to a Christian poet, and one whose subject was so eminently Christian as that of Tasso, only one species of supernatural agency was open. Every page of the Bible informs us of the immediate interference of the Supreme Being in the affairs of men; and though we know that these special marks of grace have long since ceased, yet I see no violent objection to their introduction as a poetical license. We must always keep in mind the importance of the subject, the interest which the Almighty may fairly be supposed to take in the fate of Jerusalem, and his consequent indignation at seeing it in the hands of those who disowned his Son; and supposing, as we have a right to suppose, that the Expedition of the Crusaders was infinitely pleasing to God, there seems no reason why He, who sent his messengers to Lot to warn him to escape from the impending destruction of Sodom, or who commissioned an angel to destroy the armies of Sennacherib, should not have rewarded the signal zeal and piety of Godfrey by a supernatural revelation, and pointed out to him the means necessary for the liberation of the Holy City.

NOTE 16.—p. 34.

Palestine had recently been occupied by the Turks of the house of Seljuk, and it was their exactions, and unheard-of cruelties to the Christian pilgrims, that furnished a pretext for the Holy wars. But before the arrival of the Crusaders, the Turks had been expelled by the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt. See Canto XVII.

NOTE 51.—p. 105.

Even in the act of shrinking from danger, the savage spirit of Argantes is made to show itself. No poet has so strongly delineated his characters, or supported them so well throughout, as Tasso has done. All their actions, and all their words, are characteristic. The courage of his heroes is distinguished by shades which never blend into one another. The ferocity of Argantes is totally unlike the generous valour of Tancred; the bravery of Solyman, or that of Godfrey, has few points in common with either. The valour of Argantes is that of a genuine Mameluke; Tancred's, of a gallant Knight; Godfrey's, of a consummate General, who knows how to temper valour with discretion; and Solyman's, of an injured King. In like manner, the love of Herminia is essentially different from that of Armida; the one is all gentleness and confidence, the other is by turns impassioned, coquettish, and revengeful. A celebrated French critic well observes, that Tasso has painted what Homer only sketched; he has brought to perfection the art of shading, and of discriminating the different species of virtues, vices, and passions, which in other writers appear to be all alike.

NOTE 52.—p. 111.

Godfrey's address to the Egyptian Ambassadors in Canto II. furnished me with an opportunity, which I overlooked, but which is here afforded me again, of calling the reader's attention to the sublime piety which marks all the speeches of that hero. The character of Godfrey is at once that of a perfect Christian, and of a perfect soldier. As a Christian, confident of the justice of his cause, and fully relying on the presiding care of Providence, always resigned to its dispensations, yet neglecting no means that human wisdom can suggest to ensure success as a soldier, never exposing his person unnecessarily, though conscious of strength and prowess that few could withstand, and yet always foremost in the hour of difficulty and danger, when his example or his arm might be of benefit to his soldiers; ever ready to act, to suffer, or to die, as occasion may require, he goes forth, through prosperity or through adversity, conquering and to conquer. Yet Boileau, with great flippancy, alluding among other passages, to the speech on which I am at present commenting, says that Godfrey might in vain have "conquered Satan on his knees," if the poet had not relieved his readers with the amours of Tancred and Rinaldo.

> Mais quoique notre siecle a sa gloire publie,
> Il n' eut point de son livre illustre l' Italie,
> Si son sage Heros, toujours en oraison,
> N' eut fait que mettre enfin Sathan a la raison,
> Et si Renaud, Argant, Tancred, et sa maitresse,
> N' eussent de son sujet egaie la tristesse.
>
> *Art. Poet.* iii. 211.

> Yet, though our age has so extoll'd his name,
> His works had never gain'd immortal fame,

If holy Godfrey in his extasies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.

Translated by Sir Wm. Soame, and revised (though, I think, to very little purpose) by Dryden.

The advantage of such relief as Boileau speaks of, no one will dispute; nevertheless every reader of true taste and a correct way of thinking, will be disposed to rank the manly piety of Godfrey among the most pleasing, as well as the most instructive features of the Poem.

CANTO IV.

NOTE 53.—p. 117.

The opening of this book is greatly admired by the Italians; but its principal beauty is that of language and expression. Those who have read Milton, will have a diminished relish for the ideas of the Italian Poet on the same subject; and the description of Satan's person in particular will appear in some degree puerile. But our own immortal Bard, in his delineation of the infernal regions and their inhabitants, has reached the true sublime. It is to be observed that all, who place the Jerusalem before the Paradise Lost in the class of Epic poems, do not thereby intend to assign the palm of genius to Tasso. It is the poem, not the poet, which is preferred. None are disposed to deny that Milton, in his highest flights, surpasses, not only Tasso and Virgil, but Homer himself, in as great a proportion as his subject is more dignified than theirs.

NOTE 54.—p. 118.

Chiama gli abitator dell 'ombre eterne
Il rauco suon della tartarea tromba:
Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
E l' aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba:
Ne si stridendo mai dalle superne
Regioni del cielo il folgor piomba;
Ne si scossa giammai trema la terra,
Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.

I have transcribed the whole of this splendid stanza, of the harmony and euphony of which Voltaire says, that it is utterly impossible for the English language to convey any idea; and on such a subject a foreigner must be a better judge than an Englishman. He therefore asserts that Milton contended against Tasso with unequal arms, and that all he was able to do was to give happy imitations of these superb *morceaux*.

It is indeed incredible how Tasso, when his subject demands elevation, gives a new character to the Italian language, and changes its characteristic elegance and softness into majesty and

strength. In the stanza now before us, by the judicious choice of words, and the preponderance of the vowels 'a' and 'o' over those of a softer sound, he has produced an effect which almost rivals the grandiloquence of the Greek.

This may be a proper place for a few more remarks on the subject of Translations. I hold it then to be impossible to give an exact idea of any poet's style and manner in a foreign language, and for this simple reason, that the expressions and phrases which are poetical, which are beautiful in one language, are often prosaic, and sometimes inadmissible, or even absurd, in another. All that can be done, in my opinion, is to give the ideas as accurately as possible, and in as graceful a dress as the translator's command of his own language will enable him to do, his variations from an higher to a lower strain of course keeping pace with those of his original. Still nothing but an acquaintance with the original language can impress the reader with an exact notion of him. Does Dryden for instance afford an adequate representation of the unvarying majesty of Virgil? or does the elegance of Pope give a correct idea of the vigour of Homer? has Cowper, with all his fidelity, succeeded better? The respective fates of these two Versions of Homer seems to settle the question between faithful and unfaithful translations, supposing, as I do suppose, that it is impossible to be at once very faithful and very poetical. The object of every work, original or translated, is to be read. That Cowper's Homer is not read, is, I believe, a well-known fact. A scholar, who has read and felt the beauties of the original, is indignant at seeing the Great Poet clothed in a dress so unworthy of him. He can no where trace the features of the "poeta sovrano," the "Signor dell' altissimo canto." (*Dante Inf.* iv. 88 and 95.) The general reader, on the other hand, does not read it, because he finds no poetical beauties to attract and to repay him. If Homer could be restored to life again, and inspired with a full and complete understanding of our language, he would indeed be surprised at, and might perhaps wish to extricate himself from the "gilded cloud" which Pope has thrown around him. But he would feel that his translator had the soul of a poet, and was not unworthy to strike the majestic chords that vibrate in almost every line of the great original. But for Cowper's version, I cannot help thinking that he would be tempted to throw it into the fire. At the same time I am not insensible of its merits. I am ready to give Cowper every credit, not only for the pains he took, but also for understanding his original much better than his predecessor. Yet it must have been a singular perversion of taste, that could have induced him to imagine that he did justice to Homer, by merely giving the literal meaning of his particular expressions, while at the same time he robbed him of all his fire. His mistake must have arisen from not having sufficiently considered the discrepancy between the genius of the respective languages.

All authors have necessarily a good opinion of their own performances, or it is obvious that they would not publish them; and it is probable that they seldom or ever fail to think more highly of them than they deserve. But it is not necessary that all the secrets of their self-complacency should be exposed to the public.

These are secrets, which every man, if he be wise, keeps to himself. Never surely was an author vainer of his production, than Cowper of his Homer: and with the respect which every person must entertain for the excellent qualities of his head and heart, (though, highly as I think of Cowper's abilities, I consider him greatly over-rated as a Poet) it is much to be regretted that his surviving friends should have thought fit to drag every letter from his port-folio, and expose to the world the whole of his inordinate, and as it has proved, ill-founded vanity. Pope's Homer, with all its glaring faults, is still a very beautiful Poem. Cowper's is not so. The former will be read with delight, and considered an honour to the English language, so long as the English language shall be known. The latter is at present read only by persons of a particular mode of thinking, and in no very long time must sink into oblivion.

NOTE 55.—p. 119.

The writers of the French Encyclopedia assert, that the Jews had no knowledge of the rebellion of the Angels, their wars against God, and their subsequent fall into Hell, till the first ages of the Christian æra, when they suppose it to have been introduced from India. It was a doctrine well known to the ancient Brachmans. The third and fourth chapters of the Shaster are on the subject, and are precisely conformable with the notions we entertain.

NOTE 56.—p. 138.

Le guance asperse di que' vivi umori,
Che giu cadean fin della veste al lembo,
Parean vermigli insieme e bianchi fiori,
Se pur gl' irriga un rugiadoso nembo,
Qando su l' apparir de' primi albori
Spiegano all' aure liete il chiuso grembo;
E l' alba, che gli mira, e se n' appaga,
D' adornarsene il crin diventa vaga.

I have brought forward this exquisite stanza, for the sake of giving the equally beautiful corresponding one (I cannot call it a translation) of Fairfax.

Her cheeks, on which this streaming nectar fell,
Still'd through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rosy May-dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair Morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from open'd Paradise.
Thus sigh'd, thus mourn'd, thus wept, this lovely Queen,
And in each drop there bath'd a grace unseen.

It will be seen that the second, seventh and eighth lines, have not the smallest resemblance to the original, and it will immediately occur how easy the task of translation becomes, if the trans-

lator be at liberty to omit the ideas of his author, and substitute his own, at discretion. I have not selected this stanza on account of its greater infidelity, for I believe I might say that, throughout the whole of Fairfax's Version, every other stanza, on an average, is equally incorrect. I do not pretend to cope with Fairfax in the powers of Fancy, or perhaps in general sweetness of numbers, but I pretend to be infinitely more faithful, and to sustain more uniformly the dignity of the original; for it is to be observed that it would have been no difficult matter to cite an abundance of stanzas considerably less elegant than the above, and I have no fear of being accused of making an invidious quotation. Whether his failures in the latter respect be imputable to himself, or only to the imperfectly-civilized age in which he lived, is not here to the purpose.

It is curious to observe how the similarity of sound (for it could have been nothing else) in the words "lembo" and "limbeck" has led him astray in the second line. The mis-translation is too glaring to suppose it to have been otherwise than voluntary.

NOTE 57.—p. 142.

Of the stanza beginning with the words, "Stassi talvolta," and of the two succeeding ones, Mr Hoole has translated, altogether, only eight lines, omitting sixteen, viz. the first half of the 90th and 92d stanzas respectively, and the whole of the 91st. This is the most flagrant instance of omission that has come under my notice, for I have not made it my business to compare him throughout with the original. I claim then the merit of giving a more faithful resemblance of my author than Mr. Hoole, because I have not, to my knowledge, been guilty of *any* omissions. Every one knows how prone our language is to diffuseness; and I must do Mr. Hoole the justice to say, that he has often compress a greater number of lines into a smaller, with skill and success. Yet nothing but his innumerable omissions could have accounted for every one of the twenty Cantos being shorter in his Translation than in the original, by an average of sixty or seventy lines. A translator not only spares himself incalculable trouble, by rejecting such parts of his original as do not please him, but he enjoys another great advantage, if he use it judiciously;—he makes his book much more readable for every long Poem contains some dull passages, which the reader would willingly see curtailed. Still whoever aims at naturalizing a foreign work in his own language, must not indulge himself in such a liberty.

CANTO V.

NOTE 58.—p. 171.

Upon the whole, the fifth appears to me the least interesting of the twenty Cantos of which the Jerusalem consists; and taking them altogether, perhaps the five first Cantos, though scarcely any of them destitute of splendid passages, have fewer attractions than most of the succeeding ones. Henceforward the interest of the Poem rapidly increases, as the singularly-variegated events

of the poem unfold themselves. The poet rises above himself as he proceeds, and every Canto seems to surpass its predecessor. Quick and frequent transitions from the scenes of battle to those of love, from the shepherd's cottage to the magnificence of Oriental kings, from the barren deserts of Palestine to the gay luxuriance of the Happy Islands, from the grave sublimity of the catholic worship to the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war —such are the incidents which form the attractions of this gorgeous poem; and the whole is so intermingled with classical allusion, and with sentiments of genuine piety, as to make it in a peculiar manner the poem, not only of the general reader, but of the scholar, the soldier, and the christian.

CANTO VI.

NOTE 58.—p. 179.

The poet here, and in all other places, assigns to the Mahometans all the usages of heraldry, and the appurtenances of European chivalry. He also makes both parties use, on all occasions, the same weapons, though in fact nothing could be more different. The couched spear, and the straight and heavy broad-sword, were peculiar to the Europeans. The arms of Asia were the mace, the bow, and the scimetar. In this respect he imitates Homer. But the Trojans, being of the same extraction, and in constant communication with the Greeks, did in all probability make use of the same weapons, and had for the most part the same usages with their enemies. Ariosto is equally indiscriminate with Tasso. It is not in either of these Italian poets that we must look for an accurate observance of the "costumi."

NOTE 59.—p. 189.

The Pagan herald was at first an European King at arms. He is now invested with the sacred character of the ancient Grecian κηρυξ.

Διος αγγελοι, ηδε και ανδρων.

I almost wish this passage were not quite so closely imitated from the combat betweeen Hector and Ajax in Homer. As in the Greek Poet, an herald is brought at the same moment from either army. They both interpose their sceptres (or staves) the ensigns of their office; the herald of the challenging party (who also has the worst of the battle) first proposes a cessation of the combat, and uses the same argument, the sacredness of Night. Upon this, however, Tasso has enlarged, and I think, improved, and has then pursued the imitation no farther. There is no exchange of presents, as in Homer. On the contrary, Argantes shows his characteristic implacable temper, and though with little likelihood of obtaining advantage, insists upon their meeting again to decide the combat.

NOTE 60.—p. 194.

This contrast between Love and Honour puts me in mind of some French verses on an Abortion, written on the occasion of one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne of Austria, having been discovered in an intrigue, and then taken medicines to procure abortion, which proved fatal to her.

L' AVORTON.

Toi, qui meurs avant que de naitre,
Assemblage confus du neant et de l'etre,
Triste Avorton, informe enfant,
Rebut du neant et de l'etre,
Toi, que l'amour fait par un crime,
Et que l'honneur defait par un crime a son tour;
Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'honneur funeste victime,
Laisse-moi calmer mon ennui,
Et du fond du neant ou tu rentres aujourd 'hui,
Ne trouble point l'honneur dont ma faute est puni.
Deux tyrans opposes, out decide ta sort;
L'amour, malgre l'honneur, t' a fait donner la vie,
L'honneur malgre l'amour, t' a fait donner la mort.

I subjoin the following translation, which I found along with the original, but which is very far from a good one.

Being equivocal, whose breath
Was scarcely heard; for hasty death
Claim'd thee too soon: mysterious creature,
Bereft of human shape and feature!
Offspring of love, devoid of shame,
Victim to Honour's guilty claim;
Sunk into nothing, whence you rose,
No more my blushing faults expose.
Cease, cease, of crimes the fatal strife,
That caus'd thy death, or gave thee life!
Cease to remind me, gloomy sprite,
Love bade thee live in Honour's spite,
And Honour, to that Love a foe,
Has sent thee to the shades below.

NOTE 61.—p. 199.

These several soliloquies of Herminia are full of beauty. The tenderness, the hope, the fear, the self-delusion, the struggle between Love and Modesty, her envy of Clorinda, her doubts of her own strength, and her final resolution to brave all dangers and difficulties, in pursuance of the happiness of which she made so sure (ahi stolta!) are blended with exquisite skill and judgment. And if her venturing on so strange a step as that of introducing herself alone, and by night, to the presence of the man she loved, but of whose answering affections she had so little reason to be

sure, be thought inconsistent with female delicacy, we must look for the excuse not only in the innocence of her heart, but in the security she felt from the lofty consciousness of her exalted birth, and the generosity which she had before experienced from the gallant Tancred.

CANTO VII.

NOTE 62.—p. 227.

"The Christians of Antioch were numerous and discontented; Phirouz, a Syrian renegado, had acquired the favour of the Emir, and the command of three towers; and the merit of his repentance disguised to the Latins, and perhaps to himself, the foul design of perfidy and treason. A secret correspondence for their mutual interest was soon established between Phirouz and the Prince of Tarento; and Boemond declared in the council of the Chiefs, that he could deliver the city into their hands. But he claimed the sovereignty of Antioch as the reward of his service; and the proposal which had been rejected by the envy, was at length extorted from the distress of his equals. The nocturnal surprise was executed by the French and Norman Princes, who ascended in person the scaling-ladders that were thrown from the walls: their new proselyte, after the surrender of his too scrupulous brother, embraced and introduced the servants of Christ; the army rushed through the gates," &c. *Gib. Decl. and Fall*, ch. 58.

NOTE 63.—p. 228.

Godfrey, in the early part of his life, was in the service of the Emperor Henry IV. and slew Rudolph, Duke of Bavaria and Saxony, who, at the instigation of Pope Gregory VII. had been elected Emperor in opposition to Henry. The latter was excommunicated by Gregory, who, in 1080, gave to his rival Rudolph a crown of gold, on which the following verse was engraven:

Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rodolpho.

It is probable that Godfrey's remorse for having borne arms against the Pope, confirmed, if it did not give rise to, his zealous and indefatigable resolution to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the enemies of Christ.

CANTO IX.

NOTE 64.—p. 280.

This Canto must be considered a very fine piece of poetry by every reader of taste. A night-attack upon the Christian Camp, is an idea not borrowed from any of the ancient poets, and agreeably relieves the uniformity of battles. Indeed for so long a poem, Tasso does not give the reader any cause to complain of the

number of his engagements. The skirmishes in the third and seventh Cantos, the present nightly encounter, the unsuccessful attack on the town in the eleventh, the final assault and storm, which occupy but a small part of the eighteenth and nineteenth Cantos respectively, and the grand and decisive conflict with the Egyptian army in the twentieth, constitute the whole of his battles: only one Canto (the last) is devoted exclusively to fighting. Of Homer's twenty-four books, the compass of twelve is so occupied.

NOTE 65.—p. 281.

I have said in a preceding note, that we take little interest in the defenders of Jerusalem, whom Tasso, generally speaking, labours to represent in odious colours. But perhaps an exception should have been made in favour of Solyman. I know not what impression the Poet intended this hero to make upon the reader: it was a necessary part of his plan to represent him as in league with Hell, and we are accordingly told at the opening of this Canto, that he was among the proudest of the enemies of God, and one of those on whom the kingdom of darkness placed its principal reliance; and he moves to battle at the instigation and under the immediate guidance of an infernal agent. But in spite of all the poet can say on that subject, we are apt to forget these circumstances, and look upon him as an hero, who struggled against his fortune with a courage that claims all our admiration; as the most formidable enemy of those who had robbed him of his crown, and as performing deeds of unexampled heroism in the prosecution of his legitimate revenge—legitimate at least in one who had no creed that taught him to forgive his enemies. We see in him none of the brutality of Argantes: all that he does is in the spirit of an hero, and of a king. If, as I presume, it was the Poet's design to represent him in these colours, he has done it with consummate skill. Nothing can give an higher idea of his terrible prowess, than his destroying, at his very first appearance, the father and his five sons, who opposed his entrance into the Camp. And when he meets Godfrey hand to hand, the Poet rescues himself from what must have been a dilemma in regard to one or other of those heroes, neither of whom he could then afford to lose, by calling off the Sultan for a purpose which does honour to his feelings, while it detracts nothing from his valour, that of protecting one of his youthful pages who was in danger from a superior enemy. If Solyman be not strikingly amiable, yet he never becomes, like Argantes, a character from which we at times revolt, and in spite of the cause in which he is engaged, we are obliged to respect him. In the one, we see the savage and uncivilized soldier, and trace all the bad parts of the military profession:

> "Tanto e nell crudo petto odio di pace,
> Cupidigia di sangue."

In the other we recognize only the fallen, but unconquered monarch:

"——— Fia con memoria eterna
Delle mie offese, eterno anco il mio sdegno."

I have elsewhere said, that the Sultan is the only one of the Mahometans that is not imaginary; but his character is of the Poet's own creation, though such a person really existed. The Solyman whom the Crusaders expelled from Nice, was a peaceable and respectable old man.

CANTO X.

NOTE 66.—p. 324.

This passage is certainly not one of the sublimest in the Poem. It must be remembered, however, that Homer transforms the companions of Ulysses into swine, (though we have there an allegorical meaning, which perhaps is not in Tasso) and Virgil, the ships of Æneas into Sea-nymphs. It is not indeed improbable that Virgil was ashamed of that part of his work, as he takes care to reveal to the reader's mind, perhaps by way of excuse to himself, that it was a popular story, and universally believed in Italy:

Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis. *Æn.* ix. 79.

It is charitable therefore to suppose, that both the ancient and the modern poet of Italy thought it advisable to pay this tribute to the absurd belief of the ages in which they respectively lived.

NOTE 67.—p. 326.

The "empio Augusto," whom the Poet alluded to, was Frederick Barbarossa. On this subject I transcribe the following note from Gibbon's Decline and Fall. (*Note 54, chap. 58.*)

The name of Tasso's hero might be borrowed from a Rinaldo, with the Aquila bianca Estense, who vanquished, as the standard-bearer of the Roman church, the Emperor Frederic I. (Storia Imperiale di Ricobaldo, in Muratori; Script. Ital. tom. ix. p. 360. Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, iii. 30.) But, 1. The distance of sixty years between the youth of the two Rinaldos. destroys their identity. 2. The Storia Imperiale is a forgery of the Conte Boyardo, at the end of the fifteenth century, (Muratori, p. 281, 289.) 3. This Rinaldo, and his exploits. are not less chimerical than the hero of Tasso. (Muratori, Antichita Estense, tom. i. p. 350.)

END OF VOL. I.

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